WEEK ENDING JAN. 23, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

The Pioneers

In This Issue **THE REST CURE** *By* **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

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And Gives Him the Speed and Character in Penmanship that Lead to a Bigger Pay Check

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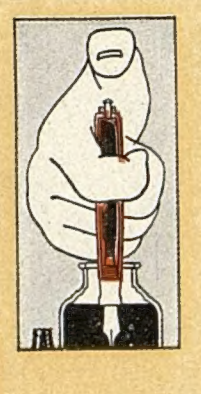

To fill—immerse Point in ink, press button and release. Pen now starts to fill. Count ten before you withdraw it.

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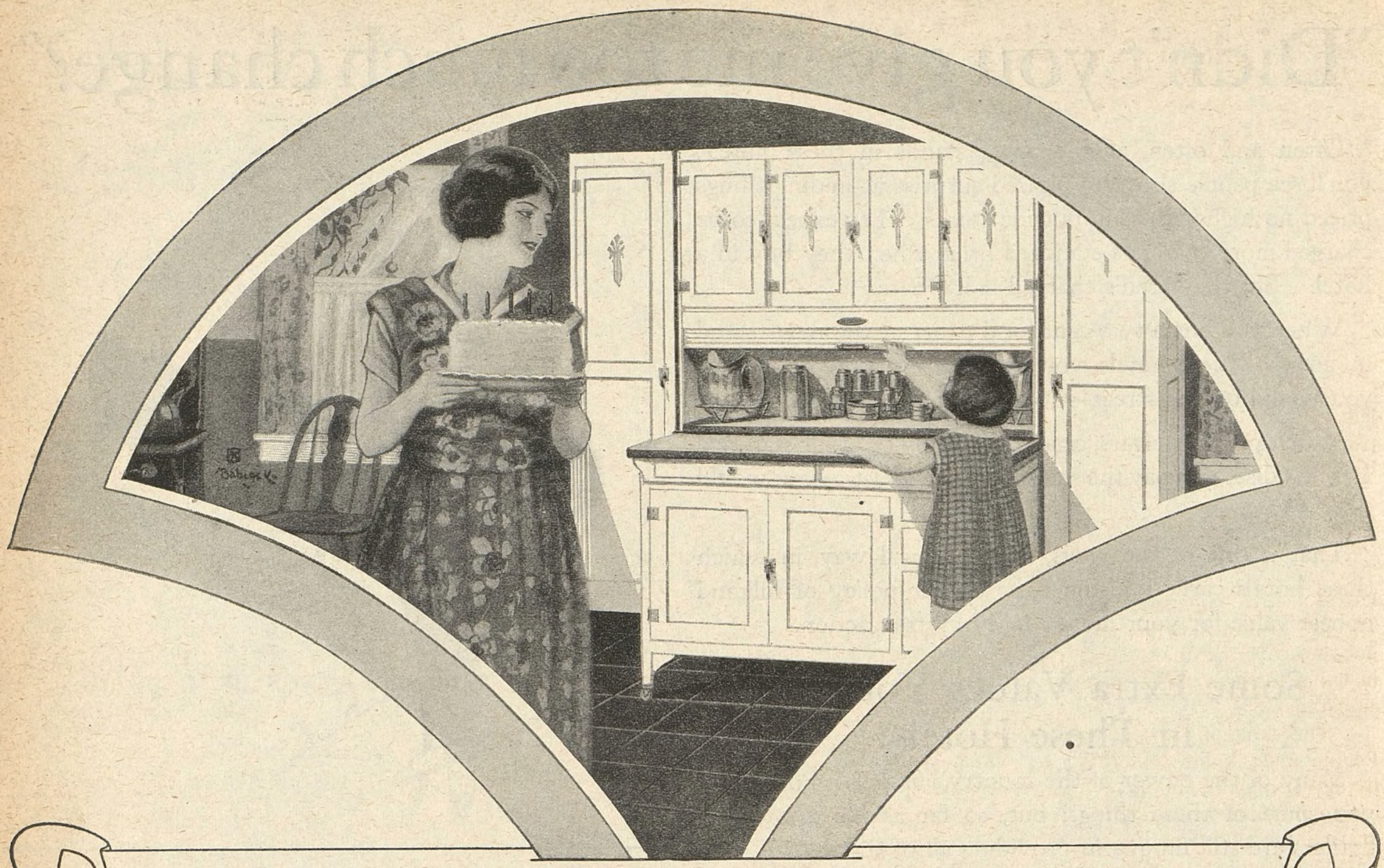

A new booklet of ours points the way to better times in the kitchen

It is a handsome booklet, as fine a piece of color-printing as you will see in many a day.

It is a truly interesting and *helpful* booklet, and that is of infinitely greater importance.

It aims to give the men and women of America some new ideas concerning kitchen construction and kitchen economy.

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It gives full information about what we honestly believe to be the most helpful thing an American woman can have in her home.

It shows how the "fifteen famous features" of the Sellers Klearfront help to lighten the day's work and increase household efficiency.

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It will be sent to you without charge—by simply asking for booklet "L-1," from G. I. Sellers & Sons Co., Elwood, Ind.

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SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN—*An Editorial*

It is legend or fact that Cato the Roman statesman began to learn the Greek language when he was eighty years old. Some people have thought that was futility, some that it was indomitability or excessive optimism or too much egotism.

It is curious that at eighty a Roman of Cato's place in life did not know the language of culture and philosophy, but if at that age he didn't that was the time to begin its study.

There is no time in a life of mental soundness when it is too late to acquire knowledge. It is the greatest satisfaction in life. The physical stature has its rise, its full vigor, and its decline, but there are fortunate people whose minds never cease to grow in value to them and a physical twilight is serene in such circumstances.

The value of a great deal of knowledge is wholly internal. People must know something by which they can earn their living. It may be simple or highly specialized. It may be interesting or it may be drudgery. Youth is the time usually of preparation for that, but life never ceases to require and reward knowledge which becomes part of the mental texture.

Whenever it is acquired it enriches the texture. It is important at eighty or ninety. If an octogenarian did not know Sirius in the January heaven and learned which star it was he would from then on find that the winter sky had a new meaning for him. It would from then on be a new experience for him to look into the sky. A person may go through woods and see only trees, flowers, and birds. When he sees a linden, white oak, hard and soft maple, quivering aspen, wild phlox, triliums, the scarlet tanager, the indigo bunting, the rose-breasted grosbeak, he has an entirely different experience. It is richer and more satisfying.

These are simple things but illustrative. Knowledge is a gratification of the best appetite people have. It is just as great a gratification at eighty as it is at thirty-eight, and much greater than it is at eighteen. That age has too much vigor for much serenity, and knowledge is serenity.

A person who reads historical causes into the world's news of the day gets a riper experience out of his newspaper. A person who knows what Einstein postulates and what Michelson is trying to test has a life enriched by the tremendous thrill of science.

Knowledge is said to be power. That is not necessarily true. Ignorance has been power more often than knowledge. But knowledge is happiness and the finest gratification. If life constantly acquires more of it as it goes along it grows richer and not poorer as it ages. This is the ideal of life, that it should go down a narrowing lane with the more real strength the farther it goes.

A good suggestion would be always to study. Each thing learned, whether it is the simple thing of the identification of a Blackburnian warbler or the more difficult thing of understanding radio-activity, increases the activity, the color, and the gratification of life.

It is as important at eighty as food for the body is important at eighty.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

The Rest Cure.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 7
A hilarious tale of pastoral adventure and unrequited love

Jack Dons a High Hat.....By ARTHUR SEARS HENNING 17
A comedy concerning Mr. Barrymore and a rash undertaking

Fame Made to Order.....By HARRY REICHENBACH 18
The confessions of America's most skillful publicity man

Whither Are We Dancing?....By FREDERICK B. EDWARDS 22
A lively survey of ballroom crazes, past and present

The Treasure Hunt.....By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS 26
The story of a midnight mystery and the heart of a girl

Big Business—Big Wages—Big Profits...By LEWIS HARPER 31
A penetrating diagnosis of our commercial prosperity

Station WLIB Invites Everybody to Suggest Programs..... 34
Another page of prize-winning radio letters

Mannequin.....By FANNIE HURST 39
Eighth installment of Liberty's $50,000 prize serial

News of the World.....By RALPH BARTON 45
Current events as a caricaturist would like them

The Patriotic Game of Presidents..... 46
A new, entertaining contest, open to everybody

A Smile, a Bow, and a Close-up.....By QUINN MARTIN 48
Reviews of the week's most representative motion pictures

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 52..... 50

Plan to Save Steps in Your Kitchen.....
(Food page).....By ETHEL SOMERS 51

Gowns from Patricia Patterns Stress the Flare..By PATRICIA 52

Mid-Season Clothes Conceal Straight Lines.....
(Fashions).....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS 53

Scenting a Mystery.....By MAURINE ROBB 54
Lessons in the lore of perfume from yesterday and today

Our Most Popular Crime.....By JACK O'DONNELL 58
A quest for the truth about prohibition

Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin.By SID SUTHERLAND 62
Second installment of a new prize-ring biography

Liberty's Nut-Cracker Contest..... 66
Announcing the week's winners

Melodies and Memories.....By MELBA 67
Concluding the chronicle of a famous career in music

Cover Design by Frederic Stanley

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Thrilling Romance by Frank R. Adams

MR. ADAMS, builder of absorbing tales, has written a little masterpiece for Liberty. In DOWNWARD TO PARADISE, a two-part story which begins next week, he has made a beguiling mixture of a feud, a mystery, and a tantalizing heroine who is the incarnation of heart's desire. Inscrutable, aloof, she challenges explanation. You'll enjoy trying to solve her.

BRENDA UELAND contributes an interview with DORIS REID, New York's most famous dress designer. Miss Reid tells the secrets of her art under the title HOW TO CHOOSE WHAT YOU SHOULD WEAR. There is priceless material here for every woman interested in clothes.

BEN HECHT, in THE SHADOW, weaves a strange tale of two magicians and their love for a beautiful blind girl.

THE DECEPTION OF AN HONEST FACE is the title of an interview with a credit manager who studies one hundred thousand countenances every year, and here gives his conclusions.

There's a charming short story called VIVE LES AMERICAINS, by FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER; COL. WILLIAM MITCHELL charges that our war chiefs intend to LET THE AIR SERVICE CRASH, and WALTER DAVENPORT contributes WHAT MAKES A $50,000 A YEAR MAN.

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The Rest Cure

In Which a Vivacious English Girl, Playing an American Against Her Undesired British Suitor, Creates a Rippling Comedy in Getting Rid of Both in a Highly Unconventional Manner

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

MR. JOHN HAMILTON POTTER, founder and proprietor of the well-known New York publishing house of J. H. Potter, Inc., laid down the typescript which had been engaging his leisurely attention, and from the depths of his basket chair gazed dreamily across the green lawns and gleaming flower beds to where Skeldings Hall basked in the pleasant June sunshine. He was feeling quietly happy. The waters of the moat glittered like liquid silver: a gentle breeze brought to his nostrils the scent of newly cut grass, the doves in the immemorial elms cooed with precisely the right gentlemanly intonation, and he had not seen Clifford Gandle since luncheon. God, it seemed to Mr. Potter, was in his Heaven and all was right with the world.

And how near, he reflected, he had come to missing all this delightful Old World peace. When, shortly after his arrival in England, he had met Lady Wickham at a Pen and Ink Club dinner and she had invited him to pay a visit to Skeldings, his first impulse had been to decline. His hostess was a woman of rather markedly overwhelming personality; and, inasmuch as he had only recently recovered from a nervous breakdown and had been ordered by his doctor complete rest and tranquillity, it had seemed to him that at close range and over an extended period of time she might be a little too much for the old system. Furthermore, she wrote novels; and that instinct of self-preservation which lurks in every publisher had suggested to him that behind her invitation lay a sinister desire to read these to him one by one with a view to getting him to produce them in America.

Only the fact that he was a lover of the old and picturesque, coupled with the fact that Skeldings Hall dated back

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

MR. POTTER, with a strange, wild look in his eyes, was in the very act of raising to his lips a sinister-looking white pellet.

[THE REST CURE Continued from Page Seven]

to the time of the Tudors, had caused him to accept.

Not once, however, not even when Clifford Gandle was expressing to him with a politician's trained verbosity his views on Unemployment and other weighty matters, had he regretted his decision. When he looked back on his life of the past eighteen months—a life spent in an inferno of shrilling telephones and authors, many of them female, popping in to abuse him for not advertising their books better—he could almost fancy that he had been translated to Paradise.

A Paradise, moreover, which was not without its Paris. For at this moment there approached Mr. Potter across the lawn, walking springily as if she were constructed of whalebone and India rubber, a girl. She was a boyish-looking girl, slim and graceful, and the red hair on her bare head glowed pleasingly in the sun.

"Hullo, Mr. Potter," she said.

THE publisher beamed upon her. This was Roberta Wickham, his hostess' daughter, who had returned to her ancestral home two days ago from a visit to friends in the North. A friendly young thing, she had appealed to Mr. Potter from the first.

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Potter.

"Don't get up. What are you reading?" Bobbie Wickham picked up the manuscript. "Ethics of Suicide," she read. "Cheery!"

Mr. Potter laughed indulgently.

"No doubt it seems an odd thing to be reading on such a day and in such surroundings. But a publisher is never free. This was sent over for my decision from my New York office. They won't leave me alone, you see, even when I am on vacation."

Bobbie Wickham's hazel eyes clouded pensively.

"There's a lot to be said for suicide," she murmured. "If I had to see much of Clifford Gandle I'd commit suicide myself."

Mr. Potter started. He had always liked this child, but he had never dreamed that she was such a completely kindred soul.

"Don't you like Mr. Gandle?"

"No."

"Nor do I."

"Nor does anyone," said Bobbie, "except mother." Her eyes clouded again. "Mother thinks he's wonderful."

"She does?"

"Yes."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Potter.

Bobbie brooded.

"He's a Member of Parliament, you know."

"Yes."

"And they say he may be in the Cabinet any day."

"So he gave me to understand."

"And all that sort of thing is very bad for a man, don't you think? I mean, it seems to make him so starchy."

"The very word."

"And pompous."

"The exact adjective I would have selected," agreed Mr. Potter. "In our frequent conversations, before you arrived, he addressed me as if I were a half-witted deputation of his constituents."

"Did you see much of him before I came?"

"A great deal, though I did my best to avoid him."

"He's a difficult man to avoid."

"Yes." Mr. Potter chuckled sheepishly. "Shall I tell you something that happened a day or two ago? You must not let it go any further, of course. I was coming out of the smoking room one morning and I saw him approaching me along the passage. So—so I jumped back and—ha, ha!—hid in a small cupboard."

"Jolly sensible."

"Yes. But unfortunately he opened the cupboard door and discovered me. It was exceedingly embarrassing."

"What did you say?"

"There was nothing much I could say. I'm afraid he must have thought me out of my senses."

"Well, I . . . All right, mother. Coming."

The rich contralto of a female novelist calling to its young had broken the stillness of the summer afternoon. Mr. Potter looked up with a start. Lady Wickham was standing on the lawn. It seemed to Mr. Potter that, as his little friend moved toward her, something of the springiness had gone out of her walk.

It was as if she moved reluctantly.

"Where have you been, Roberta?" asked Lady Wickham, as her daughter came within earshot of the normal tone of voice. "I have been looking everywhere for you."

"Anything special, mother?"

"Mr. Gandle wants to go to Hertford. He has to get some books. I think you had better drive him in your car."

"Oh, mother!".

MR. POTTER, watching from his chair, observed a peculiar expression flit into Lady Wickham's face. Had he been her English publisher, instead of merely her prospective American publisher, he would have been familiar with that look. It meant that Lady Wickham was preparing to exercise her celebrated will power.

"Roberta," she said with dangerous quiet, "I particularly wish you to drive Mr. Gandle to Hertford."

"But I had promised to go over and play tennis at the Crufts'."

"Mr. Gandle is a much better companion for you than a young waster like Algy Crufts. You must run over and tell him that you cannot play today."

A few minutes later a natty two-seater drew up at the front door of the Crufts residence down the road; and Bobbie Wickham, seated at the wheel, gave tongue.

"Algy!"

The flannel-clad form of Mr. Algernon Crufts appeared at a window.

"Hullo! Down in a jiffy."

There was an interval. Then Mr. Crufts joined her on the drive.

"Hullo! I say, you haven't brought your racquet, you poor chump," he said.

As he reached the window, Clifford Gandle smiled. To

"Tennis is off," announced Bobbie briefly. "I've got to drive Clifford Gandle in to Hertford." She paused. "I say, Algy, shall I tell you something?"

"What?"

"Between ourselves."

"Absolutely."

"Mother wants me to marry Clifford Gandle."

Algy Crufts uttered a strangled exclamation. Such was his emotion that he nearly swallowed the first eight inches of his cigarette holder.

"Marry Clifford Gandle!"

"Yes. She's all for it. She says he would have a steadying influence on me."

"Ghastly! Take my advice and give the project the most absolute go-by. I was up at

Mr. Potter it seemed precisely the kind of maniac grin which he would have expected from such a source. "Good-night," said Clifford Gandle.

Oxford with the man. A blighter if ever there was one. He was President of the Union and all sorts of frightful things."

"It's all very awkward. I don't know what to do."

"Kick him in the eye and tell him to go to blazes. That's the procedure."

"But it's so hard not to do anything mother wants you to do. You know mother."

"I do," said Mr. Crufts, who did.

"Oh, well," said Bobbie, "you never know. There's always the chance that she may take a sudden dislike to him for some reason or other. She does take sudden dislikes to people."

"She does," said Mr. Crufts. Lady Wickham had disliked him at first sight.

"Well, let's hope she will suddenly dislike Clifford Gandle. But I don't mind telling you, Algy, that at the moment things are looking pretty black."

"Keep smiling," urged Mr. Crufts.

"What's the good of smiling, you fathead?" said Bobbie morosely.

II.

NIGHT had fallen on Skeldings Hall. Lady Wickham was in her study, thinking those great thoughts which would subsequently be copyrighted in all languages, including the Scandinavian. Bobbie was strolling somewhere in the grounds, having eluded Mr. Gandle after dinner. And Mr. Gandle, baffled but not defeated, had donned a light overcoat and gone out to try to find Bobbie.

As for Mr. Potter, he was luxuriating in restful solitude in a punt under a willow by the bank of the moat.

From the first moment he had set eyes on it Hamilton Potter had loved the moat at Skeldings Hall. Here, by the willow, it broadened out almost into the dimensions of a lake; and there was in the glitter of stars on its surface and the sleepy rustling of birds in the trees along its bank something infinitely soothing. The healing darkness wrapped the publisher about like a blanket, the cool night wind fanned caressingly a forehead a little heated by Lady

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE REST CURE
Continued from Page Nine]

Wickham's fine old port; and gradually, lulled by the beauty of the scene, Mr. Potter allowed himself to float into one of those reveries which come to publishers at moments such as this.

He mused on jackets and remainders and modes of distribution; on royalties and advertisements and spring lists and booksellers' discounts. And his random thoughts, like fleeting thistledown, had just drifted to the question of the growing price of pulp paper, when from somewhere near by there came the sound of a voice, jerking him back to the world again.

"Oh, let the solid ground not fail beneath my feet before that I have found what some have found so sweet," said the voice.

A moderate request, one would have supposed; and yet it irritated Mr. Potter like the bite of a mosquito. For the voice was the voice of Clifford Gandle.

"Robertah," proceeded the voice, and Mr. Potter breathed again. He had taken it for granted that the man had perceived and was addressing himself. He gathered now that his presence had not been discovered.

"Robertah," said Mr. Gandle, "surely you cannot have been blind to the na-chah of my feelings? Surely you must have guessed that it was love that . . . "

HAMILTON POTTER congealed into a solid mass of frozen horror. He was listening in on a proposal of marriage.

The emotions of any delicate-minded man who finds himself in such a position cannot fail to be uncomfortable; and the greater his delicacy of mind the more acute must the discomfort be. Mr. Potter, being, as are all publishers, more like a shrinking violet than anything else in the world, nearly swooned. His scalp tingled, his jaw fell, and his toes began to open and shut like poppet valves.

"Heart of my heart . . . " said Mr. Gandle.

Mr. Potter gave a convulsive shudder. And the punt pole, which had been resting on the edge of the boat, clattered down with a noise like a machine gun.

There was a throbbing silence. Then Mr. Gandle spoke sharply.

"Is anybody they-ah?"

There are situations in which a publisher can do only one thing. Raising himself noiselessly, Mr. Potter wriggled to the side of the punt and lowered himself into the water.

"Who is they-ah?"

Mr. Potter with a strong effort shut his mouth, which was trying to emit a howl of anguish. He had never supposed that water could be so cold. Silently he waded out toward the opposite bank. The only thing that offered any balm in this black moment was the recollection that his hostess had informed him that the moat was not more than four feet deep. But what Lady Wickham had omitted to inform him was that in one or two places there were ten-foot holes. It came, therefore, as a surprise to Mr. Potter, when, after he had traveled some six yards, there happened to him that precise disaster which Mr. Gandle, in his recent remarks, had expressed himself as so desirous of avoiding. As the publisher took his next step forward the solid ground failed beneath his feet.

"Oosh!" ejaculated Mr. Potter.

Clifford Gandle was a man of swift intuition. Hearing the cry and becoming aware at the same time of loud splashing noises, he guessed in one masterly flash of inductive reasoning that someone had fallen in. He charged down the bank and perceived the punt. He got into the punt. Bobbie Wickham got into the punt. Mr. Gandle seized the pole and propelled the punt out into the waste of waters.

"Are you they-ah?" inquired Mr. Gandle.

"Glub!" exclaimed Mr. Potter.

"I see him," said Bobbie. "More to the left."

Clifford Gandle drove the rescuing craft more to the left, and was just digging the pole into the water when Mr. Potter, coming up for the third time, found it within his reach. The partiality of drowning men for straws is proverbial; but, as a class, they are broad-minded and will clutch at punt poles with equal readiness. Mr. Potter seized the pole and pulled strongly, and Clifford Gandle, who happened to be leaning his whole weight on it at the moment, was not proof against what practically amounted to a formal invitation. A moment later he had joined Mr. Potter in the depths.

Bobbie Wickham rescued the punt pole, which was floating away on the tide, and peered down through the darkness. Stirring things were happening below. Clifford Gandle had grasped Mr. Potter. Mr. Potter had grasped Clifford Gandle. And Bobbie, watching from above, was irresistibly reminded of a picture she had seen in her childhood of alligators fighting in the River Hoogly. She raised the pole, and, with the best intentions, prodded at the tangled mass.

The treatment proved effective. The pole, taking Clifford Gandle shrewdly in the stomach, caused him to release his grip on Mr. Potter; and Mr. Potter, suddenly discovering that he was in shallow water again, did not hesitate. By the time Clifford Gandle had scrambled into the punt he was on dry land, squelching rapidly toward the house.

A silence followed his departure. Then Mr. Gandle, expelling the last pint of water from his mouth, gave judgment.

"The man must be mad!"

He found some more water which he had overlooked, and replaced it.

"Stark, staring mad!" he repeated. "He must have deliberately flung himself in."

Bobbie Wickham was gazing out into the night; and, had the visibility been better, her companion might have observed in her expression the raptness of inspiration.

"There is no other explanation. The punt was they-ah, by the bank, and he was hee-yah, right out in the middle of the moat. I've suspected for days that he was unbalanced. Once I found him hiding in a cupboard. Crouching there with a wild gleam in his eyes. And that strange, brooding look of his. I've noticed it every time I've been talking to him."

"DIDN'T you know about poor Mr. Potter?" said Bobbie in a low, grave voice.

"Eh?"

"That he has suicidal mania?"

Clifford Gandle drew in his breath sharply.

"You can't blame him," said Bobbie. "How would you feel if you came home one day and found your wife and your two brothers and a cousin sitting round the dinner table stone dead?"

"What!"

"Poisoned. Something in the curry." She shivered. "This morning I found him in the garden gloating over a book called Ethics of Suicide."

Clifford Gandle ran his fingers through his dripping hair.

"Something ought to be done!"

"What can you do? The thing isn't supposed to be known. If you mention it to him he will simply go away; and then mother will be furious, because she wants him to publish her books in America."

"I shall keep the closest watch on the man."

"Yes, that's the thing to do," agreed Bobbie.

She pushed the punt to the shore. Mr. Gandle, who had begun to feel chilly, leaped out and sped to the house to change his clothes. Bobbie, following at a more leisurely pace, found her mother standing in the passage outside her study. Lady Wickham's manner was perturbed.

"Roberta!"

"Yes, mother?"

"What in the world has been happening? A few moments ago Mr. Potter ran past my door, dripping wet. And now Clifford Gandle has just gone by, also soaked to the skin. What have they been doing?"

"Fighting in the moat, mother."

"Fighting in the moat? What do you mean?"

"Mr. Potter jumped in to try and get away from Mr. Gandle, and then Mr. Gandle went in after him and seized him round the neck, and they grappled together for quite a long time, struggling furiously. I think they must have had a quarrel."

"What on earth would they quarrel about?"

"Well, you know what a violent man Clifford Gandle is."

THIS was an aspect of Mr. Gandle's character which Lady Wickham had not perceived. She opened her penetrating eyes.

"Clifford Gandle violent?"

"I think he's the sort of man who takes sudden dislikes to people."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, it all seems very queer to me," said Bobbie. She passed on her way upstairs, and, reaching the first landing, turned down the corridor till she came to the principal guest room. She knocked delicately. There were movements inside, and presently the door opened, revealing Hamilton Potter in a flowered dressing gown.

"Thank heaven, you're safe!" said Bobbie.

The fervor of her tone touched Mr. Potter. His heart warmed to the child.

"If I hadn't been there when Mr. Gandle was trying to drown you . . . "

Mr. Potter started violently.

"Trying to drown me?" he gasped.

Bobbie's eyebrows rose.

"Hasn't anybody told you about Mr. Gandle—warned you? Didn't you know he was one of the Mad Gandles?"

"The . . . the . . . ?"

"Mad Gandles. You know what some of these very old English families are like. All the Gandles have been mad for generations back."

"You don't mean . . . you can't mean . . . " Mr. Potter gulped. "You can't mean that Mr. Gandle is homicidal?"

"Not normally. But he takes sudden dislikes to people."

"I think he likes me," said Mr. Potter with a certain nervous satisfaction. "He has made a point of seeking me out and giving me his views on—er—various matters."

"Did you ever yawn while he was doing it?"

Mr. Potter blenched.

"Would—would he mind that very much?"

"Mind it! You lock your door at night, don't you, Mr. Potter?"

"But this is terrible."

"He sleeps in this corridor."

"But why is the man at large?"

"He hasn't done anything yet. You can't shut a man up till he has done something."

"Does Lady Wickham know of this?"

"For goodness sake, don't say a word to mother. It would only make her nervous. Everything will be quite all right, if you're

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

only careful. You had better try not to let him get you alone."

"Yes," said Mr. Potter. It was an idea that had occurred to him independently.

III.

THE Last of the Mad Gandles, meanwhile, having peeled off the dress clothes moistened during the recent water carnival, had draped his bony form in a suit of orange-colored pajamas, and was now devoting the full force of a legislator's mind to the situation which had arisen.

He was a long, thin young man with a curved nose which even in his lighter moments gave him the appearance of disapproving things in general; and there had been nothing in the events of the last hour to cause any diminution of this look of disapproval. For we cannot in fairness but admit that, if ever a Mad Gandle had good reason to be mad, Clifford Gandle had at this juncture. He had been interrupted at the crucial point of a proposal of marriage. He had been plunged into water and prodded with a punt pole. He had sown the seeds of a cold in the head. And he rather fancied that he had swallowed a newt. These things do not conduce to sunniness in a man.

Nor did an inspection of the future do anything to remove his gloom. He had come to Skeldings for rest and recuperation after the labors of an exhausting Session, and now it seemed that, instead of passing his time pleasantly in the society of Roberta Wickham, he would be compelled to devote himself to acting as a guardian to a misguided publisher.

It was not as if he liked publishers, either. His relations with Prodder and Wiggs, who had sold forty-three copies of his book of political essays (Watchman, What of the Night?), had not been agreeable.

Nevertheless, this last of the Gandles was a conscientious man. He had no intention of shirking the call of duty. The question of whether it was worth while preventing a publisher committing suicide did not present itself to him.

That was why Bobbie's note, when he read it, produced such immediate results.

Exactly when the missive had been delivered Clifford Gandle could not say. Much thought had rendered him distrait, and the rustle of the paper as it was thrust under his door did not reach his consciousness. It was only when, after a considerable time, he rose with the intention of going to bed that he perceived lying on the floor an envelope.

He stooped and picked it up. He examined it with a thoughtful stare. He opened it.

The letter was brief. It ran as follows:

What about his razors?

A thrill of dismay shot through him.

Razors!

He had forgotten them.

Clifford Gandle did not delay. Already it might be that he was too late. He hurried down the passage and tapped at Mr. Potter's door.

"Who's there?"

Clifford Gandle was relieved. He was in time.

"Can I come in?"

"Who is that?"

"Gandle."

"What do you want?"

"Can you—er—lend me a razah?"

"A what!"

"A razah."

There followed a complete silence from within. Mr. Gandle tapped again.

"Are you they-ah?"

The silence was broken by an odd rumbling sound. Something heavy knocked against the woodwork. But that the explanation seemed so improbable, Mr. Gandle would have said that this peculiar publisher had pushed a chest of drawers against the door.

"Mr. Pottah!"

More silence.

"Are you they-ah, Mr. Pottah?"

Additional stillness. Mr. Gandle, wearying of a profitless vigil, gave the thing up and returned to his room.

The task that lay before him, he now realized, was to wait a while and then make his way along the balcony which joined the windows of the two rooms, enter while the other slept, and abstract his weapon or weapons.

He looked at his watch. The hour was close on midnight. He decided to give Mr. Potter till two o'clock.

Clifford Gandle sat down to wait.

Mr. Potter's first action, after the retreating footsteps had told him that his visitor had gone, was to extract a couple of nerve pills from the box by his bed and swallow them. This was a rite which, by the orders of his medical adviser, he had performed thrice a day since leaving America — once half an hour before breakfast, once an hour before luncheon, and again on retiring to rest.

In spite of the fact that he now consumed these pills, it seemed to Mr. Potter that he could scarcely be described as retiring to rest. After the recent ghastly proof of Clifford Gandle's insane malevolence, he could not bring himself to hope that even the most fitful slumber would come to him this night. The horror of the thought of that awful man padding softly to his door and asking for razors chilled Hamilton Potter to the bone.

NEVERTHELESS, he did his best. He switched off the light and, closing his eyes, began to repeat in a soft undertone a formula which he had often found efficacious.

"Day by day," murmured Mr. Potter, "in every way, I am getting better and better. Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

It would have astonished Clifford Gandle, yawning in his room down the corridor, if he could have heard such optimistic sentiments proceeding from those lips.

"Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

Mr. Potter's mind performed an unfortunate side-slip. He lay there tingling. Suppose he was getting better and better, what of it? What was the use of getting better and better if at any moment a Mad Gandle might spring out with a razor and end it all?

He forced his thoughts away from these uncomfortable channels. He clenched his teeth and whispered through them with a touch of defiance.

"Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better. Day by day, in every way . . ."

A pleasant drowsiness stole over Mr. Potter.

"Day by day, in every way," he murmured, "I am getting better and better. Day by day, in every way, I am betting getter and getter. Bay by day, in every way, I am betting getter and wetter. Way by day . . ."

Mr. Potter slept.

Over the stables the clock chimed the hour of two, and Clifford Gandle stepped out onto the balcony.

It has been well said by many thinkers that in human affairs you can never be certain that some little trifling obstacle will not undo the best laid of schemes. It was the sunken road at Hougoument that undid the French cavalry at Waterloo, and it was something very similar that caused Clifford Gandle's plan of action to go wrong now—a jug of water, to wit, which the maid who had brought Mr. Potter's hot-water can before dinner had placed immediately beneath the window.

Clifford Gandle, insinuating himself with the extreme of caution through the window and finding his foot resting on something hard, assumed that he was touching the floor and permitted his full weight to rest upon that foot. Almost immediately afterward the world collapsed with a crash and a deluge of water; and light, flooding the room, showed Mr. Potter sitting up in bed, blinking.

Mr. Potter stared at Clifford Gandle. Clifford Gandle stared at Mr. Potter.

"Er—hullo!" said Clifford Gandle.

Mr. Potter uttered a low, curious sound like a cat with a fishbone in its throat.

"I—er—just looked in," said Clifford Gandle. Mr. Potter made a noise like a second and slightly larger cat with another fishbone in its throat.

"I've come for the razah," said Clifford Gandle. "Ah, there it is," he said, and moving toward the dressing table, secured it.

Mr. Potter leaped from his bed. He looked about him for a weapon. The only one in sight appeared to be the typescript of Ethics of Suicide, and that, while it would have made an admirable instrument for swatting flies, was far too flimsy for the present crisis. All in all, it began to look to Mr. Potter like a sticky evening.

"Good-night," said Clifford Gandle.

Mr. Potter was amazed to see that his visitor was withdrawing toward the window. It seemed incredible. For a moment he wondered whether Bobbie Wickham had not made some mistake about this man. Nothing could be more temperate than his behavior at the moment.

And then, as he reached the window, Clifford Gandle smiled, and all Mr. Potter's fears leaped into being again.

The opinion of Clifford Gandle regarding this smile was that it was one of those kindly, reassuring smiles—the sort of smile to put the most nervous melancholiac at his ease. To Mr. Potter it seemed precisely the kind of maniac grin which he would have expected from such a source.

"Good-night," said Clifford Gandle.

He smiled again, and was gone. And Mr. Potter, having stood rooted to the spot for some minutes, crossed the floor and closed the window. He then bolted the window. He perceived a pair of shutters and shut them. He moved the wash-hand stand till it rested against the shutters. He placed two chairs and a small bookcase against the wash-hand stand. Then he went to bed, leaving the light burning.

"Day by day, in every way," said Mr. Potter, "I am getting better and better."

But his voice lacked the ring of true conviction.

IV.

SUNSHINE, filtering in through the shutters, and the song of birds busy in the ivy outside his window woke Mr. Potter at an early hour next morning; but it was some time before he could bring himself to spring from his bed to greet another day. His disturbed night had left him heavy and lethargic. When finally he had summoned up the energy to rise and remove the zareba in front of the window and open the shutters, he became aware that a glorious morning was upon the world. The samples of sunlight that had crept into the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

room had indicated only feebly the golden wealth without.

But there was no corresponding sunshine in Mr. Potter's heart. Spiritually, as well as physically, he was at a low ebb. The more he examined the position of affairs the less he liked it. He went down to breakfast in pensive mood.

Breakfast at Skeldings was an informal meal, and visitors were expected to take it when they pleased, irrespective of the movements of their hostess, who was a late riser. In the dining room, when Mr. Potter entered it, only the daughter of the house was present.

Bobbie was reading the morning paper. She nodded cheerfully to him over its top.

"Good-morning, Mr. Potter. I hope you slept well." Mr. Potter winced.

"Miss Wickham," he said, "last night an appalling thing occurred."

A startled look came into Bobbie's eyes.

"You don't mean . . . . Mr. Gandle?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Mr. Potter, what?"

"Just as I was going to bed the man knocked at my door and asked if he could borrow my razah—I mean my razor."

"You didn't lend it to him?"

"No, I did not," replied Mr. Potter with a touch of asperity. "I barricaded the door."

"How wise of you."

"And at two in the morning he came in through the window!"

"How horrible!"

"He took my razor. Why he did not attack me I cannot say. But, having obtained it, he grinned at me in a ghastly way and went out."

THERE was a silence.

"Have an egg or something," said Bobbie in a hushed voice.

"Thank you, I will take a little ham," whispered Mr. Potter.

There was another silence.

"I'm afraid," said Bobbie at length, "you will have to go."

"That is what I think."

"It is quite evident that Mr. Gandle has taken one of his uncontrollable dislikes to you."

"Yes."

"What I think you ought to do is to leave quite quietly, without saying good-by or anything, so that he won't know where you've gone and won't be able to follow you. Then you could write mother a letter, saying that you had to go because of Mr. Gandle's persecution."

"Exactly."

"You needn't say anything about his being mad. She knows that. Just say that he ducked you in the moat and then came into your room at two in the morning and made faces at you. She will understand."

"Yes. I . . . "

"Hush!"

Clifford Gandle came into the room.

"Good-morning," said Bobbie.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Gandle.

He helped himself to a poached egg; and, glancing across the table at the publisher, was concerned to note how wan and somber was his aspect. If ever a man looked as if he were on the verge of putting an end to everything, that man was John Hamilton Potter.

Clifford Gandle was not feeling particularly festive himself at the moment, for he was a man who depended greatly for his well-being on a placid eight hours of sleep; but he exerted himself to be bright and optimistic.

"What a lovely morning!" he trilled.

"Yes," said Mr. Potter.

"Surely such weather is enough to make any man happy and satisfied with life."

"Yes," said Mr. Potter doubtfully.

"Who, with all Na-chah smiling, could seriously contemplate removing himself from so bright a world?"

"George Philibert of 32 Acacia Road, Cricklewood, did," said Bobbie, who had resumed her study of the paper.

"Eh?" said Mr. Gandle.

"George Philibert of 32 Acacia Road, Cricklewood, was had up before the beak yesterday, charged with attempted suicide. He stated that . . . "

Mr. Gandle cast a reproachful look at her. He had always supposed Roberta Wickham to be a girl of fair intelligence, as women go; and it seemed to him that he had overestimated her good sense. He did his best to cover up her blunder.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The partiality of drowning men for straws is proverbial; but, as a class, they are broad-minded and will clutch at punt poles with equal readiness. Mr. Potter seized the pole and pulled strongly.

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[THE REST CURE Continued from Page Fifteen]

"Possibly," he said, "with some really definite and serious reason. . . ."

"I can never understand," said Mr. Potter, coming out of what had all the outward appearance of a trance, "why the idea arose that suicide is wrong."

He spoke with a curious intensity. The author of Ethics of Suicide had wielded a plausible pen, and the subject was one on which he now held strong views. And, even if he had not already held them, his mood this morning was of a kind to breed them in his bosom.

"The author of a very interesting book which I intend to publish shortly," he said, "points out that none but the votaries of the monotheistic religions look upon suicide as a crime."

"Yes, said Mr. Gandle, "but . . ."

"If, he goes on to say, the criminal law forbids suicide, that is not an argument valid in the Church. And, besides, the prohibition is ridiculous, for what penalty can frighten a man who is not afraid of death itself?"

"George Philibert got fourteen days," said Bobbie.

"Yes, but . . ." said Mr. Gandle.

"THE Ancients were very far from regarding the matter in the modern light. Indeed, in Massilia and on the island of Ceos the man who could give valid reasons for relinquishing his life was handed the cup of hemlock by the magistrate, and that, too, in public."

"Yes, but . . ."

"And why," said Mr. Potter, "suicide should be regarded as cowardly is beyond me. Surely no man who had not an iron nerve . . ."

He broke off. The last two words had tapped a chord in his memory. Abruptly it occurred to him that here he was half way through breakfast and he had not taken those iron nerve pills which his doctor had so strictly ordered him to swallow thirty minutes before the morning meal.

"Yes," said Mr. Gandle. He lowered his cup and looked across the table. "But . . ."

His voice died away. He sat staring before him in horror-struck silence. Mr. Potter, with a strange, wild look in his eyes, was in the very act of raising to his lips a sinister-looking white pellet. And, even as Mr. Gandle gazed, the wretched man's lips closed over the horrid thing and a movement of his Adam's apple showed that the deed was done.

"Surely," said Mr. Potter, "no man who . . ."

It seemed that Fate was inflexibly bent on preventing him from finishing that particular sentence this morning. For he had got thus far when Clifford Gandle, seizing the mustard pot, rose with a maniac screech and bounded, wild-eyed, round the table at him.

Lady Wickham came downstairs and made her way like a stately galleon under sail toward the dining room. Unlike others of the household, she was feeling particularly cheerful this morning. She liked fine weather, and the day was unusually fine. Also she had resolved that after breakfast she would take Mr. Potter aside and use the full force of her commanding personality to extract from him something in the nature of an informal contract.

She would not, she decided, demand too much at first. If he would consent to undertake the American publication of Agatha's Vow, A Strong Man's Love, and—possibly—A Man for A' That, she would be willing to postpone discussion of Meadowsweet, Fetters of Fate, and the rest of her works. But if he thought he could eat her bread and salt and sidestep Agatha's Vow he had grievously underestimated the power of her cold gray eye when it came to subduing such members of the animal kingdom as publishers.

There was a happy smile, therefore, on Lady Wickham's face as she entered the room. She was not actually singing, but she stopped only just short of it.

She was surprised to find that, except for her daughter Roberta, the dining room was empty.

"Good-morning, mother," said Bobbie.

"Good-morning. Has Mr. Potter finished his breakfast?" Bobbie considered the question.

"I don't know if he had actually finished," she said. "But he didn't seem to want any more."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know, mother."

"When did he go?"

"He's only just left."

"I didn't meet him."

"He went out of the window."

THE sunshine faded from Lady Wickham's face.

"Out of the window? Why?"

"I think it was because Clifford Gandle was between him and the door."

"What do you mean? Where is Clifford Gandle?"

"I don't know, mother. He went out of the window, too. They were both running down the drive when I last saw them." Bobbie's face grew pensive. "Mother, I've been thinking," she said. "Are you really sure that Clifford Gandle would be such a steadying influence for me? He seems to me rather eccentric."

"I cannot understand a word of what you are saying."

"Well, he is eccentric. At two o'clock this morning, Mr. Potter told me, he climbed in through Mr. Potter's window, made faces at him, and climbed out again. And just now . . ."

"Made faces at Mr. Potter?"

"Yes, mother. And just now Mr. Potter was peacefully eating his breakfast when Clifford Gandle suddenly uttered a loud cry and sprang at him. Mr. Potter jumped out of the window and Clifford Gandle jumped out after him and chased him down the drive. I thought Mr. Potter ran awfully well for an elderly man, but that sort of thing can't be good for him in the middle of breakfast."

Lady Wickham subsided into a chair.

"Is everybody mad?"

"I think Clifford Gandle must be. You know, these men who do wonderful things at the varsity often do crack up suddenly. I was reading a case only yesterday about a man in America. He took every possible prize at Harvard or wherever it was, and then, just as everybody was predicting the most splendid future for him, he bit his aunt in the leg. He . . ."

"GO and find Mr. Potter," cried Lady Wickham. "I must speak to him."

"I'll try. But I don't believe it will be easy. I think he's gone for good."

Lady Wickham uttered a bereaved cry, such as a tigress might who sees its prey snatched from it.

"Gone!"

"He told me he was thinking of going. He said he couldn't stand Clifford Gandle's persecution any longer. And that was before breakfast, so I don't suppose he has changed his mind. I think he means to go on running."

A sigh like the whistling of the wind through the cracks in a broken heart escaped Lady Wickham.

"Mother," said Bobbie, "I've something to tell you. Last night Clifford Gandle asked me to marry him. I hadn't time to answer one way or the other, because just after he had proposed he jumped into the moat and tried to drown Mr. Potter; but if you really think he would be a steadying influence for me . . ."

Lady Wickham uttered a snort of agony.

"I forbid you to dream of marrying this man!"

"Very well, mother," said Bobbie dutifully. She rose and moved to the sideboard. "Would you like an egg, mother?"

"No!"

"Some ham?"

"No!"

"Very well." Bobbie paused at the door. "Don't you think it would be a good idea," she said, "if I were to go and find Clifford Gandle and tell him to pack up and go away? I'm sure you won't like having him about after this."

Lady Wickham's eyes flashed fire.

"If that man dares to come back I'll . . . I'll . . . Yes; tell him to go. Tell him to go away and never let me set eyes on him again."

"Very well, mother," said Bobbie.

THE END

Jack Dons *a* High Hat

Too Proud to Write: or The Disappointment of a Matinee Girl— An Unusual Drama in Which Mr. Barrymore Plays a Silent Part

By

Arthur Sears Henning

AT FIRST the daily recurring dialogue between my sixteen-year-old daughter and myself went something like this:

Daughter: "Daddy, I just know I shall never see Jack Barrymore in Hamlet unless you take me to New York."

Father: "Oh, Barrymore will come to Washington. He'll go on the road this season or next. They always do when they've scored a big success in New York."

After a month or two the interchange was more like this:

Daughter: "Daddy, won't you take me to New York to see Jack Barrymore? He'll never come to Washington, and I'll never see him in Hamlet."

Father: "Must you see him in Hamlet?"

Daughter: "Oh, of course, I must! I've seen Sothern's *Hamlet,* and Hampden's *Hamlet,* and Mantell's *Hamlet,* and the critics say Barrymore's is the greatest since Booth's."

Father: "Seems to me you are keeping pretty well up on Hamlet."

Daughter: "But a person can't be really up to date on Hamlet unless he has seen Barrymore."

Father: "Well, either your mother or I would have to go with you to New York. The trip would cost not less than sixty dollars, which seems a good deal to pay for two seats at Hamlet, even at New York scalpers' rates."

Daughter: "But, daddy, think how educational it would be."

Father: "Yes, of course, and education is becoming more expensive every minute. [Brightening with a sudden inspiration.] Now, let's see just how much you care to see Barrymore's *Hamlet.* I give you a pin-money allowance of one dollar a week. Would you be willing to give up your allowance for a whole year to pay for a trip to New York to see Barrymore?"

Daughter (instantly, in an exultant shout): "Yes, I would; I'd give it up for two years. Now, daddy, will you take me?"

Father: "You win. It's the least we can do for a girl who is willing to go without her allowance a whole year. I'll get the tickets for next Saturday night."

Her eyes were luminous with joy and gratitude. The vision of supreme happiness at sixteen gave me a thrill. I secretly decided not to exact the full sacrifice she consented to.

We left Washington in high spirits that Saturday morning at seven o'clock and shortly after noon were in New York and had our tickets in hand.

After attending a matinee we dined at Browne's chophouse for the particular purpose of viewing the autographed pictures of Booth, Kean, the elder Sothern, and a multitude of actors of another day, the framed letters of theater folk, and the curious playbills and programs of the last generation. For sixteen-year-old it was a delightful revel in the traditions of the American theater. Then to Hamlet.

It was a night I shall never forget. I do not know whether Barrymore played his best or his worst that night. I can describe my own sensations by saying I was thrilled, but how can I find words to depict the transports of my daughter's enthusiasm?

Mr. Barrymore as a high-hatted Hamlet.

Barrymore was so human, so vibrant, so moving a *Hamlet,* she said. She was sure he was the supreme actor of the role in this day. If she only could have seen Booth, she said, but somehow it did not seem possible for Booth's *Hamlet* to have been greater than Barrymore's. Booth's interpretation, she thought, probably would be regarded as unnatural today. But Barrymore was perfection.

Hamlet came to his end all too soon. My daughter sighed wistfully. If she could have her way, we should stay over Sunday in New York and see Barrymore again Monday night. But there were lessons to return to, and she was thankful for this one great night, the memory of which she would always treasure.

We were back in Washington for breakfast the next morning, having spent twenty-four hours and more than my daughter's allowance for a year on Barrymore in Hamlet. It was cheap at the price, my daughter averred.

THEN, in a moment of enthusiasm on my own part, I asked my daughter how she would like to have an autographed photograph of Barrymore as *Hamlet* to put alongside the photograph Miss Marlowe had so graciously inscribed to her, Sothern's recollections autographed by the author, and the other trophies of her interest in the drama.

How would she like it? Why, of course, it would be too splendid for words. But how could I get the autographed photograph? she asked. We didn't know Mr. Barrymore, and actors, she had heard, were bored to death with requests for autographs.

I smiled a very superior smile. I would undertake the impossible, sure of success beyond the shadow of a doubt, and I should not have recourse to my friend, the New York drama critic, either.

Thereupon, I indited a letter to Mr. Barrymore, asking him if he would be so gracious as to send an autographed photograph of himself as *Hamlet* to a sixteen-year-old girl who had spent her allowance for a year on a trip to New York to see him play the great role, and who had been delighted beyond expression with his performance.

I wrote the note on my business stationery, that of an institution of national repute, and particularly well known to Mr. Barrymore. Also, in my solicitude to avoid a failure of my undertaking, which would disillusion my daughter and dash her high enthusiasm, I mentioned to Mr. Barrymore the name of my daughter's uncle, whom I knew to be his personal friend.

I mailed the letter in an envelope, with the return address of my business concern. Then I sat back and waited for that moment of supreme pleasure I was going to give my daughter.

No reply ever came. Nor was my letter ever returned.

"Strange," I said. "Most extraordinary."

But the family only smiled with that quiet forbearance elicited by the failure of a loved one to make good in a rash undertaking. My daughter—well, she still maintains that Barrymore is the greatest of all *Hamlets.*

THE END

Fame Made to Order

Confessions of a Publicity Man—The Most Skillful Name-Maker in America Reveals How He Made September Morn Popular, How He Turned an Unknown Girl Into a Stage Star in Ten Days, and Other Secrets of His Amazing Craft

FIRST ARTICLE

By HARRY REICHENBACH

MY BUSINESS is making people famous. While I have specialized in men and women I have also been called upon to attract the attention of the world to works of art, circuses, books, animals, moving picture productions, and even buildings.

I've been engaged in name-making for twenty-seven years. In that time I've worked for presidents and kings, millionaires and snake-eaters, pugilists and plutocrats, clowns and chorus girls. On a bet, I've taken an unknown girl from an Indiana hamlet and placed her name in electric lights on Broadway in exactly ten days.

I've received as little as ten dollars a week for my services and as much as six thousand dollars. My first job as a name-maker paid me twelve dollars a week. Now I never receive less than one thousand dollars.

I've been given credit or been blamed for almost every big unusual news stunt that has spread itself across the front pages of New York newspapers in the last ten years, except the earthquake of March, 1925. When Floyd Collins was imprisoned in Crystal Cave, Kentucky, hundreds of my friends and newspaper acquaintances, believing it was a publicity stunt, telephoned me, asking, "When is the cave picture going to break?"

A compliment? Yes, but inconvenient when the authorities get after me to explain away the fact that they have found a woman's clothing on the shore of a lake in Central Park! I refer to the much featured "drowning" of Tsuro Aoki ("Yuki Onda"), a Japanese actress. This was a stunt pulled off by Joseph Mayer to spread the fame of a picture called The Wrath of the Gods. The police dragged the lake for two days. When it was discovered that the tear-jerking tragedy was really a fake suicide plant, quite a few verbal fireworks were shot off about my "dastardly deception." I proved I had nothing to do with the making of this mare's-nest—and got a good laugh.

Newspapers and public are interested in known personalities and things. Let an explosion send two hundred Polish laborers to perdition and the newspapers will dismiss the accident with brief mention. Let Pola Negri, Polish actress, fall from a ladder and fracture her wrist and the newspapers will give it front-page space.

When Gloria Swanson was ill in Paris in February, 1925, her name was in the front-page headlines for three consecutive days, while a mine disaster in Germany in which 500 workers were killed received only a paragraph on an inside page.

Given proper publicity, a mediocre chorus girl becomes a star, a cheap painting becomes a work of art, a tawdry story of illicit love becomes a sensational novel.

An illustration?

P. & A. Photo

The Sweatshop Prima Donna—Nina Barbour, taken from a tailor's sewing machine and made into a vaudeville headliner at $450 a week in order that a press agent might win a wager of fifty dollars.

"Publicity means nothing to one aspiring to a career on the dramatic or vaudeville stage unless the person who receives it has a goodly share of real talent!"

The speaker was Louis De Foe, one of the greatest dramatic critics of his day. The place was the Dutch Treat Club, New York City. The time, about the middle of November, 1913.

Channing Pollock, the playwright; Wallace Irwin, the author; Irvin Cobb, the humorist, and several others present, nodded in agreement. I alone took issue with De Foe.

"Give me a girl with just a little beauty, just a little talent, and just a little brains, and I'll guarantee to make a star of her in thirty days," I said.

"Fifty dollars, even, you can't!" offered De Foe, and the wager was made.

Two days later Charles K. Harris, the music publisher, telephoned me and asked if I would do something for a girl he knew who was in financial difficulties but who had a fair voice. "She is destitute and desperate," said Harris.

The next day I met Nina Barbour in Harris' office. She was an emaciated young woman with a sickly pallor, carefully but cheaply dressed.

I decided to use her to win the wager. I took her to the New York Theater Roof, where she sang for me. She had the voice of a fairly good chorus girl.

After her trial on the New York Theater Roof I gave her a few dollars for her immediate needs, which were chiefly gastronomical, engaged a cheap room for her just off the Bowery, and told her to hold herself ready for an emergency.

The next day I got her a job in a sweatshop operated by a man named Guttman at the corner of the Bowery and Broome Street. Here she was given a sewing machine and instructions how to make shirts.

That night I had a long talk with Miss Barbour. In this conversation I outlined just what she was to say and do and just how she was to act. We rehearsed every detail of the plan until she was letter perfect.

The following day the Misses Florence and Mary Nash, two dramatic actresses whose publicity I was handling at the time, started to Brooklyn, via the Bowery, in a limousine. At Broome Street the car "developed" carburetor trouble. The chauffeur began tinkering with the machinery, and the Misses Nash got out to watch him.

AT this instant the notes of a song—On the Banks of the Wabash—came floating down from the windows of Guttman's sweatshop. The two actresses gazed up at the window, registering attention and amazement. The sight of two beautiful, expensively dressed young women standing in the grimy Bowery looking rapturously up at a window from which came a voice lifted in song soon attracted a large crowd.

After a short wait the Nash sisters entered the building, walked to the second floor, and inquired for the young lady whose voice they had heard. She was seated at a sewing machine near the window. They approached and talked with her, praising her voice and promising to do something for her immediately if she would leave the sweatshop.

As prearranged, Miss Barbour quit her job instantly, put on her coat, and accompanied the two actresses to their automobile. She was taken to a rooming house on Forty-third Street near Sixth Avenue, where a room was engaged for her.

The newspapers were notified, and soon half a dozen reporters were questioning the shoddily dressed young woman. Could she sing? She would give a demonstration. She did. The reporters were sympathetic. They always are in the presence of distress. They went back to their offices and wrote glowingly of her

voice. They told her sad story. They labeled her the Sweatshop Prima Donna.

George Gottlieb of the United Booking Offices read the stories and was interested. He called on Miss Barbour next morning and arranged for her to open the following Monday at the Palace Theater at four hundred and fifty dollars a week. Finally, she was booked over what was then known as the Orpheum Circuit at three hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Exactly ten days had elapsed between the time that I had made the wager with De Foe and the night Miss Barbour made her debut as a headliner at the Palace. I had won my bet.

My preliminary training for stunt publicity, in which I specialized until quite recently, was received in a hard school. I began my career as a name-maker-to-be when I was fifteen years old.

First I was employed by an insurance company, then joined Mademoiselle Wanda, a fortune teller. Subsequently I went into the Sells-Forepaugh Circus, where Tommy Wilson, a one-hundred-and-five-pound prize fighter from Cincinnati, became my chum.

We left Sells-Forepaugh at Michigan City, Indiana, going to East Liverpool, Ohio, where we joined the Swanson & Layton Carnival Company.

At Elizabeth City, North Carolina, I was made general spieler for the Swanson & Layton show—that is, I made all the talks for the free attractions. Among these was Daredevil Le Gare, who used his feet to roll a big ball up and down a spiral runway; Arthur Holden, who did a loop-the-loop on a bicycle; a high diver called Kearney P. Speedy, and several minor attractions.

MY spiel for Speedy was brief and to the point. I merely said: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will see Speedy, the most intrepid high diver the world has ever known."

I had just finished this announcement one night when Ernest Rich, owner of the outside concessions, came to me and asked, "Why don't you stretch your spiels? They're too short. I'll give you five dollars a week extra if you'll make a speech I'll write for you."

As my salary then was but twenty-two dollars a week, I readily agreed.

Using a ticket window for a desk, Rich—a lanky New Englander with a large Adam's apple—wrote the following speech, which I made thereafter:

"All eyes cast to the apex of yon lofty tower, where, poising so gracefully, stands the greatest daredevil in all the world—Kearney P. Speedy. Watch him intently, for in an instant he will leap from the pedestal, two hundred feet in the air, and dive into this shallow tank. Look you at this daredevil who twice each day looks destiny in the face, shakes hands with the angel of death, peers into the eyes of St. Peter, places the tips of his fingers on the pearly gates—and for what? For your amusement, ladies and gentlemen. He makes the death dive to thrill you, to make the blood course through your veins at a faster pace, to teach you that heroism is not dead. Ah-h-h! See! He poises! In an instant his body will flash through the air like a streak. He is ready!"

© Broun & Co.

September Morn, the modest young lady who was Comstocked into national notoriety purely as a press agent stunt for a picture dealer.

When I thought the suspense had been sustained long enough I would cry: "Watch closely, ladies and gentlemen. Do not remove your gaze, for the great act will be over in the flash of an eye."

With that speech ended, Speedy would come hurtling through space into the tank of water.

Rich didn't ask me to prolong my speeches for the other outdoor attractions, and I thought that strange until Dutch Barrel, a comedian with the company, enlightened me several weeks later. He explained that the reason Rich had me talk so long for Speedy's act was to give the pickpockets in Rich's employ an opportunity to "frisk the suckers."

WHEN I opened a free-lance publicity office in the Putnam Building, on Broadway, my first client was the Russman Art Corporation, and my first work was for a picture which later was to be found on the walls of many millions of homes—September Morn.

Who does not recall or has not seen that simple little picture of a girl standing, garbed as Eve, ankle-deep in water, modestly trying to hide her nakedness from the eyes of a prying world?

September Morn was not an immoral picture then; it is not today. It was just a simple little picture which would have passed on, unnoticed and unsung, but for the guilelessness of that zealous old reformer, Anthony Comstock, then head of the Anti-Vice Society.

When the Russman Art Corporation engaged me to exploit the picture, they told me that a great many prints had been made and were not selling. I wasn't surprised. It wasn't a real work of art and it wasn't sensational. But it was up to me to make it both.

I had my employers put an enlargement on display in the window of an art shop on West Thirty-first Street. I then went down to Greenwich Village and hired ten boys and girls of various ages and sizes to stand in front of the window. I coached them how to act whenever anybody stopped to look at September Morn.

Finally I called on Comstock, launched upon a bitter denunciation of this immoral display, and insisted that he accompany me so that he could see with his own eyes how it was undermining the morals of the youth of our fair city. He fell.

Together we walked down Fifth Avenue to Thirty-first Street. When we came to the window where the picture was on display, my youngsters were standing there, pointing at it and making grimaces intended to convey the impression that they were getting a great thrill out of it.

Comstock took one look and was horrified. He ordered the picture removed forthwith, but the shop owners refused to obey. The Anti-Vice Society head appealed to the courts. The newspapers leaped to the story with great glee. September Morn became famous overnight. Songs were written around it, vaudeville artists joked about

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. Photo

Rescuers seeking Floyd Collins, entombed in a Kentucky cave. Mr. Reichenbach was suspected of engineering this tragedy as a publicity stunt, a suspicion which, as a good publicity man, he thoroughly resented.

The most intimate concern of a woman's life—

should not be shrouded in secrecy

IGNORANCE of physical facts never brought happiness to any woman.

Wrong information is often worse than no information, and feminine health is too important, too vital a matter to be regarded in a haphazard way. Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment. The modern woman wants to know the truth and then judge for herself. She wants the benefit of every new idea.

Recent advances in practice of feminine hygiene

The recent advances in the practice of feminine hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antiseptics*. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient cleansing agent—who demanded a true antiseptic insurance against disease germs.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But fortunately this state of affairs is now a thing of the past. No longer need a woman run the risk of using powerful poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home—a calamity all too common when the poison bottle is left within reach of little children who can not read the "skull-and-crossbones" warning. No longer need she face any of these dangers, for *Zonite* has arrived. Zonite is a powerful antiseptic. In fact, Zonite is a real germicide, for it actually *kills* germs. It doesn't merely *check* germ-growth temporarily like the mild, sweet-tasting and bubbling antiseptics. It kills all the germs present and prevents their multiplication. But besides being a powerful antiseptic, Zonite is an antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human beings.

The most remarkable feature of Zonite is its great germicidal strength. It has more than forty times the strength, for instance, of peroxide of hydrogen, and is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic that can even be held in the mouth! In fact, dental authorities are recommending it highly for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask the dentist or physician for his opinion of Zonite.

A WHOLE MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF

Zonite kills germs.
That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.
For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.
For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.
For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.
For use as a deodorant.
Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

A booklet that every mother will want to give her daughter

The important subject of feminine hygiene is thoroughly covered in a dainty booklet prepared by the Women's Division expressly for the use and convenience of women.

The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it. Pass it on to others who need it. Thousands of women are today running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. This book will bring all such women abreast of the times in a very important matter of health and comfort. The booklet is free. It is daintily illustrated and mailed in social correspondence envelope. Use the coupon below.

Zonite Products Company
Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

In Canada:
165 Dufferin Street
Toronto

In bottles, 25c, 50c and $1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

Zonite

Women's Division
ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
Postum Building
250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (81-V)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

[FAME MADE TO ORDER Continued from Page Nineteen]

it, reform ministers denounced it, and, in the next six months, four million men and women bought it at one dollar a copy.

For this job I received exactly forty-five dollars, out of which I had to pay the children who helped me fifty cents apiece.

The greater the pains a press agent takes in arranging a stunt, the greater the flop that is likely to follow. At least, that was the case with the stunt I cooked up for Shipwrecked Among Cannibals, a picture of Edward F. Adler's trip to the land of the head-hunters of New Guinea.

Although an interesting picture, it lacked drama and plot. It could have been cut from six to two reels advantageously, but Universal, which presented it on Broadway, wanted it to be of feature length. It didn't take an expert to realize that it would be necessary to get plenty of publicity for the picture to put it over.

P. & A. Photo

Pola Negri, who lands on the first page by merely falling off a ladder; while two hundred Polish laborers, killed in an explosion, are peacefully buried in a paragraph on page eighteen.

I had become quite cocky because of the success of a number of my stunts that year, and decided to do something quite extraordinary for Shipwrecked Among Cannibals. I decided to "plant" a band of descendants of the Kai Kai tribe of head-hunters in the exclusive New York suburban section of Westchester County and then let "nature take its course."

AFTER an extensive search in Westchester we found an old abandoned building on a side road about a half mile from the estate occupied by Florenz Ziegfeld and his wife, Miss Billie Burke.

After fixing upon this building as the spot to stage the ceremonies which were to attract the attention of the police, I engaged eight of the biggest and blackest Negroes I could find in Harlem. Edward Laemmle, nephew of Carl Laemmle, who had accompanied Adler on his trip to New Guinea, helped the explorer teach these Negroes the native dances of the Kai Kai tribe.

My next move was to purchase six skeletons from Fordham Hospital, and on a Monday evening late in June these were transported in automobiles to the abandoned building.

While the Negroes were being taught the Kai Kai dances, I had written, in crude but decipherable English, a diary of the last ten meetings of the strange cult to which the Harlem cannibals were supposed to belong. The diary told of the necessity of tribesmen devouring human flesh if they expected to enter "the Kingdom of Kings above."

After we had carried the skeletons and other props into the upper floors of the house, we rehearsed the Negroes in the parts they were to play. We told them that as soon as we lighted flares, such as are used in motion picture studios for lighting effects, they should start to dance and whoop around the skeletons, which would be placed in the center of the room.

THEY were to do this dance in the altogether and were to keep it up until they heard two pistol shots. That was to be the signal for them to rush from the house through the woods over a trail marked by whitewashed trees to a river where they would find their clothes.

Everybody seemed to understand just what was expected of him, so when the Negroes had undressed and their clothes had been removed to the river bank I told Phil Di Angeles, who had charge of the props, to light the flares, place the diary on the floor where it would be found by whoever came to investigate the strange ceremony that was about to be staged, unwrap the skeletons, and get everything ready.

While Di Angeles was unwrapping the skeletons, I took the Negroes into another room to give them a few final instructions. We were still going over the details of how they were to get back to New York when Di Angeles called out: "All right, fellows; everything is set. C'mon in."

But we had reckoned without our colored hosts. When they entered that room where the grinning skeletons were sitting on the floor, the eyes of the eight Negroes bulged. For one uncertain second they stood and stared. Then, with cries of undisguised terror, they bolted down the stairs, into the woods, and to the river.

The suddenness of their departure startled me. I saw my stunt go glimmering, but I decided to take a chance. Going to the roadway I fired one shot, waited five minutes, then fired another. The flares were doing their work in the house, which certainly looked spooky from the road. Then I

went to a telephone and told the Pelham police that something ghastly was taking place in the old abandoned house near the Ziegfeld estate. I told them I had seen a dozen Negroes, probably cannibals, dancing naked before what appeared from the road to be skeletons of human beings.

In the next fifteen minutes Di Angeles and I had sent the same message to the police of New Rochelle, Rye, Harrison, and Tarrytown. When the police arrived they could find nobody who had seen the Negroes but they did discover the diary and the six skeletons.

Only one New York paper carried a line about the stunt. That was the New York *Journal;* and one needed a microscope to find the item, it was so small.

Several days later Chief of Police Andrew O'Brien of the Pelham district called me on the telephone and asked what I wanted done with my skeletons. He had found identification tags bearing the name of Fordham Hospital on the skeletons and learned from the hospital officials who had purchased them. I had failed to see these little tags which were attached to the big toes of the skeletons.

In twenty-five years of press agentry I've pulled perhaps a thousand and one stunts. By watching and analyzing the results of these various hoaxes I've learned that those flavored with humor are the ones that most often reach the first pages of newspapers.

Who, along Broadway, does not recall the ape that took undisputed possession of the Knickerbocker Hotel lobby when that hostelry was the pivot around which New York's night life whirled, back in 1917?

The picture, Tarzan, for which I used the ape to get publicity, soon will pass from Broadway's memory, but Prince Charley, the name to which the simian answered, will remain and be talked about as long as press agents and Broadwayites gather and reminisce.

Prince Charley's journey to Broadway and to fame was by a roundabout route. It was in the early winter of 1916 that Charles Abrams, conductor of the Film Exchange in the Kanter Building, 220 West Forty-second Street, introduced me to William A. (Smiling Billy) Parsons, saying, "Harry, this is Bill Parsons, who says he has the rottenest picture in the world and wants you to handle it."

AS we were introduced he took my hand in his big paw, crunched it, and said, "Kid, I'm in trouble up to my neck. I have a picture called Tarzan of the Apes, which cost two hundred and forty thousand dollars. I got the dough in small pieces from a lot of cowboys and ranchers out in Wyoming and Montana and if I don't get that money back somehow my life won't be worth a dime!"

The day Tarzan arrived from the Pacific Coast I had it shown privately. For the first time in my experience in the film business I got a thrill in a projection room. "Here," I said to myself, "is the first *real* box office attraction I've ever seen and I've looked over a lot, including The Birth of a Nation."

It was finally agreed that I should handle the picture, my bit to be fifteen per cent of all revenue over fifty thousand dollars and a salary of one hundred dollars a week in addition. As I signed this agreement Parsons said, "You're a damn fool! You'll never get a cent more than your salary."

My first move was to rent the Broadway Theater from Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Film, who was then lessee of that playhouse. I then had a musical score written and prepared for the opening.

The lobby of the Broadway Theater was given a junglelike appearance. I had the jungle foliage which had been used in the picture shipped on from California; set up the stuffed carcass of a lion, and turned four live apes "loose" in the "jungle." The largest and most harmless of the apes was the hero of this story—Prince Charley, who stood six foot two.

The opening was on a Saturday night. At 8:30 P. M. the Knickerbocker Hotel lobby always was filled with men and women, as it was a favorite meeting place for the smart people of New York. This night was no exception. The lobby was gay with music and laughter.

Suddenly the revolving door on the Forty-second Street side spun madly. The next instant a full-grown, screeching ape stood in the middle of the floor. Two seconds later the lobby was as free of people as a lacy cloud. A mail clerk was trying earnestly to climb into a mail tube. Prince Charley—for it was he—was monarch of all he surveyed. He looked around, frightened, and saw a radiator. The next minute he was huddled against it. He kept screeching as if his heart would break. When his keeper arrived he was just in time to see a squad of policemen hurry into the hotel.

P. & A. Photo

Gloria Swanson and her titled husband. When Gloria was ill in Paris last year she occupied the first page for days at a time. But five hundred mine workers, killed in Germany, received a paragraph on an inside page.

The police placed Prince Charley and his keeper under arrest. A patrol wagon was ordered. Before it arrived Forty-second Street and Broadway was filled from curb to curb with an excited, milling mob of men and women. Up and down Broadway the word had gone that an ape had escaped from the Broadway Theater and was in the Hotel Knickerbocker. Men from the Broadway Theater were running up and down asking everybody if they had met or had seen "the ape."

Eventually Prince Charley and his keeper were hustled into the wagon and taken to the Thirty-fifth Street police station. It was a cold, bitter night, and Prince Charley, having been brought up in a tropical clime, suffered from the wintry blasts. He probably wouldn't have screamed so much if he had not got so cold.

When the wagon arrived at the station and a door was thrown open Prince Charley saw the light within and sensed warmth. With an ear-splitting screech he cleared the wagon and the hands of the arresting officers and dashed through the open door.

THE desk sergeant's chair was right in front of a radiator. Prince Charley wasn't interested in the sergeant, but he had designs on that radiator. The sergeant didn't know that. When he saw Prince Charley coming in his direction he thought his time had come. In his mad scramble to escape he kicked over a high stool. The noise of this, combined with the shouts of the police and the keeper, added to Prince Charley's confusion and fright. He screeched some more, and, seeing another open door, dashed for it. It opened on a room where several reserve officers were playing pinochle. They immediately lost interest in the game and made a precipitate rush for exits.

Prince Charley, shivering with cold, leaped to the top of a radiator and came to rest. He was finally "captured" and removed to the Yorkville Night Court in West Fifty-seventh Street, where Judge Frederick Groehl, who recently was attorney for the superbandit, Gerald Chapman, was presiding.

Prince Charley, a friendly beast, immediately made friends with the judge. Perched on the bench, he tried to bite the neck off an ink bottle, searched and found a flea, which he exhibited proudly, scattered papers, and shook hands all around.

Judge Groehl's fine sense of humor saved the day for the keeper. He seemed to enjoy this unusual situation and handled the case in such a manner that it became a great newspaper story. He fined Prince Charley and then suspended sentence, but warned him never to enter another hotel lobby in New York.

Next morning the story broke in every New York newspaper. Over long accounts of Charley's adventures were such headings as: Tarzan's Ape Raids Knickerbocker Hotel and Simian Royalty Steps Out. And all of these stories made the first page.

Up to 1922 Tarzan had grossed more than one million two hundred thousand dollars and is still being shown in the provinces.

This and my other experiences as an engineer of publicity have convinced me that the axis of the earth is lubricated with banana oil and the world thrives on a diet of apple sauce!

Another article by Harry Reichenbach will appear in an early issue of Liberty. He will tell, among others, the story of how he "put over" the most successful moving picture ever shown.

Whither Are We

The Charleston Is Giving America Flat Feet; but Don't Worry, It's Doomed! Read the Triumphant Yet Tragic History of Yesterday's Outcast Dances

THE Charleston ravages the land!

At this writing it is the latest atrocity, the most recently popular outburst of choregraphic lunacy.

I am being prompt in getting this accusation on the record because it's a sure bet that before anyone can offer me congratulations on this expose a new series of violent convulsions will be disturbing the country.

Leeringly, now, the Charleston contorts itself on the grave of the decorous quadrille—first of the ballroom dances—but it had predecessors almost as irreverent and ignoble.

It was in 1912 that Mabel Hite, an actress, and Mike Donlin, a ball player turned vaudevillian, who was Mabel's husband, brought to Broadway the first turkey trot New York had ever seen. Right there decently ordered Terpsichore expired.

In these days an admission that one does not dance is a far graver confession than that one has just burned an orphan asylum. And not only is it imperative that one should dance, but equally so that one should dance that exact variation of insanity which happens to have a momentary vogue.

The Charleston.

I do not dare to forecast what may be the next advance in maniac dancing. Nobody knows what we are in for. These fashions follow no ordered trail, and such official institutions as exist, theoretically, for their control are brushed aside.

For fifteen years boys and girls have been dancing just as they darn please, and the universal reply of the stepping universe to all protest has been:

"So's your old man."

The one thing of which the world can be certain concerning the next dance is that it will be more fantastic, lunatic, acrobatic, and generally berserk than its predecessors; and I wish now to announce that the dance which beats the Charleston in these attributes will have to be an extremely bizarre cross-section of the life of an idiot gymnast.

Such firm-minded readers as have traveled with me thus far are now prepared to point accusing fingers at my paling countenance, and charge, "Ha! You don't dance."

The only possible reply is, "No, thank heaven!"

As a matter of fact, I *cannot* dance. Nature, with a wisdom beyond her years, arranged this matter for me at birth by handing me a pair of feet which are not only so large that I am compelled to hire a man to precede me through traffic waving a red flag but which also, by some strange happenstance, are both left feet.

The moment I enter a place where there is dancing the management posts a special guard before my table with instructions to push me firmly back into my seat should I show the slightest indication of wishing to dance. On the second offense I am invariably thrown out.

I affirm stoutly that this inability to dance even so obsolete a thing as the two-step does not disqualify me from presenting to the public the results of the intensive study of dancing upon which I have recently been occupied. The greatest dramatic critics can't act for peanuts; few, if any, baseball writers are able to pitch a simple curve ball; and the most popular of the nation's song purveyors don't know one note of music from another (or how could they produce the stuff they do?).

It is the quaint custom of the age to seek for criticism of any phase of contemporary life among those who are least familiar in practice with that precise activity. On that basis I claim to be in good standing as an authority on modern dancing.

The Charleston artists are at perfect liberty to stamp and pound themselves into the most convenient hospitals as rapidly as possible. I reserve only the right to stand and cheer as the ambulance passes.

And, just here, in my loudest voice, and with all the solemn dignity at my command, I demand to know:

Whither are we dancing?

Muray Photo

Mikail Mordkin, exponent of the classic dance, who is perturbed by modern tendencies.

Not that the question makes any difference in the general situation. It has rung, unanswered, through the ages, but we doddering oldsters still waste time in being shocked by the forwardness of the younger generation.

For the sake of the record, as the lawyers say when they want to kill time, I am going to quote an extract from a letter written by a Moaning Mamma to a male relative in the early part of the eighteenth century. Queen Anne ruled England, Beau Nash was arbiter of what the well-dressed man will wear, and Bath was the fashion center of the universe. The young people danced—whereupon this popeyed parent, having just come from witnessing a dancing lesson, sobbed out her trouble in these sorrowful words:

"As the best institutions are liable to corruption, so, sir, I must acquaint you that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by and handing young fellows with so much familiarity, and I could not have thought it had been my child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious step called setting to partners, which I know not how to describe to

Dancing?

By FREDERICK B. EDWARDS

Sketches by C. W. ANDERSON

Muray Photo

Gilda Gray, who made the shimmy famous, and who, in turn, was made famous by the shimmy.

you but by telling you that it is the very reverse of back to back. At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called Moll Patley, and, after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her around cleverly above ground in such a manner that I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw farther above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these enormities, wherefore, just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized my child, and carried her home."

TIMES haven't changed much. The modern descendants of the outraged parent of 1725 have been seen mourning over the turkey trot, deploring the Boston dip, weeping at the toddle, crying out loud against the savagery of ragtime, banning jazz, and legislating to stop the shimmy. Now they've got the Charleston. I hope they're satisfied.

The turkey trot, forerunner of the modern dance which has for its basic foundation the close embrace, as opposed to the formal contact, and the shuffle instead of the step, seems to have come to New York by way of San Francisco, where Donlin and Hite discovered it.

The innovation turned out to be a bushy-whiskered wow. The simplicity and the apparent impropriety of the movement, described at the time by an expert as "rock your shoulders and drag your legs in two-four time," set on fire every pair of pumps along Broadway.

Those things happened which have been happening since Salome did her stuff before Herod. Imitations of the turkey trot, all based on the essential features of close contact and shuffling steps, sprouted on every side. Bright young men who previously had labored diligently and with due propriety fashioning titles for patent medicines and Pullman coaches retired to their rooms with bottles of whisky, locked the doors, wrapped cold towels around their heads, and toiled far into the night devising new names for the same old wiggle. A glossary of their products seems to indicate that to most of them success came only with the last drink. Read these:

Bunny Hug, Gobbler Glide, Grizzly Bear, Texas Tommy, Scissors Walk, Chicken Reel, Squab Slide, Kitchen Sink, Chicken Limp, St. Vitus Prance, Goose Waddle, Heavenly Rest, Bathing Twist, Windmill Step, Buffalo, Topsy Walk, Dervish Turn, Trombone Slide, Banana Glide, Oceana Roll, Angleworm Wiggle, Washington Waddle, Boston Dip, and a hundred others.

By the time the last of these dance titlers had been fitted for a new strait-jacket, everybody was doing it. And at about the same moment the National Association of Moaning Mammas came galloping up on foam-flecked steeds to consolidate a front-line position.

It seems a trifle odd to find Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., leading the battle cry against the turkey trot, but the high-minded producer of ever so many Follies was exactly in that spot.

Charles Dillingham stepped forward with tears in his eyes and grasped Mr. Ziegfeld's hand while he also swore eternal enmity toward the new and obnoxious dance. George Marion took time out to describe it as "sensuous, not artistic, and based on vulgarity." Mikail Mordkin flung himself face down on a leopard skin and wept that people should call this dancing.

Society, especially the reverend seniors of that Society which spells itself with a capital S, showed no enthusiasm. In the words of Mrs. James Sherwin Crosby, generalissimo of the embattled matrons, "the turkey trot is so revolting that any young woman who would dance it is utterly lacking in self-respect."

Augustus H. Skillin, receiver for the old Cafe des Beaux Arts, then owned by those princely restaurateurs, Jacques and André Bustanoby, forbade turkey trotting in the place, and the newspapers printed the fact on their front pages, pointing out that Augustus was, in a manner of speaking, backed by the Federal government. Mrs. Arthur N. Dodge set in motion a boycott of society dances where the nasty thing was permitted. Mrs. J. Christopher Marks, acting as cicerone for the annual ball of the International Arts Society, climbed a rostrum in the Astor ballroom to announce that the grizzly bear, turkey trot, and "all exaggerated Boston dip dances" were barred.

THE International Association of Dancing Masters denounced the new styles. The newspapers expressed the opinion that this was a severe blow, but later events made it appear the blow was only a glancing one. The archives show the International Association of Dancing Masters has denounced every terpsichorean innovation in the last quarter of a century, including the Charleston. Well, what of it?

A collegiate step.

The turkey trot reached Washington, and there were horrified rumors that some unidentified criminals had actually essayed to dance it at a White House tea! In April, 1912, every newspaper in the country was aflame with the information that the young wife of a Congressman had danced the frightful thing at a most important ball. She had also smoked a cigarette in public. Washington society was shocked, dispatches said, to the verge of disintegration. "American women," one agitated correspondent proclaimed, "are determined not to allow smoking to become a custom."

The municipal authorities stormed into the fray. Dancing licenses, previously issued for all night, were canceled, and 2 A. M. was set as the closing hour. The late William J. Gaynor, while mayor of New York City, hurled edicts in every direction. He forbade licensed dancing masters to teach the turkey trot, and organized a gumshoe squad equipped with dress suits to spot violators. A special censor was appointed for public dances in the parks

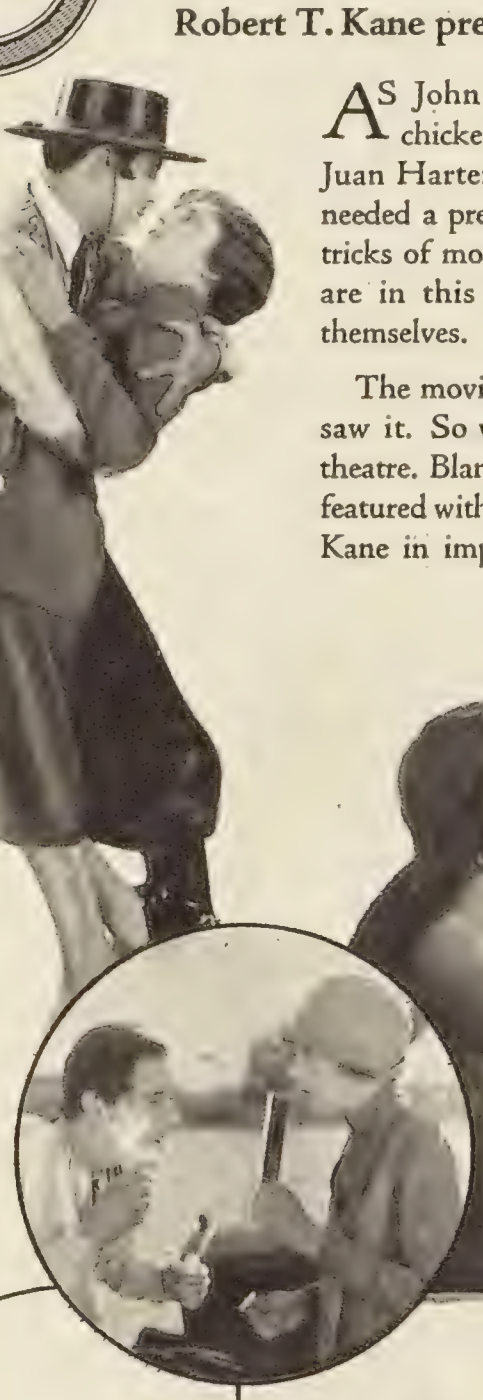
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

News of First National Pictures

Robert T. Kane presents "BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES"

AS John Hart, paying teller, he couldn't count chicken feed without having a shortage. As Don Juan Hartez, movie star with a trick mustachio, he needed a press agent to keep track of his wives. All the tricks of moviedom—all the Mertons of Hollywood—are in this comedy epic, a take-off on the movies themselves.

The movie folk were the first to HOWL when they saw it. So will you when it comes to your favorite theatre. Blanche Sweet, Lois Wilson and Ben Lyon are featured with Dorothy Sebastian, Sam Hardy and Diana Kane in important roles. Alfred A. Santell directed.



She thought him SUCH a sheik—until it all came out in the lather

Bluebeard (Ben Lyon) and the trick mustachio that won him "seven wives"

You'll Also Enjoy—

Infatuation—Wherein Corinne Griffith's beauty holds Egypt spellbound as the wife of the English Commissioner (Percy Marmont). From W. Somerset Maugham's play, "Caesar's Wife." Directed by Irving Cummings for Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc.

Joanna—A million dollar experiment to find the average American girl. From H. L. Gates' newspaper serial. Directed by Edwin Carewe, featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

Just Suppose—Richard Barthelmess superb as the mythical Prince of Koronia who woos an American girl. From A. E. Thomas' play. Directed by Kenneth Webb for Inspiration Pictures, Inc.

Memory Lane—Everybody's romance with a surprising twist. Presented by Louis B. Mayer as a John Stahl production featuring Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel.

"TOO MUCH MONEY"

"FLAMING MONEY" might be the title for this timely domestic drama directed by John Francis Dillon who made "Flaming Youth." The story, adapted from the marked stage success by Israel Zangwill, deals with a man of wealth who found that his millions seared his soul, alienated his wife and destroyed his happiness. He sought to rid himself of this cancerous richness and found himself in an even more impossible situation.

Scenes at the home of the rich, a riotous festival of money spending and spectacular climaxes on the decks of a departing transatlantic liner, lend themselves to the photographic splendor of this production.

Anna Q. Nilsson finds a sympathetic role in the wealth-ridden wife. Lewis Stone plays the husband. The picture was produced under Earl Hudson's supervision.

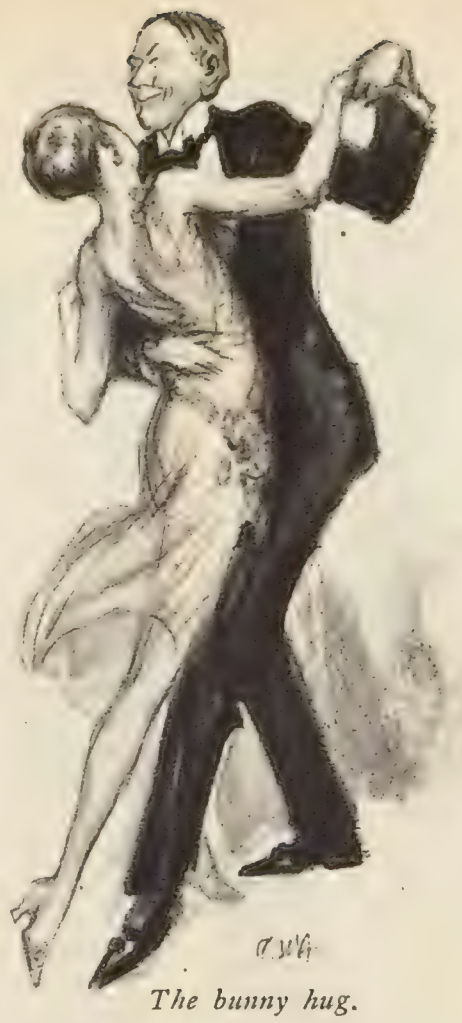
"Too Much Money" and the quarrel it caused. (Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone, the featured players, shown above)

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 23]

after two young incorrigibles had been observed bunny hugging on the Mall.

Beneath this furious outburst of proper wrath the turkey trot, of course, gathered its scarlet garments around its shameless shoulders and slunk away into the night, while the errant debutantes and their rascally dancing partners were hauled home to be spanked.

Not exactly. The turkey trot was modified somewhat. The storm blew itself out. The fox trot, which is nothing in the world but a simpler form of the turkey trot, came in, and was generally accepted, while dancing as a public amusement settled itself firmly into place as America's most popular indoor sport.



The bunny hug.

The war gave everybody something else to think about, and it was not until after the armistice that the introduction of that remarkable tribute to the good St. Vitus, known as the shimmy, set the Moaning Mammas and the International Association of Dancing Masters off once more.

The dancing masters, with justification, goodness knows, described the shimmy as vulgar. The shimmy didn't last long. It never was a partnership dance—no more than a contortionist's trick, difficult for untrained bodies to achieve. Also, prohibition arrived on the heels of the shimmy, and helped to make it still more difficult. "You cannot make your shimmy shake on tea," wrote a Tin Pan Alley lyricist.

IT was in 1920 that the then president of the Dancing Masters' Association announced to the universe that jazz was slowly dying, which makes jazz one of the most remarkable cases of lingering death the world has ever seen. In the same year an enterprising upstate assemblyman named William Duke introduced a bill to make jazz illegal. Canon William Sheafe Chase girded up his loins and marched on Albany in support of the measure, and Louis Chalif, one of the best known of New York dance instructors, expressed the view that jazz addicts must all eventually go crazy.

These minor happenings served to keep the old world merry and bright and the Moaning Mammas in fair shape until early in 1923, when the dance mania broke out virulently in an entirely new direction. This was the marathon craze, which seems to have started with a playful columnist on a London newspaper who took thought to estimate the number of miles covered in a night by an average dancing couple. A pair of amiable idiots in Sunderland, England, succeeded in stepping without ceasing for ten hours.

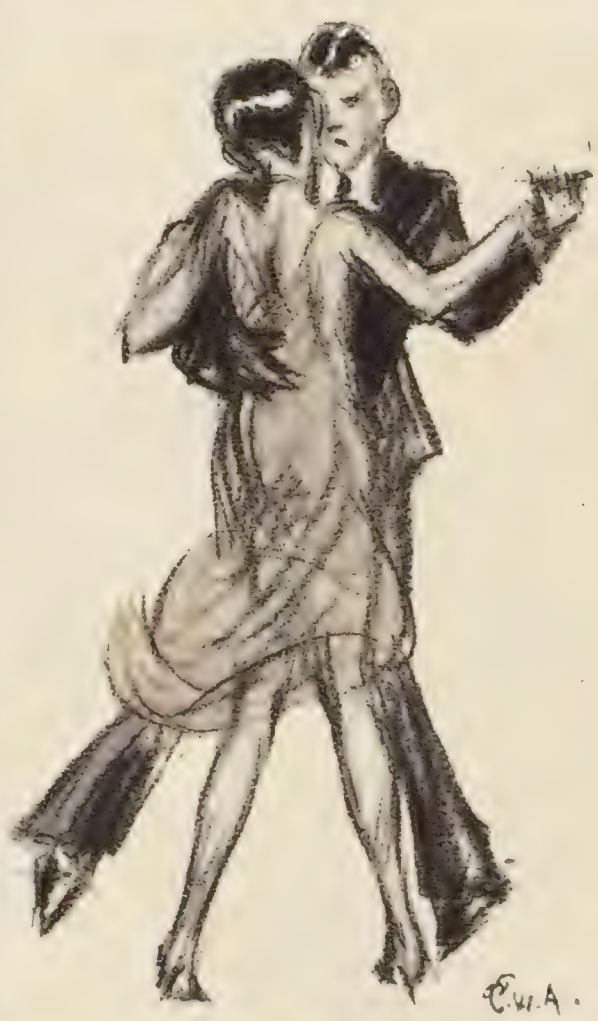
Alma Cummings danced twenty-seven hours straight on a Broadway floor. A Frenchman replied with thirty-three hours, and two Americans registered a snappy comeback with thirty-six hours of continuous gyration for no reason whatever. Vera Sheppard did sixty-nine hours in three States, several ferries, and a motor truck, with a posse of annoyed policemen galloping in her wake. Vera was doing it for fun, but the John Laws were working, which makes all the difference. Magdalen Wolff then did a seventy-two-hour stretch in Cleveland.

This ferocious epidemic spread without a check from February until June of 1923, when all records were broken by one Bernie Brown of Dallas, Texas, who captured a prize of five thousand dollars in St. Louis by dancing for two hundred and seventeen consecutive hours. The only marathon dancers to show any originality were a certain Homer Morehouse, who dropped dead at North Tonawanda, New York, after eighty-seven hours of hard labor under the head of pleasure, and a group of eight couples who hired a fishing smack and went beyond the three-mile limit to duck police interference. They were stopped by seasickness.

The hue and cry was heard again in the land. The Mayor or Sunderland, England, where the thing began, got pettish, ordered the police to stop the endurance tests, and called the dancers lunatics. The United States Surgeon General issued a warning, and the New York Health Department sought frantically for an ordinance. It wasn't necessary. The craze dropped of sheer exhaustion.

The National Association of Dancing Masters came along later in 1923 with the announcement that jazz was dead. Otherwise it was a quiet year.

I have my own theory about the way the Charleston was originated. All authorities are agreed that the dance is negroid, and I think it began when a farmer, armed with a two-pronged pitchfork and a hound dog with sharp teeth and a nasty disposition, caught a worthless colored man in his chicken run. As I envision the scene, the farmer jabbed the colored boy with the pitchfork and that brought into being the first step of the Charleston. Then the dog attached himself to the seat of the chicken thief's trousers, making movement number two. The dance steps alternate from that point on with successive jabs from the pitchfork and bites by the dog, ending in a grand climax as the colored boy clears a six-foot stone wall in one frenzied bound.



A Charleston variation.

The colored revues brought the Charleston to Broadway, and a few days later, before the Moaning Mammas could mobilize, mere children were Charlestoning all over the celebrated sidewalks of New York; debs, subdebs, and post-debs were practicing the steps in their boudoirs to the extreme detriment of the ceilings of the floor below, and the prettiest girls in town were beginning to regard as a total loss any escort unable to tie himself into two bowknots and a fisherman's hitch in the first movements of this weird performance.

Buildings dedicated to Charleston worship began to crack under the strain and drop casually into the street. This sometimes killed the dancers, but it also annoyed the neighbors, which seems to me of greater consequence.

IN August the Charleston *News and Courier* disowned the dance editorially, and was quite bitter about it, too. Hoboken, Passaic, and Jersey City forbade the performance of the dance in any but steel and reinforced concrete buildings. Oh, yes, the Association of Dancing Masters denounced the Charleston as vulgar.

The once beloved tango.

The Moaning Mammas received reinforcements recently from the aroused podiatrists of the nation, a podiatrist being a man expert in the care of the feet. The first podiatrist to dash up with a warning appears to have been Dr. Edwin Craw of California, who, without too much coaxing, permitted the newspapers in November last to attach his name to a statement that the Charleston induces "papilloma, which is an epithelial tumor formed by hypertrophy of the papillace." In other words, corns. But the generalissimo of the protesting podiatrists is undoubtedly Dr. Joseph J. Interland, president of the Podiatrists' Research Association, who says that the world is full of fallen arches since the Charleston came to town.

So here we are, being ruined all over again. Aweary with the advancing years, I cannot personally get much agitated over the prospect. The turkey trot, the bunny hug, the shimmy, ragtime, jazz, and, in its day, even the now innocuous waltz have all been advertised in the last two decades as presaging the chaos of civilization; but we seem to get along. Perhaps the whole thing is essentially unimportant.

Closing this monologue, I have one suggestion to offer. The Charleston will not last—because it is too difficult to perform for ordinary mortals. Something must succeed it.

Travelers returning from Mesopotamia report that the Arabs of that land have a quaint tribal dance in the process of which each dancer taps his partner over the head with a hatchet. It is called, I read, the Nutcracker.

May I, with all due modesty, put forward the idea that this simple pastime would make an excellent successor to the Charleston?

THE END

The Treasure Hunt

The Caprice of a Willful Girl, a Mad Whirl Through the Darkness of a Country Road—and Love and Justice

By John Monk Saunders

Pictures by Arthur D. Fuller

They turned up, looking very odd in evening clothes,

"HAVE they told you the worst?"

"No. What's the worst?"

"You've been teamed with me."

"Hurray!"

Good Lord, he mourned, wouldn't *I* get her, though. It wasn't that Lily was without her attractions, but you wouldn't choose her for a keen partner on a midnight treasure hunt.

"You'll have to do the heavy bean work," she instructed him. "I'm no good at riddles or puzzles or mysteries."

"Mysteries," said young Taylor Milbank, "are right in my mitt."

". . . Eight locations, and you must have your identification tag signed by the checker at each location." Mrs. Schyler Patton was reading out the rules to her house guests. "No team can qualify for prizes if the identification tag has not been signed by all of the checkers."

"Got your tag? Here, I know you; let me tie it on." He looped the string about the bar pin at the V of her dress.

"Location number four must be reached by the hunters before one-thirty. Teams failing to reach that station within the time limit will be disqualified.

"Teams must not trail the leaders. On complaint, any team so doing will be disqualified and their entrance fee returned."

They were all on tip-toe when the hostess pulled the cord and unveiled the first clew. For a moment there was dead silence. Everyone was reading the verse printed on a sheet of cardboard in lettering an inch high:

> Upon the Brocken by a manse
> You'll find me if you seek, perchance,
> Where witches with the devil dance,
> And you may wreck your Sunday pants.

Somebody giggled. A hum of puzzled conversation arose. They began to edge uncertainly toward the door. Suddenly Taylor Milbank let out a whoop, grabbed Lily by the wrist, and made a dash for his car. The whole pack, stampeded, fell in at his heels, shrieking.

The driveway outside was wreathed with the cowl lights of waiting motors. One of them shot out of line, sped over the bluestone, out the gate, and Taylor Milbank was well down the Sharon Turnpike when the pandemonium of self-starters and horns broke loose.

"Do you know where we're going?" Lily inquired, politely.

"Sure."

"Where are we going?"

"Kennels," he replied, sagely. "The Walpurgis kennels."

"What've they got to do with witches and devils and manses and things?"

"Well, so far as I know, there's only one night when witches are allowed to dance with the devil. That's Walpurgis night."

"So that's what Oxford does for one," said Lily, sighing.

A pair of powerful headlights bore suddenly upon them from behind, veered to the left, and went plunging by on the outside of the turn. The car was low swung, and with the battleship prow peculiar to cars of foreign make.

"But you let him pass you!"

"Sure," he agreed, cheerfully. "Anybody that drives a curve like that."

"That was Nicky Lucas," she informed him.

"Yes," he responded, indifferently.

"In his Darraq."

"Yes."

"That was Judith with him," she added, mischievously.

HE knew that she was gently jeering him about Judith's engagement to Lucas. Judith had been engaged to Taylor before he went off to Oxford.

"Judith oughtn't to marry Nick," she said in a burst of confidence.

"I know," admitted Taylor, shaking his head sadly.

"He'll make her unhappy. He's sure to. Do you know who Nick ought to marry? Me."

"How so?"

"I wouldn't take him seriously."

"I'll try to do something about that," Taylor promised.

"Did you bring along some soothin' syrup?" she inquired presently.

"Right in the old hip pocket."

She extracted the flask, unscrewed the top, and thrust it under his nose.

"No, thanks, Lil'," he said. "I'm not trying to high hat you or anything, but we've got a lot of driving to do tonight and, honestly, I'd rather wait till after."

"Chin-chin," said Lily. "Are you really being earnest about this silly hunt?" she demanded, after a suitable pause.

"Why not?"

"I thought we might run over to the Esplanade and dance around."

"Now, Lily—do you know what the prize is? Five hundred dollars. I could use five hundred right now."

"How?"

"Well," he said, "I could meet the last payment on my saxophone, for one. Honestly, Lil', I think we've got a chance to win. I know this county like you know your old shirt, and with a little snappy cerebration on the clews——"

"I think it's silly," she said.

In the enclosure of the Kennel Club they arrived upon a situation that had the aspects of a scene. Nicholas Lucas, Jr., was sitting defiantly on the running board of his car while his betrothed stalked up and down in front of him. Her chin was high in the air, her hands were upon her hips, and her elbows projected at a menacing angle.

"What's the matter, Judith?" Lily called.

at ten o'clock in the morning. "And now do I have to marry Lil' to make her an honest woman?" he cried. "We've been worrying about it all night."

"Nicky's tight and driving like mad," she said in a furious voice.

"'Magine that!" protested Nicholas. "She 'fuses to ride with me. *You'd* ride with me, wouldn't you, Lil'?"

"*Any* time," she assured him.

"Jump in. Le's go."

"Will you take me in your car?" Judith appealed to Taylor.

"Oh, certainly."

Lily, nothing loath, climbed in beside Nick Lucas. He went thundering out of the gate.

"Nicky's misbehaving tonight," said Judith.

"I'd like to go on with the hunt," Taylor ventured, apologetically. "Do you s'pose it'll be all right, switching partners like this?"

"I'll explain to Mrs. Patton."

He went to work on the next clew, a rebus, while the cars began to pile into the enclosure.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "The Van Poel's summer house at Crystal Beach." The checker initialed his tag and he headed his car for the next station.

II.

THEY were on the Spar Road when they saw the man. He was lying on his face, stretched out in the curious inert position of a senseless person.

They were past him before they realized what it was they had seen. Taylor brought the car to a quick stop.

"Somebody hurt!"

"Maybe it's a trick!" Judith exclaimed. "They do that—get you to stop and then hold you up."

"We'll have to take the chance," said Taylor; "we can't run off if he's really hurt. . . ."

He backed his car swiftly to a position where his headlights played full on the prone figure. He jumped out and ran ahead.

"It's an accident, all right. Oh, good Lord! Judith, come here."

Kneeling in the road he looked up at her. "Do you mind blood? Can you stand it, I mean? This fellow's just been hit."

Judith gasped and her hands flew to her eyes.

"We ought to take him somewhere right away," Taylor urged. "If I put him in the car, can you manage——"

"Yes," said Judith, desperately.

Taylor ran back to the car and got out an old robe. He slipped his arms beneath the injured man's knees and shoulders, picked him up gently, and lifted him into the seat.

"Judith? You all right?" She was coming toward him.

"Sit right there—that's right; now put your arm across, like that—here, take my gloves. Now can you hold him up a second till I get his hat?"

When Taylor went ahead to get the man's hat Judith thought she saw him pick up something else. It seemed to her that when he bent over he hesitated as if arrested by something he saw lying in the road. Whatever it was he picked up, he must have swept it into his pocket, because there was nothing in his hand when he came back to the car.

With the man slumped between them, Taylor turned the car around and started back.

"Gosh," said Taylor, "might as well run him right into the village hospital."

When they pulled into the hospital grounds he directed her:

"I'll hold him; you run up and tell them."

A NURSE came out, looked into the car, and went back for an orderly. Taylor helped him carry the man inside. A young doctor appeared, gave a couple of crisp commands, and the man was wheeled off. The doctor followed.

Taylor and Judith, not knowing quite what was expected of them, sat down on a bench in the corridor. Neither spoke. Judith's eyes were grave and she was very pale.

Presently the doctor came out. "How did it happen?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Taylor. "We saw him lying in the road."

"Oh, I thought it was your car hit him."

"No. We found him and brought him in. How is he?"

"Pretty bad shape. His skull's broken."

"Who is he?" Taylor asked.

"Why, he belongs to the Marcus Overmeyer place, apparently. A gardener, I think. We've telephoned up and they're sending his wife down in a station car. I ought to let the police know," he added, eyeing them steadily,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TREASURE HUNT
Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

" in case he dies. Would you mind waiting?"

" There goes our treasure hunt," said Taylor.

Taylor first saw the policeman through the glass panel in the hospital door. He was going over Taylor's car with a flashlight, scrutinizing the bumper, the front fenders, and the right front wheel.

When the doctor brought him in—his name was Daley, he was attached to the traffic squad of the Kirkwood Station—he studied the two young people in evening clothes appraisingly.

" You brought him in? "

Taylor nodded.

" Where was he? "

" On the Spar Road, just over the culvert."

" Let's run down there," suggested Daley.

A funny little woman came hurrying into the hall; funny because her hat was on askew and her laces were trailing. Her eyes were frightened and her fingers hovered distractedly about her worn lips.

" Where is he? Where is Fred? "

" Are you Mrs. Connors? "

" Yes, sir. Please, where is my husband, where is he, *where is he?* "

The doctor took her through a door; they heard a faint scream deep in the hospital.

" Five kids," remarked Daley. " Pretty tough on her."

He trailed them out to the scene of the accident on his motorcycle.

When they alighted the officer examined the spot with his torch. He muttered viciously when he saw the dark patterns in the dust.

" Must of been doin' fifty to toss a man like that," he observed. " The least they could 'a' done was pick him up. Hello, what's this? " His flashlight had picked out a bundle in the weeds. It proved to be only a pair of shoes wrapped in newspaper; little girl's shoes, newly half-soled.

" We never catch those fellas," said Daley. " Hit a man, run off, leave 'im lay. Whaddya goin' to do? They's never any clews. You didn't notice anything, did you? "

Judith's eyes were fastened upon Taylor's face.

" Must've been a bootlegger," Taylor speculated, as if he had not heard the question, " in a hurry."

" The only thing I can do," said Daley, " is to get out a John Doe warrant for this bird. If Connors dies, o' course, it's manslaughter. I'd like to get one of those guys," he added hopefully, " just once."

Taylor gave him their names. " We're staying at Mrs. Schyler Patton's——"

" Up on the Sharon Turnpike. Oh, yes. Thanks."

THE stars had gone out, the air had become oppressive, and heat lightning was flaring in the sky when they set off down the road again.

" Judith, you're a brick," said Taylor. " Honestly, the way you've behaved through all this. You're sweet, that's all—sweet."

" Am I, Taylor? I'm glad if you think so. I'd forgotten how nice you were."

" Is it too late to do anything about the hunt, do you suppose? Shall we run over to the second location and see if we can pick it up again? "

But the summer house at the beach was dark and deserted; the hunt had gone through. They regarded it silently for a moment and then they started slowly back.

" By the way," he remarked casually, " I haven't congratulated you, Judith. I only just heard, you know."

" Thanks," she said, without enthusiasm.

They were turning into the Patton driveway. " There's something that I want to ask you, Taylor," said Judith hurriedly. " What was it you picked——"

" There's going to be a storm," he predicted, " a regular minnie-whiffer, as we used to say in the army——"

" What was it you——"

" It always rains," he informed her, " when the wind is from the west——"

" *Taylor,* what did you——"

A great bolt of lightning came streaking down ahead of them. The peal of thunder that followed seemed to explode just over their heads. Great soft drops of rain began to fall.

They were at the entrance. " Run on in," he advised her. " I've got to put the car up."

There was considerable excitement throughout the Schyler Patton house next morning when it was discovered that Nick Lucas and Lily Jarvis had not come home.

Mrs. Patton, visibly upset, assured everyone that of course they had been caught out in the storm and had stopped in with someone else; the Hollisters, perhaps, or the Devereaux Berents. They might have let her know, though,

Kneeling in the road he looked up at her. " Do you mind blood? Can you stand it, I mean? This fellow's just been hit."

she added, and went into action on the telephone to locate her missing guests.

When they turned up, looking very odd in evening clothes, at ten o'clock in the morning, Nicky rushed straight to his hostess. They had fallen hopelessly behind in the hunt, he explained, and had gone to the Esplanade for a dance——

"Naughty boy to desert my beautiful treasure hunt."

When the storm broke they had made a dash for home and Nick had taken the new dirt road over the ridge. He'd forgotten that it was clay surfaced and the rain—you never *saw* such rain—the rain had made it as slippery as greased glass. His car wouldn't hold the road—a heavy car, you know—and the rear end had slipped off into a ditch on the down grade. He couldn't get out. Simply *couldn't* get out. The wheels just spun around. No traction. There they were; not a house in miles. Lily refused to be left alone in the dark, and she couldn't wade through the wretched mud in her satin slippers. So they just had to sit it out till a car came along and rescued them.

"And now do I have to marry Lil' to make her an honest woman?" he cried. "We've been worrying about it all night."

"Of course not, dear boy." Mrs. Patton kissed him on the cheek and straightway forgave him. Women always forgave Nicky Lucas. The men, however, stroked their chins and exchanged sidelong glances. Nicky'd been caught out like that before. Well, he got away with it! He got away with everything!

"I don't think Lil'd have me, anyway," he acknowledged. "She got very annoyed with me after we'd smoked up all the cigarettes and drained the last drop of gin."

Lily, who said she was chilled to the bone, had gone upstairs immediately for a hot bath.

Nicky, who proceeded to regard the affair as a minor incident, diverted attention by calling loudly for the morning paper and rushing off to see "what had happened in United Motors."

When he read the quotations he delivered himself of a series of wahoos and executed a war dance about the drawing-room.

"What did you go in at?" he was asked.

"Fifty-seven and a quarter."

"How much did you have?"

"Fifteen hundred shares."

Somebody got out a pencil. "About thirty thou', eh, Nick?"

"Just about," he admitted blandly. Whereupon he skipped off to engage his brokers in a long distance telephone conversation.

The talk among the guests, thereafter, was not of the Nick-Lily all-night escapade, but of Nicky's killing on the stock market.

III.

AT the dinner table that evening someone thought to ask Taylor Milbank what had become of him during the hunt.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he replied, "we ran into a little accident."

"What kind of an accident?"

"Why, somebody hit a man and left him lying in the Spar Road."

One of the ladies drew her breath in sharply. A cloud of condemnation arose.

"We picked him up and took him in to the hospital," said Taylor simply.

"Did he die?"

"I don't know."

"Who was he?"

"A gardener on the Overmeyer place, I think."

"Police investigate?"

"Yes. There's a warrant out for the driver."

In the general denunciation of motorists who killed and ran, Nicky Lucas drank three highballs in somewhat rapid succession.

During the evening Nicky experienced some difficulty in dancing with the fair Judith. In the first place, as soon as he started to dance, Taylor Milbank cut in. When Nicky claimed her again, Taylor cut right back. His moments with her were fleeting and unsatisfactory. Taylor's genial grin and his "Beg pardon, but may I——" were eternally at his elbow. Moreover, there were periods when Judith and Taylor were missing from the floor.

As Nicky had had the entire field to himself since the announcement of his engagement to Judith, he was surprised and exasperated at this impudent trespass. Eventually he withdrew to stalk up and down the veranda and console himself with healthy potations from a bottle set conveniently on a tray. When the last of Mrs. Patton's guests had gone upstairs he was still down on the veranda.

It was quite late when Taylor Milbank heard a knock at his door. He was lying in bed reading.

"Come in," he called.

Nick Lucas appeared in the half-open doorway.

"Oh, hello Nick, come in. Sit down. Have a cigarette."

Lucas stepped inside and closed the door.

"I say, Milbank, what's the idea?"

"The idea of what, Nicky?" inquired Taylor in gentle concern.

"Look here, old man," said Lucas abruptly. "I don't want to seem nasty about this, but I don't think it's very splendid of you to try to take advantage of a little tiff between Judith and me. I think it would be just as well if you weren't so damn attentive to my fiancee. I mean a gentleman doesn't——"

"Oh, I see——"

"I mean it isn't done. It isn't the right thing, if I've got to point it out to you!"

Taylor nodded his head understandingly. "You mean that it isn't the right thing for a gentleman to be attentive to somebody else's fiancee?"

"That's right," said Lucas coldly.

"I suppose you observed that precept when I was engaged to Judith?"

"You weren't here," he objected sullenly.

"Well, when you ask Judith to release you from your engagement it will be all right for me to see her then, won't it?"

"When—I—ask—Judith—to—*release*—me!"

"That's right. Aren't you going to?"

"Certainly not! Why should I?"

"So that you can marry Lily."

"Marry Lily?" he demanded incredulously. "Why should I marry Lily?"

"Didn't you keep her out in a car all last night?"

"We got stranded, if that's what you mean. But if you think I'm going to marry her on that account——"

"Oh, I dare say a little episode like that won't hurt your reputation, Nicky, but have you thought about Lily?"

"Why, she——"

"I know she laughs and jokes about it—in front of everybody, but she can't very well cry, can she? After all, a girl's name is pretty precious."

"LOOK here, old man, if you think you're going to talk me into marrying Lily so that you can have Judith, you're mistaken. *Bad*ly mistaken."

"I wasn't trying to talk you into it. I just took it for granted. After all, a gentleman——"

"A gentleman!" Nicky snapped.

"The right thing——"

"The right thing—be damned!" Nicky exhaled a cloud of smoke and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Look here, Nicky," Taylor expostulated. "I don't mind your swearing so loud, but I wish you wouldn't throw lighted matches on the rug, and it would help if you would refrain from dropping ashes on the bed——"

"Where the hell's your ash tray?" growled Nicky.

"Over on the dresser," said Taylor quietly.

Lucas crossed the room. "That's it," Taylor called. "Bring it over here—put it under the reading lamp—that's right."

Nicky set the ash tray down and started to turn away. Something about it caught his eye. He looked at it again. He picked it up. Very slowly he turned it over in his hand.

"A gentleman," persisted Taylor, softly, "can be counted on to do the right thing."

When Lucas looked up his face was a brick red. "Of course," he agreed, dully.

"Lily will be very glad," murmured Taylor. "By the way, Nicky, did I hear you made a little killing"—Lucas winced—"on the Street today? It *was* you, wasn't it? About thirty thousand?"

He nodded miserably.

"Ever split your winnings, Nick?"

The other studied him, trying to get his meaning.

"Who would you suggest," he asked, slowly, "that I split with?"

"Why, there's a Mrs. Connors, Mrs. Fred Connors, up the Spar Road. She's had a little bad luck. Husband's in the hospital—likely to be there for some time. Five children. I imagine she'll need a little helping out. We're get-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Every Woman's Problem

How the Right Clothes Create Beauty

IN NEXT week's Liberty Doris Reid, the highest salaried dress designer in the world, tells you how to choose the clothes that will give you the subtle quality called Style. She shows that it is not entirely a question of how much money you spend on your wardrobe. An inexpensive dress properly fitted and trimmed can be as effective as the most expensive Paris creation.

P. & A. Photo
DORIS REID

Aided by photographs, drawings, and diagrams Miss Reid gives exact instructions that every woman can follow in selecting clothes to fit her exact style of figure, features, size, or carriage. Don't fail to read the interview with Miss Reid entitled

How to Choose What YOU Should Wear

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

"He pulled out a wrinkled bit of paper more than four years old."

SO FEW MEN CAN DECIDE!

Can you?

THIS HAPPENED only a few weeks ago.

A man who had been promoted to a new position, with much larger income, sat talking with a friend. "It's funny what little things influence our lives," he remarked. "Three years ago I was reading a magazine and clipped a coupon from an advertisement—something I almost never do. The coupon put me in touch with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which laid out a definite course in business reading for me.

"The first time the president of our company ever indicated that he was conscious of my existence was about a month later when I ran across something in my reading that happened to be of very immediate interest to him. From that moment he began to look on me as something more than just a name on the payroll. You know what's happened since; and the whole thing started really when I happened to clip that coupon."

The other man rose and, walking over to the table, pulled out the drawer and produced a wrinkled bit of paper.

"I clipped one of those coupons once," he said, "but I didn't do anything more about it. Here it is" . . . he held it out . . . "more than four years old."

That little incident reveals one of the fundamental reasons why some men go forward and others do not. Up to a certain point all men are interested in their business future. They will read about success and talk about it; but at that point they divide sharply into two classes. One group merely talks; the other acts.

Two men will read this. One will say "That is interesting. I suppose I really ought to be doing some kind of business reading." He may even go so far as to clip the coupon, but it will never be mailed. At the critical moment of decision he will be tried and found wanting.

The other man will say: "This thing involves no obligation or cost. The Course has helped more than 250,000 men to shorten their path to the top. It may or may not be what I am looking for; but at least I have a duty to myself and my family to investigate." He will clip the coupon and *it will be mailed.*

There's nothing mysterious about the Institute's training, nothing sensational, nothing faddish. Simply by teaching men, in a few minutes of regular, pleasant reading, the fundamentals of all departments of business, the Institute equips its subscribers to direct the men in those departments to their profit.

You have decision. Will you let us lay before you a definite plan of business reading? With it will come a book of facts and letters which will answer all your questions. Give one evening to it; decide, alone in your own home, without haste or pressure. Whatever your decision, we are satisfied; we ask only for an invitation to mail you the facts.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
450 Astor Place New York

Send me the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature.....
Please write plainly

Business
Address.....

.....

Business
Position.....

[THE TREASURE HUNT Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

ting up a fund for her, everybody's giving something, and I'm sure you'll be glad to make a contribution."

"Oh, certainly," he vouchsafed, generously.

"You'll find some blank checks over there on the writing desk," Taylor pointed out, "*and* a pen *and* ink."

The only sound in the room for the next few moments was the scratching of a pen.

"Ah, thanks," said Taylor. "I told them I could count on you for a little donation. This is very handsome—very handsome, indeed."

Lucas made hesitatingly for the door. "Well, good-night, old man."

"Good-night, Nick."

IT was Monday morning. The servants, gathered in the kitchen, discussed the livelier eccentricities of the departed guests.

The young lady in the Blue Room, it appeared, addicted to reading in her tub, had fallen asleep with one of Mr. Schyler Patton's choicer Morocco bound volumes. The book had stained the bath water, and when the young lady emerged she found that her skin had been dyed an effective green. "It was a dry book anyway," she was reported to have said on the occasion, but this remark failed utterly to placate the emotions of Mr. Schyler Patton when he viewed the swollen remnant of the accident.

The celebrated sub-deb who had occupied the end chamber in the east wing, not fancying the color of the lamp shade, had deftly removed it and draped the globe with a pair of unmentionables. She had thus imparted to the somewhat severe room a rosy, not to say intimate, tone.

"And one young man brought his own ash tray."

William, Mrs. Patton's chauffeur, guffawed outright. "Did he, really? What kind was it?"

"Ellen's got it about somewhere; she brought it down."

"Where is it, Ellen?" William was so bent on seeing the personal ash tray that Ellen was prevailed upon to produce it.

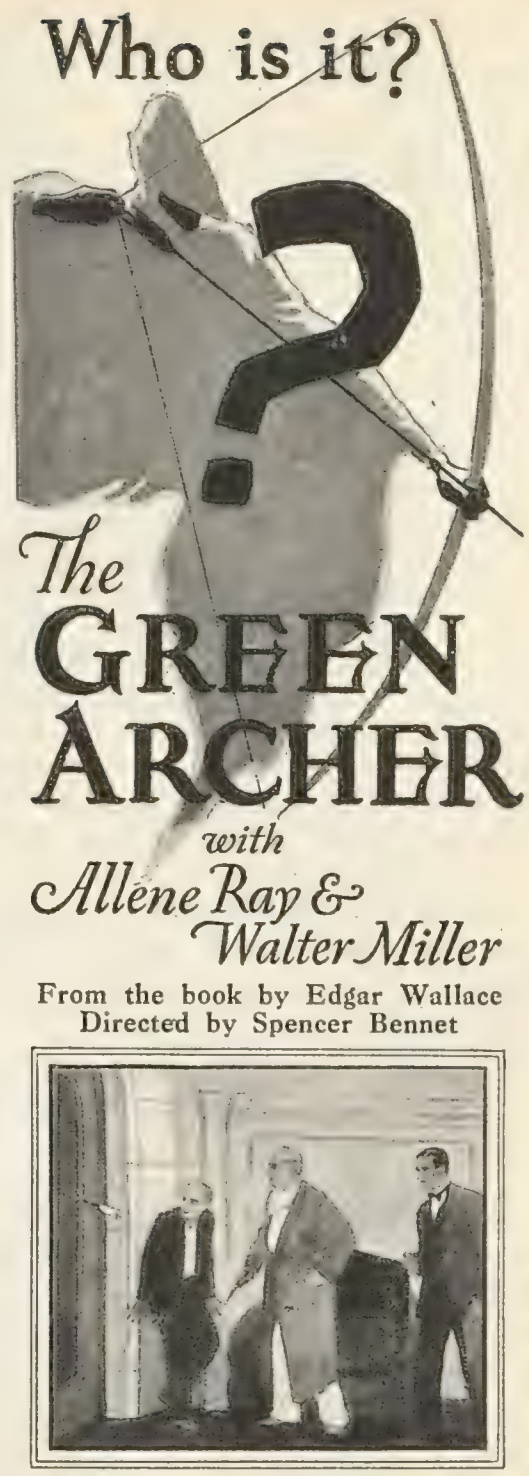
It was a shallow metal cup, dented and with a torn rim.

"Ash tray!" exclaimed the chauffeur.

"They was ashes in it," said Ellen, defensively.

"Ash tray!" repeated William. He turned it over in his hand and spelled out the letters engraved along the bottom: "D-A-R-R-A-Q. Ash tray. That's good. Why, that there," said William, holding it out, "that there is a hub cap. Yes, sir, that's a hub cap off'n that big blue car that was here. Bin broke off. Must of hit something. *Ash* tray," he repeated. "That's good."

THE END



From the book by Edgar Wallace
Directed by Spencer Bennet

TRAPPED in the dungeon of Abel Bellamy's strange castle on the Hudson is a beautiful girl. Four others are imprisoned with her; a murderer, a maniac, a woman of the underworld, a handsome and brilliant detective. Water rushes into the dungeon, rising, rising, rising, as they desperately struggle. Suddenly comes a terrific explosion and . . . but see the astounding climax yourself, at the nearest theatre which shows "The Green Archer!"

Baffling, fascinating, gripping, you'll pronounce this picture the greatest Pathe-serial ever produced. Don't miss it! Ask when YOUR theatre will show "The Green Archer."

Hear the voices of Allene Ray and Walter Miller—a FREE phonograph record for the asking!

Send for this FREE phonograph record and hear the voices of Allene Ray and Walter Miller, the stars of "The Green Archer." Both you and your friends will be fascinated by their unique, personal, spoken message. Write today for the record that Miss Ray and Mr. Miller have made for YOU! Absolutely free—sent postpaid to your home. Pathe Exchange, Inc., 35 West 45th Street, New York. Dept. L.

NOTE: *Owing to unavoidable circumstances, Miss Irene Whipple, winner of the "Sunken Silver" Beauty Contest, was unable to appear in "Casey of the Coast Guard" as advertised. We hope to announce at an early date the serial in which she will appear.*

Pathéserial

In Ten Weekly Chapters

Big Business—Big Wages—Big Profits

A Penetrating Review of the Causes of American Prosperity, Showing How the Amazing Growth of Large Corporations Is Now Recognized as a Benefit by Labor and Capital Alike

By LEWIS HARPER

Cartoons by CAREY ORR

CAPITAL and Labor agree perfectly on at least one subject. It is the desirability of Big Business in the United States.

Unskilled labor trusts the trusts. Skilled labor no longer wants to bust them. Labor leaders declare for still bigger business and captains of industry promise to give it to them—because Big Business means substantial profits and high wages.

Big Business has merged into such tremendous units in the past few years that three per cent of the factories of the United States now employ fifty-five per cent of the wage earners.

Labor in the same period has been getting more money and is working fewer hours for a day's pay.

The American worker—seeing $2.28 in his pay envelope to every dollar that was there twelve years ago—draws the conclusion that bigger business is the chief cause of bigger wages.

That is one of the reasons why almost every workman nowadays wants to work for a large corporation. He knows that, besides assurance of decent working conditions, such corporations now employ eighty-seven per cent of the wage earners of the country and produce eighty-eight per cent of the value of all manufactured goods.

IT is not hard to see why Big Business is paying bigger wages.

The lamentations of many economists over the passing of the close personal relations between men and management which were urged in support of small business do not find response in the ranks of the workers.

A visit to Canal Street, Chicago, will bear out my assertion and Canal Street is a thoroughfare dedicated to the industrial reserve army of America, the world's greatest man-market, the regulating reservoir of American labor.

The crudely lettered bulletins in front of the labor agencies there spell messages of more moment to millions than the ticker tape spun from the New York Stock Exchange or the Chicago wheat pit.

The price of labor on Canal Street ultimately affects the wage rates and labor policies of the remotest mill town of the country, determines the lumber cut in the far Northwest, and writes the pay checks of men far down in the copper mines of Utah.

Here's the opinion of the recruiting sergeant of Big Business, the boss labor agent, specializing in skilled men at an office just a few blocks from the central man-market on Canal Street.

"There are a lot of jobs open now—many concerns are calling for men.

"But I notice that it isn't the better paying companies. When the second-raters offer the going rate of wages there is usually something short out at the plant—a hard-boiled policy or something wrong.

"Right now the bigger companies seem to have all the men they need. They pay enough to get the pick, and that kind of man is easier to keep on the job. My estimate is that labor turnover is half what it was five years ago. For the better plants it is less than twenty per cent a year. I can recall when some companies—good ones, too—had a hiring and firing record of one hundred and forty per cent of their average number of employees in one year."

THE effect of these forces, all seen and heard so readily on Canal Street, is reflected in the data gathered by the multitude of trade associations and government bureaus which have begun to figure over more closely since efficiency experts and accountants swarmed into industry and the demand grew for elimination of industrial waste.

One of the greatest American manufacturers says this:

"We have so much money invested in our plant that we can only make a profit by using it at top speed with the minimum of waste. There is room in our foundry for only one man for every three and a half square feet of floor space. The basic rate is eight dollars per day for that kind of work—but we can't afford eight-dollar men. We have to have men who can knock out eleven dollars a day for themselves before we can get enough volume to make a profit possible."

That's piece work—but with automatic machinery the same rule applies. Using thousands of dollars' worth of swift-moving machinery per worker, the employer cannot afford dumb-bells or greenhorns.

Nor can such an employer afford to have men

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I know the answer!

More men wear Sure-Fit Caps than any cap made

BECAUSE more men LIKE Sure-Fit than any other cap they've ever worn.

Why? You'll find the answer at your haberdasher's. Ask him to show you Sure-Fit. Put it on. Glance at the mirror—and meet "Walter Hagen" face to face. What superb style! What dashing fabric pattern! Man Oh Man—What a peach of a cap!

And HERE'S NEWS. Sure-Fit has a little concealed buckle and strap. Use it to tighten or loosen the cap to your exact size or to your changing moods and needs. Comfort—always comfort.

Drop me a line if you can't happen to find Sure-Fit nearby. Send me your dealer's name. You'll thank me for putting you wise.

"Cap" Kelley

DEALERS:

Each Sure-Fit cap (being adjustable) fits *every* head size 6¾ to 7⅞. Reduces stock, overhead, left overs. Send for this trial assortment on approval. Just tear this out, pin it to your letterhead and mail to Sure-Fit Caps, 702 Broadway, New York City

½ dozen *to retail at* . . $1.50
½ dozen *to retail at* . . 2.00
½ dozen *to retail at* . . 2.50
½ dozen *to retail at* . . 3.00
Total . . . . . 2 dozen

Sure-fit cap

Tighten or Loosen for Comfort

[BIG BUSINESS—BIG WAGES—BIG PROFITS
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

always quitting or new men coming continually on the job. Transportation corporations long ago learned that it costs more to stop and start locomotives and street cars than to run them great distances. Hiring and firing men is even more expensive. There are industries in which changing men on comparatively simple jobs has been figured at an average expense of fifty dollars and even more.

Big Business must have the best men it can get and keep them as long as it can. Sweetening the pay check has proved the most efficient means to that end.

"Ford is largely responsible for the new ideas about wages," said the big boss who can't afford eight-dollar men but must have eleven-dollar men.

"He found himself with a great volume of orders when the right kind of men were scarce because the automobile business was a new industry. He saw that, with the volume of sales possible, the rate of pay was no longer the big factor it had been in production. As his volume of output increased he could lower the labor cost per unit of sales and yet pay wages that old-time employers considered outrageous.

"What Ford did is history—but it's history that's still working.

"EVERYBODY is after volume—and volume makes high wages possible. Now that nearly everybody is doing it, it is easy for anybody to do it, because the great volume of production nowadays represents the creation of new wealth, that in turn creates an effective demand for yet more automobiles, radio sets, Oriental rugs, and breakfast food. If Americans keep their feet on the ground and their heads out of the clouds they can make this thing go on for centuries."

It is in the highly developed businesses of manufacturing, mining, and transportation that we find labor receives the greatest share of the joint product of labor and capital. In nine years labor's share of the net product of these industries, excluding the salaries of the executives, rose from 62.9 per cent to 71.4 per cent—and there is reason to believe that the proportion going to labor is still increasing.

Although everybody has heard of the high wage rates of hand workers like bricklayers, plasterers, and plumbers, it seems that the wages of machine workers in the factories of Big Business have been increasing faster, although, of course, they had farther to go.

The investigations of the National Bureau of Economic Research—covering the years 1909 to 1918 inclusive—showed the factory workers gaining faster than the building workers—but the build-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

John Bagley had an *observing* eye

HE noted, did this wizard of tobacco blenders, that the fuming pipebowl was offensive to some women. Surely so noble a fellowship as exists between man and his pipe must not be disrupted by an unfriendly odor! To win feminine approval for the pipe John Bagley created a marvelous blend—one so fragrant and aromatic as to melt the opposition of the sternest. To this magic blend he gave the historic name of BUCKINGHAM.

Like to try John Bagley's famous blend . . . BUCKINGHAM? The most fragrant tobacco known? One . . . *totally different!* Step into your dealer's and ask him for a can of BUCKINGHAM . . . sun-cured, blended and aged precisely as John Bagley did it in the Southern days of long ago.

"Every 'draw' a breath from Dixie"

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
New York City

Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco

10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

ing boom since the war has changed that for the time being.

Before the war, when there was no building shortage, there was slight improvement in the hand trades but steady gains for machinery workers.

How high wages seem to march with Big Business is shown in the automobile industry. Counting in all employees, the average wage paid in auto and truck plants was one thousand four hundred and eighty-three dollars in the high-price year of 1919. In 1924, when a dollar would buy much more, the average wage in such plants was one thousand six hundred and sixty dollars.

Automobile manufacture has been steadily moving into the hands of a few big corporations. Leaving out Ford altogether, ninety-two per cent of the other cars are produced by sixteen of the big companies.

Steel is conspicuously the field of Big Business—the lair of our biggest trust is in the realm of steel. Steel has never figured in popular imagination as a soft-boiled egg. Its product is hard and the men who make it, from ore bank to Judge Gary's office, are two-fisted he-men.

LABOR'S share in every dollar paid out by the United States Steel Corporation rose from 30.7 cents to 43.42 cents in twelve years' time. In that same period the amount of the steel dollar paid out to stockholders declined from 17.52 cents to 6.53 cents and bond interest declined from 7.52 cents to 3.03 cents.

Yet no one need worry for the owners of Big Business because of labor's gains. The government income tax reports disclose that in the last year for which figures have been published less than one per cent of the number of corporations which filed reports made two-thirds of all the profits earned by all the corporations of America—dragging down over four billions of dollars.

With such a proportion of the profits of all corporate business it is not hard to see one reason why Big Business is paying bigger wages, and why the boys on Canal Street pick a job with a big outfit when they can find one open.

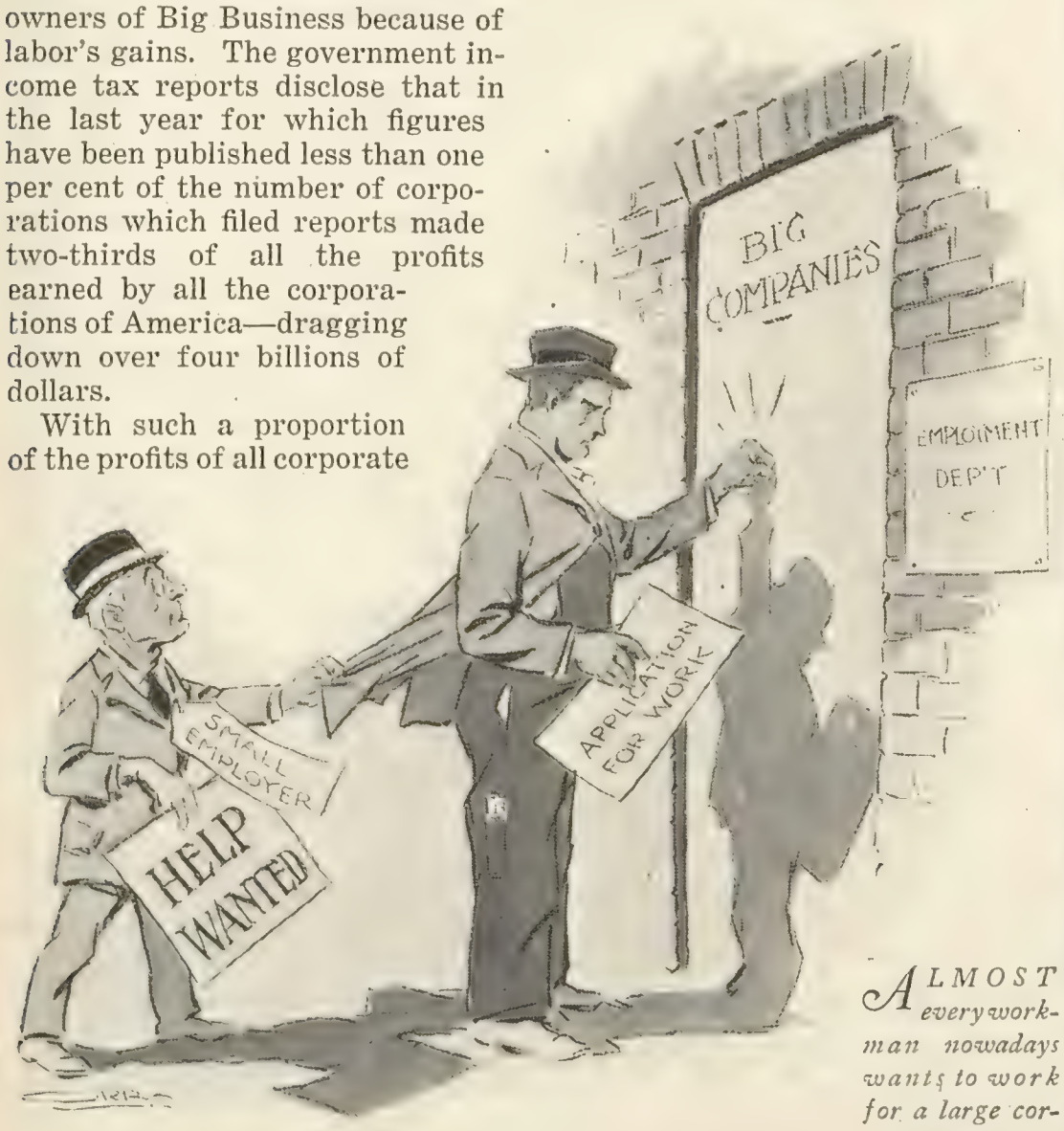
We are witnessing a fade-out of the old psychology of master and servant, the grudging attitude toward the hired help which was exalted into a virtue by Gradgrinds and Pecksniffs of a more impoverished time.

A most significant sign of the disappearance of the old conceptions of wages is to be seen in the advertising of chambers of commerce.

WHEN these bodies seek new industries for their cities they tell prospective investors that there are big pay rolls and highly paid people there. The bait used to be low wages—a good place to put your factory because your costs of production will be low. Now it's high wages—a good place to market your product.

The science of advertising and the study of markets has centered the attention of the business man upon buying power, and the pay rolls which he regards as markets, until a new attitude toward the pay roll of his own plant has gradually developed. Wages are now viewed as part and parcel of the demand that keeps the business alive. It is the boast of many industries that they pay wages which enable their employees to buy the products they help to make. This new mental atmosphere about the subject of wages and labor is the best guaranty of the future prosperity and happiness of the American people.

THE END



ALMOST every workman nowadays wants to work for a large corporation.

RED GRANGE DRINKS YEAST FOAM MALTED MILK

—his favorite beverage

Football's ace of all times lives right and *eats right*. One of the things responsible for his amazing "pep" and "go" is Yeast Foam Malted Milk.

He Says:

"Everyone knows, I guess, the food and health value of malted milk. But of all the various kinds of malted milk, there is none, in my opinion, to compare with Yeast Foam Malted Milk. Delicious tasting; easily digested; a food and drink with the 'kick' and 'pep' that wins!

"It may interest you to know that our private dining car (for our big trip south and west) is stocked with Yeast Foam Malted Milk and all of our 22 players will have it constantly available."

That's what the world's foremost football player and athlete has to say. Think it over and then go to your favorite fountain and order a Yeast Foam Malted Milk. Your judgment will back up the famous "Redhead."

P. S.—Better still: ask your druggist for a large 50c bottle. If he hasn't it in stock, send 50c for special introductory package.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.

1750 No. Ashland Ave., Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

DEALERS: Send post card for prices and full information

Yeast Foam MALTED MILK

Send in Your Radio Ideas!

LIBERTY'S Broadcasting Station WLIB

Invites Everybody—Everywhere—to Suggest Programs!

$10 Apiece for Letters Published on This Page

SHOULD THE CLASSICAL BE BANISHED?

Dear Sir: Last week a contributor begged that the heavy classical music be eliminated. Why will not some broadcasting station (at least for one short concert a week) consider the minority that cares for the best in music? When we first bought our radio I thought "now I will be able to achieve that most perfect state for listening to music—reclining in complete relaxation—a state impossible in a concert hall." I looked forward to the chance of dreaming over the music without the distraction of a nudging or whispering neighbor, a hard seat, the smell of perfume and powder, glaring light, and all the rest of it. But I was disappointed. Will not WLIB give one concert a week, such that a good musician could find no fault with?

JANET N. CONROY,
867 N. Kenmore Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

READINGS

WLIB: I believe that a reader with a beautiful and cultivated speaking voice, heard daily at the same hour over the radio, with just a bit of something fine and good from the world's literature—not long enough to bore, just enough to stimulate and inspire—would become a feature which your listeners would learn to love.

MRS. WILLIE L. YATES,
Augusta, Ill.

ARMY AND NAVY NIGHT

Dear Sir: Inasmuch as there are a million or more overseas veterans in this country would it not be a good idea to set aside one evening a month for a real Army and Navy program, in which the old service songs and stories could be featured? G. NEWELL,
2301 Central Ave., Alameda, Calif.

TOUCH OF PATRIOTISM

Dear Sir: I would suggest that a touch of patriotism be injected into every program by beginning and ending with the national anthem. JOHN B. JARDINE,
1159 W. Grand Ave., Muskegon, Mich.

TRAMPS OF THE AIR

Dear Sir: To have an ever increasing number of dials turning your way, be different! Don't be like all the rest; let Liberty pioneer in giving a standardized program, something which is going to grow in favor. With each broadcasting station trying to cover the entire field of entertainment all of the time, they are making "tramps of the air" of us listeners.

MRS. FRANCES KAVANAUGH,
1017 17th St., Sioux City, Iowa.

HEALTH HOUR

Dear Sir: Reading over the various letters, the dominant note is music and nothing but music. This is good but it can be overdone. During a musical program a half hour could be introduced and termed "ways and means to enjoy radio—by keeping healthy." During this time a lecture could be given on the subject of how to keep healthy.

CLARENCE SCHOUTEN,
St. Francis, Wis.

WLIB Invites Your Suggestions!

LIBERTY is paying $10 apiece for radio letters. We publish another page of letters from WLIB listeners who have answered our invitation to send in their ideas, suggestions, opinions, and constructive criticisms for the betterment of the station's programs.

In opening Station WLIB, Liberty adopted the unique policy of inviting everybody to write letters containing suggestions for the improvement of its programs. Many helpful ideas have been received. What would you like to have WLIB broadcast? Have you an idea you feel will, if used, result in more pleasing service to listeners? We want WLIB to have a nation-wide appeal. We want it to please everybody, everywhere!

So send in your letter. You may write it as long or as short as you wish. It makes no difference where you live or how old you are or what your tastes may be. For each letter selected for publication $10 will be paid.

If you are a radio fan, and most everybody is, you no doubt have been pleased with some program you have heard. Liberty would like to hear about it. Or perhaps you have an idea that will prove of great benefit to broadcasters. Send it in.

WLIB broadcasts from Chicago on a wave length of 302.8 meters. It is a powerful, fully equipped station. It is on the air weekdays during the daytime and from 7 to 8 P. M., and 11 P. M. to 1 A. M. WLIB splits time with WGN, the Chicago Tribune Station. Like all other stations in Chicago it is silent on Monday nights.

Send in your letter TODAY.

Write to Radio Editor, Care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

TWO-HOUR PROGRAMS

WLIB: I don't think the public wants a program every other hour. When a person tunes in on a good program he wants to listen to it for at least two or three hours, for when a person is listening to a first-class show an hour isn't very long going by. Therefore I suggest that, if at all possible, a program from about seven to twelve o'clock in the night. To my mind it would be better for stations to alternate on nights instead of hours. CLARENCE MORRISSEY,
R. R. 6, Amboy, Ill.

RADIO AND THE FOREIGNER

Dear Sir: The fact that broadcasting stations are sending programs farther every year means that the range of entertainment will have to broaden to cover all classes and nations. The responsibilities of the radio station will become greater than the diplomat in fostering friendship between nations, and will ultimately wipe away boundary lines and that horrid word, "foreigner."

THOMAS BARCLAY,
2181 York St., Kitsilano, Vancouver, Can.

JAZZ GRINDERS

Dear Sir: Please go easy on the jazz. If there's anything that drives me to the old phonograph it's the continual jazz grinding of certain New York stations. Talks, classical music, songs—in a word a truly varied program—that's what the average person wants.

MRS. THOMAS DONOVAN,
34 Convent Ave., New York, N. Y.

VESPER HOUR

Dear Sirs: You are to be complimented on your democratic spirit in regard to your station's programs.

My suggestion is for your station to inaugurate Sunday afternoon "vesper hours," presenting only sacred music. Set the hour, say, from four to five o'clock. There are many beautiful and decidedly brilliant sacred songs that many people seldom, if ever, hear. Surely a "detour" from jazz on Sunday would be refreshing.

MRS. BEN KNOX,
243 Dalzell St., Shreveport, La.

When the second act has come to an end — and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause — when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby
— have a Camel!

WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has just come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself—*have a Camel!*

For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made—and *kept*—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zestfully you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigaretty after-taste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer—lift a flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

© 1925

Ideal FLORIDA HOMES *at* CORAL GABLES

AT THE end of a day, when you turn homeward, do you grow eager for the first glimpse of your own home? Does it offer you peace and beauty? Does it decorate your life with color, enrich it with pleasure and delight? . . . It should. And in Coral Gables, it does!

FOR Coral Gables is definitely and carefully planned for those who want the best that life has to offer, not only in their homes, but in their mental and social existence. Who want a home that will gather new grace and beauty each year, and that will increase not only in interest and charm, but in actual value.

A City Plan Under Which All Property Values Are Advancing

Under the plan that controls every aspect of Coral Gables, a garage becomes a thing of beauty and dignity. A warehouse acquires the subtle proportions of a Spanish villa. A business block reflects good taste and a real regard for decoration in every least detail. And the homes! . . . more than a thousand already built. And another thousand now planned. Each combining with its neighbors to create the most beautiful city that was ever designed. Each delightfully placed among enchanting gardens in a city that is a brilliant tropical garden in itself.

For this is the only tropical section in America. And the red-tiled Spanish homes fit perfectly into their backgrounds of palm and hibiscus, of poinciana and palmetto. No other type of architecture is permissible. No one can buy property next to you and erect a Victorian horror or a wooden chateau. Devaluation of property through undesirable building is made impossible.

Take Advantage of the Tremendous Upward Surge in Values

No matter whether you buy one plot or a dozen, no matter whether you build a $10,000 home or a magnificent estate, you cannot escape your share in the prosperity that is so rapidly transforming Miami.

Permanence, security, rising values—these are the logical results of a city plan that includes the new Miami-Biltmore Hotel, a $15,000,000 university and innumerable other projects on which more than fifty millions of dollars have already been spent. And yet Coral Gables is only beginning! Can you wonder that any piece of property inside its limits is considered a sound investment? Can you wonder that those who are investing in the future of Miami and its environs are even now reaping rich rewards?

The Coupon Brings You Rex Beach's Dramatic Story—Free

REX BEACH has written a book about the miracle of Coral Gables. Send for it. Better still, come and see for yourself. Let us tell you about the special trains and steamships that we run at frequent intervals to Coral Gables. If you should take one of these trips, and should buy property at Coral Gables, the cost of your transportation will be refunded upon your return. Sign and mail the coupon—*now*.

CORAL GABLES CORPORATION LB-67
Administration Building
Coral Gables, Miami, Florida

Please send me Rex Beach's story on the miracle of Coral Gables. I understand that this places me under no obligation.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Your Opportunity

Coral Gables property has been steadily rising in value. Some of it has shown a 100 per cent increase *every year*. Yet building plots in Coral Gables may now be secured by a moderate initial payment. These plots, for homes or businesses, are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed over a period of three years.

The Facts About Coral Gables

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 150 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. A theatre, two country clubs, a military academy, public schools, and the College for Young Women of the Sisters of Saint Joseph are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. More than fifty million dollars have been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. More than one hundred million dollars worth of property has been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be opened about January, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain these buildings and improvements, all of which will be completed within a few years:

The $15,000,000 University of Miami, which will be the most beautiful and complete institution in the entire South, the $500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a $1,000,000 University High School, a $150,000 Railway Station, a Stadium, a Conservatory of Music, magnificent new entrances and plazas, public buildings, and other remarkable projects.

CORAL GABLES
Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front
GEORGE E. MERRICK

Beech-Nut
FRUIT DROPS
Refreshing as fresh fruit
Beech-Nut
ORANGE
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF
ORANGE DROPS
5¢
ORANGE - LEMON - LIME flavors

Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story

MANNEQUIN

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law

By

FANNIE HURST

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHEN Orchid answered the telephone Martin was eagerly waiting at the other end of the wire to pass the news on to her—the news that his uncle, the great Max Innesbrook, had given him a job as staff writer. In a series of articles, first suggested by Orchid, he was to drive home—*bang—bang—bang*—the point that, through the sentimentality of male juries, it was almost impossible, in America, to convict a woman of murder.

And now, at long last, on his salary as a journalist, Martin and Orchid were ready to take the plunge into marriage.

Orchid's life, before she met Martin, had been a mixture of amazing vicissitudes. As a baby, when she was too young to remember—and was named Joan—she had lived in a comfortable apartment with her parents, John and Selene Herrick. They had engaged Annie Pogany, a third-rate nursemaid for little Joan. Annie conceived a devotion to Joan that was almost a mania—and finally kidnaped her.

While the Herricks searched vainly, sly Annie, hidden away in the slums of New York's lower East Side, had changed her last name to Sargossa and Joan's name to Orchid. Where Chinatown joins Little Italy, the child grew into lovely girlhood, while Annie, turned charwoman, took to drugs.

One night Annie vanished, without a trace, right out of Orchid's life. The girl got a position as mannequin with the exclusive firm of Drecotte's. There she met Martin Innesbrook, a young journalist. They fell in love. Max Innesbrook, Martin's uncle, owned a powerful group of newspapers.

At Drecotte's, Orchid felt hostility in the five wise-eyed, lovely-faced mannequins with whom she worked. To placate them, she gave a party in her room. To that party came Terry Allen—wealthy and dissipated—who had seen Orchid at a fashion show, and had started in pursuit of her. The affair grew drunken, uproarious. It ended by Mrs. Snuggs, the landlady, putting Orchid's guests out.

As the most beautiful of the mannequins, Orchid was chosen to exhibit for Drecotte at the season's most important fashion show. She won so much applause in a charming French frock that Martin impulsively took her to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"GOOD Lord, Orchid," whispered Martin, "don't stand there yammering to that white peacock. The whole world is looking at you."

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

May Day Fete at Max Innesbrook's estate, though the last article of his series on women murderers had to be finished by midnight.

By a dramatic coincidence, the Herricks—Orchid's father and mother—were to be at the fete. Their estate adjoined Innesbrook, the magnificent place owned by Martin's uncle.

Chapter Eight

FOR the life of him, Martin, walking over the lawns of Innesbrook, could not keep his pride down. Pride in the little gasps over the loveliness of Orchid. The loveliness that belonged to him.

"Has Martin shown you the grounds, Miss Sargossa?" asked Mrs. Innesbrook. "How nice of him to have brought you. Martin, take Miss Sargossa over to meet your uncle, although, I suppose, as usual at these lawn fetes, he is nowhere to be found. Probably hidden in his study. Give her some food, Martin, and take her about. Some of the guests are finding it rather amusing to ride over to the Herricks' and the Wings' in the pony phaeton you'll find over near the hothouses. Do make yourself at home, Miss—Miss—Miss—Sargossa, is it? So nice of Martin to have brought you. Bad boy, you. Where were you Friday, when you promised your cousin Celeste to come out for tennis?——"

"Good Lord, Aunt Em! I forgot. Where's Celeste? Let me explain!"

These gracious, easy people that made the new world seem not so remote and buried in grandeur.

"Martin—everybody—they're staring so—Stay close, Martin."

"Of course they're staring. Funny thing, instead of making me mad as hops, makes me proud as hops. You're the stunningest thing has ever been let loose at one of these solemn fests before. Mark Delano wants to meet you so bad he's screwing his face into pleats."

"Martin——"

"Hi, Mark! Want you to meet Miss Sargossa. Mr. and Mrs. Delano. You've probably read some of Mark Delano's stuff. Pretty bad reading, but he manages to get by with it."

Mark Delano himself! Who wrote novels that even Martin, who was contemptuous of most contemporary fiction, put on his reading list for Orchid. Mark Delano. The paunchy, little, round man was Mark Delano. And the gray-haired woman who dragged at his arm like a bit of seaweed, his wife.

"Hello, Mijahl. Want you to meet Miss Sargossa. Nop, sorry old man, but I'm taking her around. Orchid, beware of that pirate. He goes off and finds north poles and things and is full of the instinct to carry anything he sees that he wants northward."

"Not Victor Mijahl, Martin?"

"None other; nasty tennis arm and all with which he once licked me to smithereens on these very tennis courts. See you later, old man. Preferably at the north pole. No, nothing doing. Told you I was personally conducting my party. Get that, personally. Pirate, you."

"Martin, it's like Who's Who come to life."

"Yes, but all the who's who is about you. Look at them. Dear little old dear. You've got them guessing."

"Martin, hadn't you better just be frank about me—these—clothes—just tell them, dear—the truth—one or two knowing it will be enough to spread the tidings—sad—but—true. Please, Martin. Hadn't you better?"

"Sure I had. Nothing to hide. Watch. Mr. Stroheim! Here! How do you do? Mrs. Stroheim, glad to know you. Want you both to meet Miss Orchid Sargossa. Mr. Stroheim, some time I want to bring Miss Sargossa down to your French Room."

"Not Stroheim Brothers' — department store?"

"None other. Miss Sargossa is with Drecotte. Mr. Stroheim is naturally interested in your kind of thing. Yes, I thought you might have."

Dear Martin. To have been so easy and so frank about it and to have taken the onus of false pretense off the gorgeousness of the garden costume.

"Martin, you're a darling. Now everybody will know. Hadn't you better, though, run back and explain it to your aunt personally?"

"Aunt Em? What does she care——"

"I know, Martin, dear, but please. It will make it less awkward. . ."

"All right, if it will make you feel any better. Sit here and wait on this marble bench and don't look as if you're afraid somebody is going to bite you. Nobody is, except Mark Delano over there, who looks as if he would like to eat you with a spoon, or I, because I love you."

THE Delanos strolled up while Martin was gone. And a Mr. and Mrs. Negaard Wing. A shag of a man with a long, ash-gray wife in jade earrings. It was incredible sitting there, talking to them. Of spring in Westchester.

More people strolled up. Into quite a group. It was as if Orchid could not keep down the flutter in her throat. Of the thrill! No one was going to snub her. One of the men even

Makes MEN *feel like* BOYS~*makes* BOYS *feel like* MEN

Once you know the tang—the *exhilaration*—of the daily Lifebuoy bath, you'll be an enthusiast for life.

There's a *kick* to Lifebuoy—a clean, fresh, antiseptic smell to it that wins you instantly—a bubbling, abundant lather that you'll revel in.

Bathe every day with Lifebuoy. You'll feel cleaner than you ever imagined you could feel—clean in a *new* way. Your skin will tingle with life, vigor—glow with lusty health. You'll have a sense of being fit, on your toes—every day—ready for whatever the day holds.

Lifebuoy *builds* health—keeps your pores open and breathing—antiseptically free from the acid, salt-forming body waste and perspiration that smother your skin and lower your vitality.

It removes the cause of unpleasant, unsuspected body odors—leaving you with an astonishing feeling of freshness and immaculacy that lasts all day long.

Get a cake of this great soap and try a bath a day with it for a week. What a difference! How alert—how well groomed—you feel! Here's a habit that pays daily dividends in health and in vitality.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

asked her about Sam Mandel of Drecotte's. Negaard Wing handed her an ice and, commenting on the rose quartz in her shoulder ornament of a dagger, described some Chinese amethyst he was having mounted for his wife. No one was going to snub her, but there was creeping on her the consciousness that to these people there was something about her of a—a sideshow in a tent.

Beautiful model. Well-known mannequin. Young Innesbrook hitting the high spots.

Terry Allen came up, too. Indeed she remembered him. With all her repugnance.

"Had the pleasure," he said laconically to Delano's introduction and sat himself down on the stone bench beside her.

"Well—small world, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Had some fodder?"

"Fodder?"

"Yes. Chicken salad and cold cream dressing. Fruit punch, all fruit and no punch."

"Yes, thank you, I've had."

"I'll drive you over to my place. Only ten minutes from here if you really want a bracer."

"No, thank you."

"Well, there ought to be some over at the Rhincoop place, or at Wing's for that matter. Want to get into one of those phaeton things and wobble over? They're supposed to be *au fait* at these morgue fetes, you know."

"No, thank you."

"You're gorgeous."

"Everything out here—is."

"Rot. Afternoon-of-the-octogenarians is what I call these annuals. It will liven up after supper on the lawns. The wine cellars then yield up their keys. What are you doing here? Exhibition?"

"In—a—way—I mean if you put it that way, I guess, I—I am. I came with a friend."

"Meow! Come on, I'll take you around the——"

"Please—I said no——"

It was good when Martin came up just then. A little breathless. "Howdye, Allen. Come, Orchid, let us pass up the phaeton express and hike it over to the Herricks' . . . Didn't mind running into him, did you?"

"No, Martin, only I—I was glad when you came along. Dear you."

"RAT, that's what he is. Look, Orchid, there are some of your namesakes growing under glass. Mrs. Herrick goes in for them. You are like them, somehow, Orchid. Cool fleshed. Fastidious. A little bit remote."

"Martin, silly dear—never to you."

"No, dear, never——"

There were thirty-five marble steps leading from the Herrick terrace to a square stone lily-pool. Orchid counted them because each time her toe pointed down for a little descent, beauty caught her by the throat. And there against the green gleam of terraces was a white peacock. Strutting up. Clucking up.

"Good Lord, Orchid," whispered Martin, "don't stand there yammering to that white peacock. They're all looking at us. At you. The whole world is looking at you. The whole universe. Why in blazes didn't I go home and at least climb out of these old tweeds into flannels? Look at them stare——"

Thus did Orchid, with the filmy cape, held by the jeweled dagger, floating about her, and her silhouette out against the green of terraces, stand in the ensemble of white peacock, gleam of marble, blue sky and pink cloudlet, before she descended to meet Judge and Mrs. Herrick.

"You've knocked them flat, Orchid."

"Martin, don't be silly."

"There's the Judge now, up there in that little loggia, talking to old man Rhincoop. I want you to meet Judge Herrick, Orchid; he's a really great person."

"Martin—please—I'm frightened."

"Silly. He is so simple that I am sure he is the one who will be frightened. That's his wife to the left with all those young girls around her. She dotes on girls. That good-looking woman with the marcelled white hair. She was a nervous wreck for years about some kind of a tragedy. Forget what it was. Years ago. Want you to meet her, too, Orchid. She's your kind."

"What do you mean, Martin, by my kind?"

"Oh, fastidiousness. Love of beautiful things. All this estate is her doing. He would just as soon live in a log cabin. But she's like you. An exotic. That's why forty dollars a week give me nervous hydrophobia. Let's make it a game, darling. For every dollar over forty I find in that envelop, I'll buy you a——"

"Martin, she's beautiful!"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Herrick. And he—no wonder he's earned the tag 'Honest Judge John.'"

"Yes, whenever I want to rag my uncle, I tell him there's one judge, living not a thousand miles away, who would not allow himself to be railroaded by the Innesbrook dynasty. Come on! Want you to meet him, Orchid; don't act like a timorous puss."

II.

"JUDGE HERRICK," said Martin, "this is my—this is Miss Sargossa."

The Judge's eyes were so kind. Tired, amused, clear eyed. Thoughtful eyes.

"Bless your heart, Miss Sargossa, you quite took the combined breath of the party away by the picture you made, arriving. Looked for all the world like one of those Chauvennes panels my wife admires so. Even with you in, young scamp, to spoil the picture. Mrs. Herrick wants to meet you. Selene, this is Miss Sargossa, a friend of young Innesbrook's."

Something in Orchid seemed to drown into the loveliness of the straight gray gaze of Selene Herrick. A sort of electric flashing up of goose flesh all over her. A dizziness that seemed to make pink clouds dip down into green lawn and the mixture of them and of faces, twirling parasols and rose petals, seemed to spin a little.

"I wonder if you realize how beautiful you were coming down those steps, Miss Sargossa? But of course you didn't. That was part of your being beautiful."

Poor Orchid. Her mouth was like a rusk. Full of tongue that felt swollen and dry and her eyes, from the dizziness, two hot, stinging pains.

"You—*you're* beautiful——"

It was a silly thing to say. She knew it as she felt the words coming. And Martin knew it, too, breaking in with something kindly to help her.

"Miss Sargossa is a lover of your kind of thing, Mrs. Herrick. She's just in the common, ordinary everyday dressmaking business herself, but she's keen on the Spanish and Italian sort of thing in furniture and architecture. Now, I was telling her on the drive out, my idea of the perfect interior is the Salem Witch period."

"Martin!"

"If what Martin says about you is true, make up your mind to be a victim to my hobby, Miss Sargossa. I'd love showing you my house——"

"Oh—if you would——"

"Martin, you stay out here and talk your equality-of-the-sexes hobby to the Judge. Miss Sargossa and I are going snooping. Woe unto anyone who shows herself sympathetic to my love of things. I remember as a young married woman, when we were just starting out, my husband always used to tell me to beware that love of things didn't smother me like the falling of bracelets and shields. But they haven't smothered me, Miss Sargossa; they have only made the world seem a lovelier place——"

Poor Orchid. She wanted to put her hand on the forearm of Selene Herrick, because it was bare and white and because, more, almost, than anything she had ever experienced in the way of a desire, she wanted to touch it.

"I—ARE you sure you have time—to show me—around—all your guests——"

"Wait until you know me better, dear, and you'll understand I have time for anybody who loves my things—as I love them——"

"Wait until you know me better, dear." . . . Why, as if—as if she had not always known her——

"Come, we'll start from this end. This is the loggia. It's a direct reproduction, you see, of the famous Davanzatti Palace in Florence. Ever been there? Well, you will some day. My husband took me there for the first time after I was recovering from a long and severe nervous breakdown and I vowed after seeing it never, never to be satisfied with anything short of a Davanzatti Palace of my own. I want to show you these fluted arches. Each with an original cryptic in it. Lovely? After one has lost interest in life as I did, my dear, for seven long years after—after my—well, I suppose any husband, much less the best of them, like mine, would be glad to gratify such a whim if it were within his power. But with me it wasn't a whim. All my life I've loved the kind of things that belong to seventeenth century Italian and Spanish——"

Orchid, with her limited knowledge of even the phraseology of the things she loved with her instinct, rather than her knowledge of them, all in a jam, as it were, of emotions. Emotions that crowded into her throat and made her dumb.

There were stone halls padded in rugs, and stairways with Virgin Marys and Apostles and bits of tile and mosaic done into the stonework. And a cloistered courtyard into which the sun flowed, but which was austere, nonetheless, with imported Italian cypress trees.

Bedrooms in the austere magnificence of Gothic shaped windows with leaded panes. Black oak bedsteads of priceless patine and spread with the old red brocatelles that had made the seventeenth century glow. Faience incrusted goblets.

Corridors of doors. Gothic doors with entire incidents from the Bible carved against them. Doors that led down steps, around corners, and into Pompeian bathrooms done in black marble and gold friezes. A magnificent walnut door with a wrought iron lock.

"That door," said Mrs. Herrick, passing it, "opens into the sunniest room in the house. An empty room. A waiting, empty room."

"A what?"

"The empty, waiting, sunlit room I used to call it—until it made my husband angry."

Suddenly, because of the look to her face when she said that, Orchid, unconsciously, like those who lived around Selene Herrick had long since learned to do, changed the subject because of the crucified look in her eyes.

"What beautiful, beautiful doors!"

It was like walking back through the incense-musty aisles of a dream.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Forty-one]

"I don't know how to describe it," said Orchid, whose tonsils were tight from wanting to seem calm, "but I—oh, I don't know—all this—it's just as if something had suddenly cured a—an ache you never quite knew you had."

"That's exactly the way I feel. They soothe me, my beautiful things. They even in their inanimate way help to make up to me for—for the cruel things that—that can sometimes make life unbearable."

"If I lived here—I—I—don't know—almost—I don't think I could quite bear the beauty of it."

"You nice girl, I wish you did."

These two women, looking at each other across the chasm of unawareness, as if they could drown themselves each in the other's gaze.

"And you've a patio. All my life I've dreamed of a patio. They have one in the House Beautiful in the furniture department at Stroheim's. Have you ever seen the Spanish house there? I love to wander through it. But of course, to you, their patios would be just second rate."

"Why, yes, rather—but there was a time when such places delighted me, too. I—I think you're lovely, the way you look standing there against that western light. You don't mind my saying it, do you?"

"I don't mind. How could I? Except that I, too—think you're lovely."

THEY were in sunlight, now, on a terrace that led to a sunken garden.

"How beautifully you wear those sheer things."

"They aren't mine, you know. I model."

"I see. I did hear something like that. I should think you would be a success. That shoulder ornament. How cunning. It has the effect of plunging right through your shoulder."

"It is an effective ornament, isn't it?"

"I wonder if you would like to see my hothouse? My own little private one of orchids."

"My name is Orchid."

"How lovely. Now that you mention it, really you are like one. Your mother must have loved them and seen some of their cool kind of aristocracy in you."

"I—er—yes——"

"Oh, my dear, isn't she living?"

"I—er—no."

"I'm sorry. Here we are. Jones, roll back those awnings. I want to show those speckled ones. But it's the lavender and sunset ones I love best. They are the ones your—your mother must have had in mind when she named you. Jones, cut a corsage of lavender and pink ones for Miss Sargossa."

"Mrs. Herrick, you mustn't give me so much time! All your guests—they will wonder what has become of you."

"I can't tell you how wonderful it has been, dear girl, showing you my hobbies. Somehow it—it's almost as if you were one of my hobbies arriving just now in the lovely crate of that orchid-colored gown. I'm afraid I am a hopeless girl addict. I love them. Come, we will go back to the guests, but I won't let you run away from me."

To Orchid, standing there once more on the terrace, the soft-colored swirl of the fete around her, tinkle of laughter, fountains and clink of punch glasses, it was as if, somehow, just exactly as the model gown fitted her proportions, so this environment, that she had never even dreamed, was something, now that she was here, that was not even new to her. Something that was hers by right—always had been.

The Judge and the explorer bandied repartee with her. In which she came off loser, but which caused the Judge to pinch her cheek when it flushed and tilt her head back to see if he had teased tears into her eyes.

If the young girls were stand-offish and a little cruel in their air of seeming to patronize, it was the kind of patronage that, even as it cut in, poured balm into the wound. The patronage of hurt vanities.

"Martin's brought a dressmaker's model. A bit nervy of him, I'll say. My dears, look at the men! They don't know it, but they're funny. My dears, we are rank amateurs. This is professional day. The only way to really break into Westchester for sure is to arrive in a hired Longchamps model, stand on the terrace and feed white peacocks. Wish you'd look at Terry Allen. My dears, he'll fall in the honey pot if he isn't careful. Of course, she would be his pace. But I didn't know Martin went in for them. . . ."

It was annoying. It was as if Terry Allen, buzzing about the terrace there, had to be brushed off constantly, like a fly.

"Come on, I'll drive you over to my place. You must be as dry as cotton."

"Please—I've told you no."

"As you will."

There was always the little swirl. The swirl about Orchid. It was pleasant while the Judge and Mrs. Herrick were by. It made her cheeks burn in two round mats. Actually people wanting to meet her. The women with the close eyes of scrutiny in the background, but the men in frank little groups of wanting to dance attendance, in the fore.

The thrill. The mats of color began to blaze.

If only Terry Allen wouldn't buzz so. And there were the Herricks going off with some newly arrived guests toward the refreshment pergola. Martin must be closeted with his uncle. He shouldn't have left her alone like this. Young Allen at her elbow, bringing her sandwiches and purple punch that lapped a little over the glass because he was always insisting upon pouring something into it from a silver hip flask which made it too bitter to drink.

"No likee," she said, and smiled up at him through a wry crinkling of nose.

"It's liquid fire, distilled out of opals," he said, and took a drink of it in the raw, straight from the flask.

If only he wouldn't hover so—with his liquid fire distilled from opals.

Martin routed him all right when he did appear. "Clear out, old man. Program card filled. Here's a peace offering. A box of my uncle's brand of private cigarettes that you'll thank me for. Any tennis this year? Good."

That was clever of Martin. Wanting to keep peace. Walking away on his arm, Orchid could have snuggled herself a little into his elbow, which she did, ever so slyly, letting her own elbow nudge up.

"You darling, I feel like you've been gone for years."

"YOU'RE gorgeous. What are you doing here? Exhibition? Come on, I'll take you around the——" "Please—— I said no——"

"The old man's keen about tomorrow's first release of my series. Says the set-up looks great. Wish it were midnight. We can get the Sunday morning edition by then. I've full-page place in the magazine section. I've sold myself to him this time, Orchid, or, rather, you have. Come on; I'm so full of it now I want to get back and bone down to work. . . ."

OF course. Of course. But it did seem so early. So almost cruelly early when you were just a little drunk from loveliness. The sky, cool now of its sunset fires and a first star leaping out. There was going to be supper on the lawn. Waiters scurrying with planks that fitted over wooden horses and formed long picnic tables. Whole hams stuck all over with cloves. Platters of pinky meats, creamy meats, sliced wafer thin. Whole cold fowl with legs sticking up and little pink paper crowns on them. Lanterns popping into light among trees. The gleam of white Eros against the semicircle of hedge that was turning black. Plunk-plunk of Hawaiian music. . . .

"Of course, Martin, if you must work—we'll leave now. It's—it's been so perfect."

"Yeh, but I'm going to break the news of you to the family pretty precious quick now, and you'll be out here often. Now, my idea for the last article is this . . . wait, there comes Aunt Em and the Herricks. Now's our chance to make our bread-and-butter speech. You've nailed them all the first time, Orchid. Just the way I knew you would. That's going to make it so much easier, their liking you before they know. . . . Looka, Aunt Em. Judge Herrick, Mrs. Herrick—it's been bully—and now we're catching the Mandel Express back to town."

"Martin, aren't you staying for supper on the lawn? Your uncle will expect . . ."

"Sorry, Aunt Em. But what my uncle expects, from what I was able to glean from my interview with him just now up in the gymnasium, is that I shake the star-dust of this occasion off my shoes and get back to town in time for a good evening's work in order to make a midnight dead line on a famous New York paper known as the *Morning Enquirer*."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Herrick, hooking her arm into Orchid's, "that's all very well for young men with editions to make. But I intend to keep this child here for supper on the lawn. I want her to see my gardens by lantern—by star—and by what I hope will be moonlight, if that moon person behaves as I want."

"Mrs. Herrick!"

"Yes, let Miss Sargossa stay, Martin. We'll see that she gets home. Plenty will be driving in."

"Oh, no; I—I couldn't. Martin wouldn't like me—to——"

"Of course she couldn't, Martin, if you stand there with a long face about it. John Lester, don't you think he ought to want her to stay if we want her to?"

"Get along, you young scamp; back to town if you must. We'll see that your little friend gets home."

"Orchid, do you want to stay?"

Did she want to stay—the pink-pearl of a twilight—Mrs. Herrick with those clear, asking eyes—did she want to stay!

"Why, Martin, not if you . . ."

"Why, did you ever hear of anything as high-handed as that nephew of yours, Mrs. Innesbrook? Of course she wants to stay!"

"You see, I came with Martin——"

"Suppose you did. He's going back to town to work."

"Martin," said Orchid, and drew him a little aside and put up a pair of rather wistful gray eyes at him, over her *sotto voce*, "I wouldn't think of staying if you——"

"Why, Orchid, of course I want you to stay. As a matter of fact, it is just a little bit better for me. I'll bone down to the job sooner."

"Martin, you're just saying that because you think I want to stay. Honestly, dear, if——"

"Goosie you, I'm saying it because I want you to stay. Come to think about it, I not only want you to stay, but insist that you stay. Great chance to get in strong before I break the news. Come, now; no more *sotto voce*. Miss Sargossa, upon private advice of counsel, is going to remain; but what about getting her home? A fellow has some obligations to the girl he has out, you know."

"Oh, Martin, there will be carful after carful driving in. Don't you bother about that."

"Mind nobody vamps you."

"Martin, you silly. I won't stay late. I'll be back in town before eleven."

"Shall I call you up if I finish my article by then?"

"Don't you dare not to!"

"So long, everybody. First time I ever brought a girl to a shindig and checked her there."

Dear Martin. Dear, dear Martin.

III.

EVEN upon an occasion as informal as dinner in a garden to starlight, and lantern light, and throbbing Hawaiian music, and cold hams, and high plates of sandwiches, and great mounds of salad, it was something of a distinction to be seated only two removed from the hostess.

And what a hostess! Selene, with her eyes darting, constantly alert for the well being of Orchid. "Judge Rhincoop, there's a dear, see that Miss Sargossa has some of those fresh figs. Show her how to peel them. I'm afraid she doesn't quite understand how informal our picnic spirit is."

Old man Rhincoop, full of years almost to senility, but with a head like a lion and a social standing as impregnable as one, peeling fresh figs for Orchid.

"Dear child, have you tasted those candied rose leaves? My chef makes them in my very own kitchens. Do nibble a few. She looks as if she were made just for the role of nibbling rose leaves, doesn't she, Admiral Thompson?"

"She puts them to shame, Mrs. Herrick. They deserve to be eaten," said the Admiral, and cocked a wine glass.

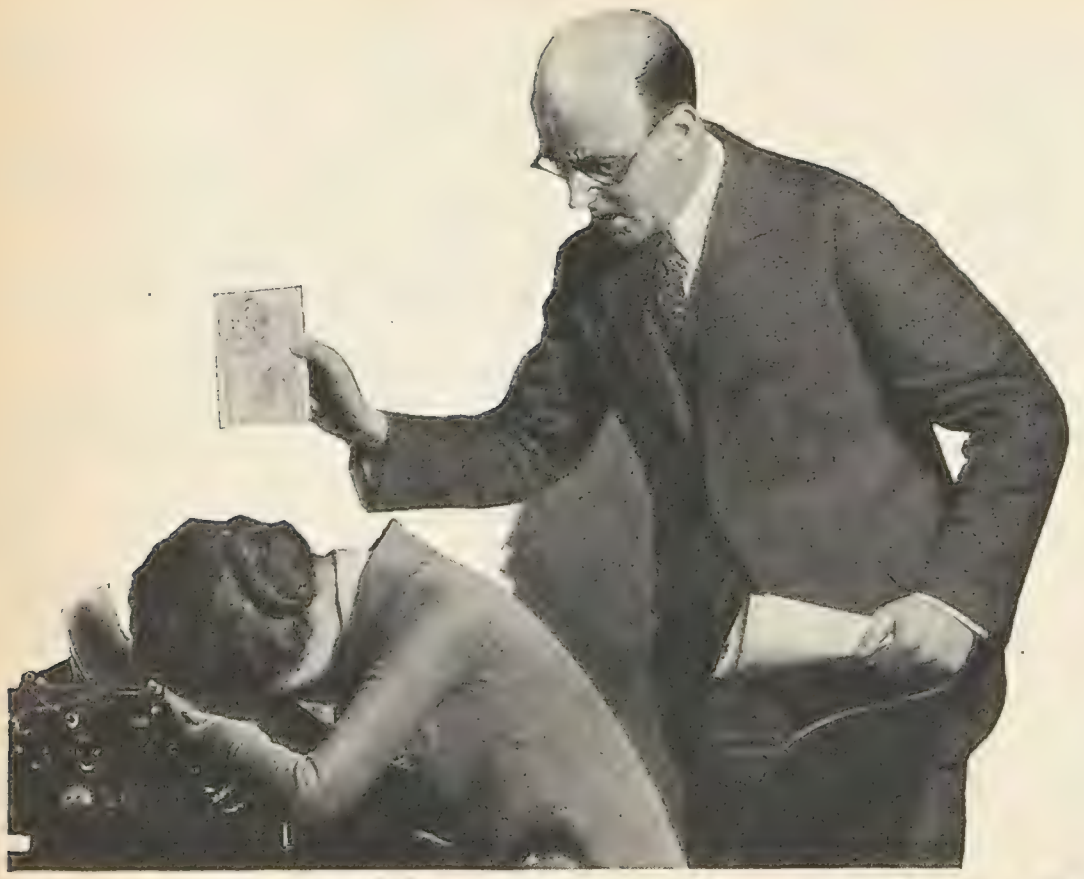
There was just no getting the occasion down to reality. And every so often, when she raised her eyes, there were the clear gray ones of Selene, right into hers. Lovely awls. And then sometimes, from the opposite end of the table, the Judge waving her a napkin, or a look.

It was like a dream that had no awakening because you were already awake.

Afterwards there was dancing to the ukuleles on a platform set up on the Innesbrook lawn.

Orchid could not dance. The young girls, who were a little bitter in their patronage, set up a great ado of the cooing of laughter over that. That's a good one. What do you bet she's an ex-Folly? Whose little ex-Folly are you, Doric Wing? Suppose the dressmaker's firm objects to the wear-and-tear of dancing on the model gown. Oh, la-la, look at Terry. What do you bet they are old pals? He'd better not let Judge Herrick see him tipsy. How he ogles her; and, hoity-toity, as they must say it in the French room, how she will have none of him!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



How a Strange Accident Saved Me From Baldness-

Sixty days ago it made me boiling mad. Today I look back and laugh at the incident, for it brought me a marvelous new growth of hair.

WHEN my wife began to look sorrowfully at my thinning hair I smiled regretfully. When my friends began to call me "baldy" I felt annoyed. But when my secretary began to look at my glistening scalp and snicker—well, it made me mad!

But the worst was yet to come. About sixty days ago I saw a tooth paste advertisement that offered to send a free booklet. I clipped the coupon and gave it to my secretary to fill in and mail.

Well, a few days later, to my utter surprise, I found on my desk—not a booklet on tooth paste—but a booklet telling how to grow hair in 30 days!

I glanced from the booklet to my secretary. I felt my blood boiling.

"Miss Harris," I said to her, "I can't say that I appreciate your sense of humor. Just what is your idea?"

She paled. "Why, Mr. Burns—what's wrong?"

"Wrong?" I shouted, "what's the idea of sending me this hint about my hair?"

Tears came into her eyes. And between sobs she explained why it wasn't her fault.

She said that the coupon I asked her to mail had another coupon printed on the back—and the other coupon offered to send a free book about baldness. Well, she simply used her own judgment!

"H'm," was all I could say.

That night on my way home I read the book about baldness. It described an entirely new method of making hair grow—perfected by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is the only treatment I ever heard of that reached right down to the hair roots and awakened them.

As I read on I felt myself weakening in my resolve not to try another hair treatment. And then when I read that Merke actually guaranteed a new growth of hair in 30 days or no cost—well, I sent for the treatment.

The first two or three days nothing happened. But a week or so later when I looked in the mirror I saw something that almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking through, was a fine, downy fuzz all over my head.

Every day this young hair kept getting stronger. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bait spot. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries were ended. For I had regained an entirely new growth of hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not rub "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with ordinary tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the *roots*. That's exactly what the Merke treatment does.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for results secured. Now these same results may be secured in any home where there is electricity—*for a few cents a day.*

Merke admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing can help. But so many have regained hair this new way that Merke invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then the trial is free. Your money is instantly refunded. You are the sole judge.

READ THIS!

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.

"I used the Cap for 30 days, when to my great surprise I could see a new coat of hair coming and now my hair is very nearly as good as it was when it first started to come out."—J. C. R., Englewood, N. J.

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years, the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. B., Kenmore, Ohio.

(Original of above letters on file at the Institute.)

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," is a 34-page book which will be sent you entirely free if you mail the coupon below. This book tells all about the new treatment, shows what it has done for others, and contains much valuable information on the care of the hair. Remember, this book is yours free. And if you decide to take the treatment, you don't risk a penny. So mail coupon now. Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 1291, 512 Fifth Ave., New York.

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.
Dept. 1291, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me—without cost or obligation, in a plain wrapper, a copy of your book describing the Merke System.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

City..... State.....

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Forty-three]

But it did not matter, really. The little pitter-patter of the girls. The snug, secure girls. Old Judge Rhincoop's granddaughters. The Wing twins who, had they only realized it, were so blessed by belonging to an environment into which she had only dared to venture on borrowed finery.

Her little triumph—as if it mattered, really, to the secure ones.

And so, while there was dancing, and fireflies came out that reminded one of dangling topazes, Orchid found herself with the older group that wandered off to the Herrick library. A stone-vaulted room with high Gothic windows and a black oak balcony and a red, quiet fireplace, and walls that were made of books. Old, warm, fragrant bindings. A Great Dane dog that dozed near the fender. Butlers passing silver boxes of cigars, and black coffee in cups in silver holders; cups the shape and frailty of half an eggshell.

MARK DELANO read a poem out of a priceless edition of Shelley that was unlocked and lifted out of a glass case by the Judge.

A thing of beauty is a joy
forever;
Its loveliness increases——

Orchid with her eyes on the beauty of Selene. And her heart beating to the mystery of the beauty of rhythm.

The explorer described an elephant stampede in the jungle.

A Madame Navarro, superb chested, sang the aria from Aida to the accompaniment of the organ, and, later, delicacies from Schubert, Liza Lehmann, and, almost with the fluty edge of her voice, a lullaby: Jocelyn.

It was on this last that Selene went suddenly forward, with a little moan, her face into the pillow of the divan upon which she sat next to Orchid.

The Judge, scarcely surprised, but troubled, was at her side.

"It's nothing," he said. "Too much excitement. She gets these little swooning spells sometimes when she's tired. Nothing at all. . . ."

Poor Selene. For the moment her teeth were chattering, and the bleak look of one who has gone very far from the warmth and the cheer of that scene was in her face.

"Please—I'm all right—everyone—I—please—just the heat. Do sing again, Madame Navarro—so sorry——"

But suddenly, of course, the evening was at an end.

The end of that evening marks the beginning of tragedy for Orchid. A crisis is at hand which is to affect the lives of five people, but Orchid and Martin most of all. No one could foresee this gripping development. Follow its unfolding in next week's Liberty.

INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER Makes One Razor Blade Do the Work of 300

IT is a revelation in the art of *shaving* as well as *saving*. It is an automatic device for putting the barber's edge on your Safety Razor Blades. Manufactured and guaranteed by Robt. H. Ingersoll, the originator of the Dollar Watch. Unless you have already used it you cannot fully realize its value. It resharpens every make of razor blade and produces the super-keen edge of a new blade. It has only been on the market a year—yet it has given priceless shaving comfort and joy to nearly a million men!

Don't Throw Away Dull Blades

Every time you throw away a dull blade you waste 25 dozen new ones. If you invest a dollar in the Ingersoll stropper you will put an end to this needless extravagance. Day after day for a whole year you will be able to shave with the *same blade*—and get a smooth comfortable shave each time! You will save $5 to $10 a year in blade money and be assured of a lifetime of shaving comfort you never knew existed.

The Ingersoll Dollar Stropper is based on an entirely new principle. It automatically brings the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any one without skill or practice.

Saves $5 to $10 a Year

Ten Days' Trial

It is the unanimous verdict that the Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit is a real boon to the man who shaves. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade money and all the dull-blade torment.

WANTED
Agents & Dealers
This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact it is sweeping the country. Our dealers and agents are cashing in heavily. Quick sales, quick profits. Every man a prospect. If interested in Agents' or Dealers' plan, check square in coupon.

If you have not had the Stropper demonstrated to you already by one of our representatives and can not get it at your dealers, mail the coupon with $1.00 and we will send you the complete Outfit, including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co.
Dept. A531, 476 Broadway, New York City

I enclose $1 for which please send me the Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Outfit in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar. (Canadian Price $1.50.)

Name.....

Address.....

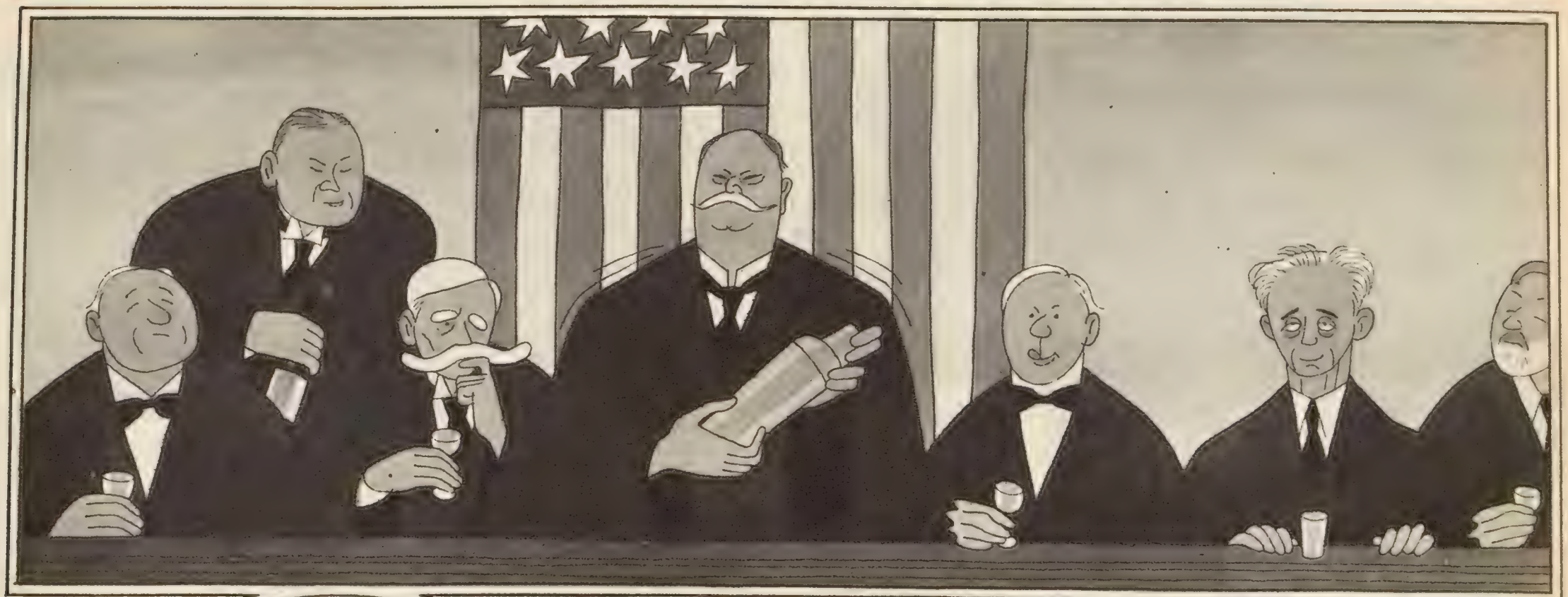
Make of Razor Used.....

I am interested in ☐Dealers' ☐Agents' proposition

GRAPHIC SECTION

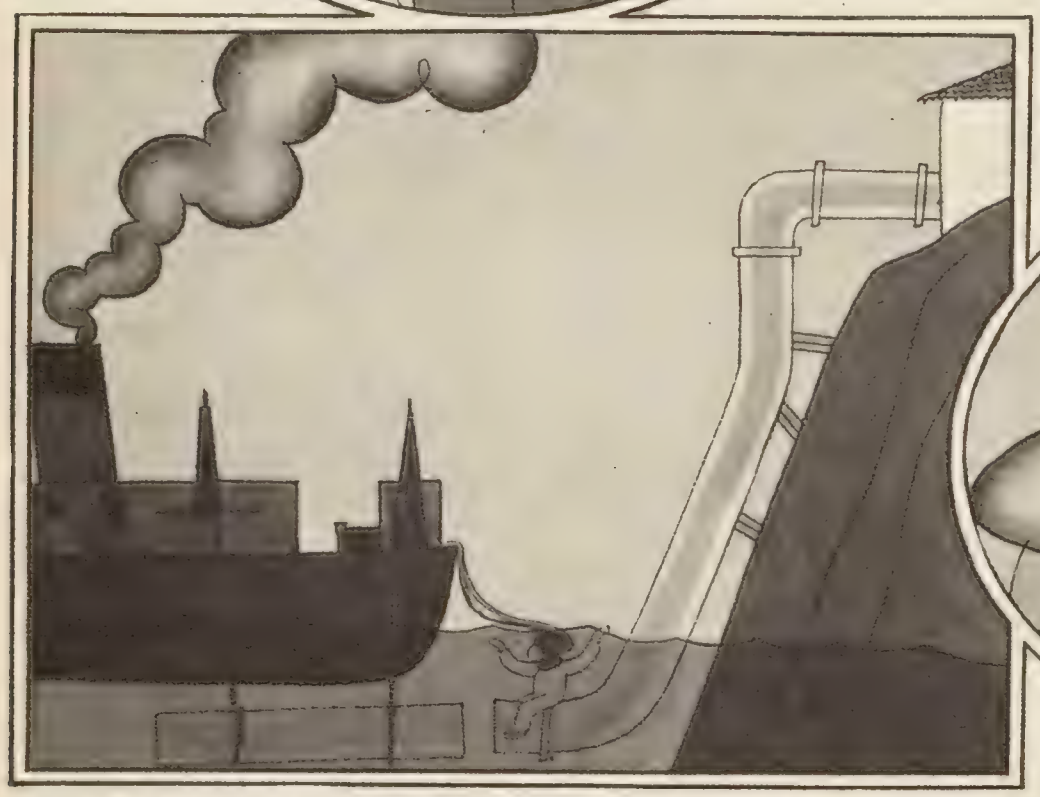
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



MOOT QUESTION PLACED BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT. Chief Justice Taft and Associate Justices McReynolds, Butler, Holmes, Van Devanter, Brandeis, and Sanford still above the table at the six per cent mark during a test to determine the exact definition of the word "intoxicating" in the Volstead Act.

SENATORS BORAH AND SWANSON leaving the Capitol on their way to the emergency hospital after a debate in the Senate over the question of the entry of the United States into one or another of the leagues or courts to insure universal peace.



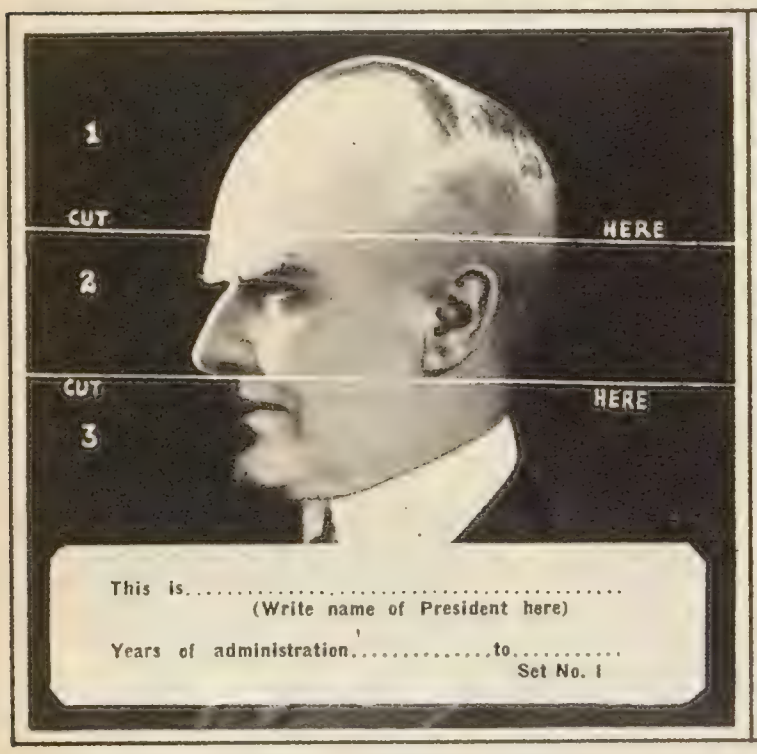
WORK BEGINS AT THE MULL OF GALLOWAY on the Reliance Bootlegging Corporation's $45,000,000 pipe line which, when it is completed in June, will connect a powerful pumping station in Scotland with receiving tanks in Maine.

BOSTON POLICE MOVE TO CURB THE ALARMING spread of juvenile delinquency. Sergeant Lampitsky, in the Summer Street Police Station, searching one of the two hundred suspects recently rounded up in The Hub for concealed weapons.

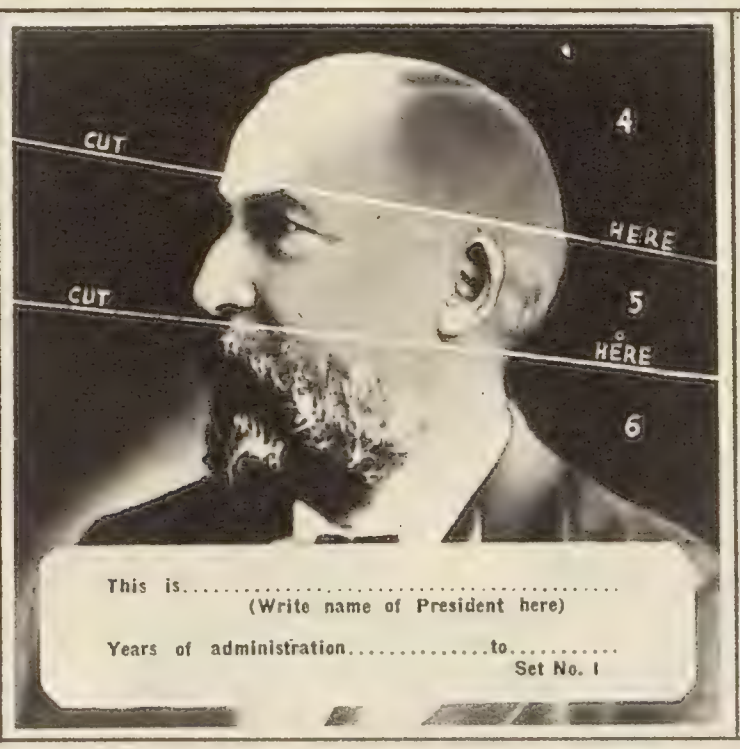
FLIRTING EVIL AT LAST STAMPED OUT IN METROPOLIS. A group of policewomen sent out from Headquarters in New York to arrest "mashers." No arrests were made and Policewoman Agnes Klock (center) afterwards told reporters that she believes the male vamp is a thing of the past.

WHO ARE THESE

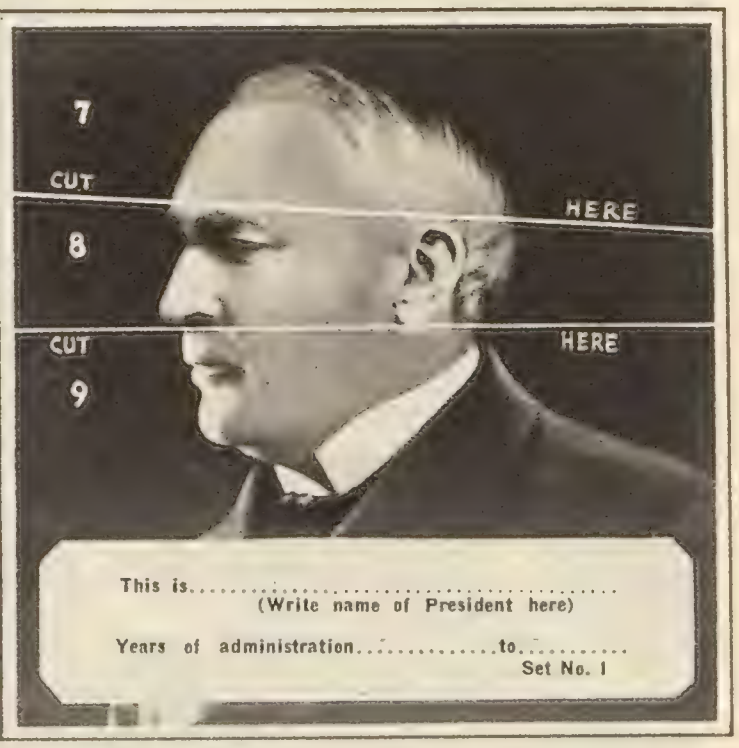
Can you rearrange these pictures correctly and name them?



The forehead is that of a President whose son was a Federal administrator; the eyes, nose, and ear of one who had been an army officer; the mouth and chin of one during whose term a war was ended by Congressional resolution.



The forehead is that of a President who had no children; the eyes, nose, and ear of one who was "keynoter" in the convention before that which nominated him; the mouth and chin of one who defeated a candidate in convention on the third-term issue.



The forehead is that of a President who defeated an army officer for nomination; the eye, nose, and ear of one who died in New Jersey; the mouth and chin of one who sent American troops to quell a rebellion in the Orient.

$25,000 in Cash Prizes

Liberty *Announces*

The Patriotic Game *of* Presidents

Entertaining! Educational! Simply put the Pictures together right and name them and Win a Big Cash Prize!

CAN you cut apart the six pictures of Presidents of the United States printed here and put them together right? Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for best answers to the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Every week Liberty will print a page of Composite Pictures of the Presidents of the United States, as shown here.

Each page contains a set of three pictures which, when put together properly, will make three complete portraits. All you have to do is put them together right and name them. Clews will be given to help you.

Note the first two sets of pictures shown here. Set No. 1 appeared in last week's Liberty and is reprinted to give you a good start. Set No. 2 appears herewith.

Try putting them together properly. It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American history.

It costs nothing. Everyone has an equal opportunity to win a big cash prize.

Open to Every Man, Woman, Boy, and Girl

Remember, the Patriotic Game of Presidents is open to everyone—boys, girls, men, and women. It does not matter who you are or where you live.

The $25,000 in cash prizes will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

Begin at once! *Save all pictures until you have the ten sets—then send them in.*

The PRIZES

First prize		$ 5,000
Second prize		1,000
Third prize		500
Fourth prize		250
Fifth prize		200
Next eighty prizes	@ $ 25	2,000
Next 1,355 prizes	" 10	13,550
Ten prizes to teachers	" 250	2,500
1,450 prizes, totaling		$25,000

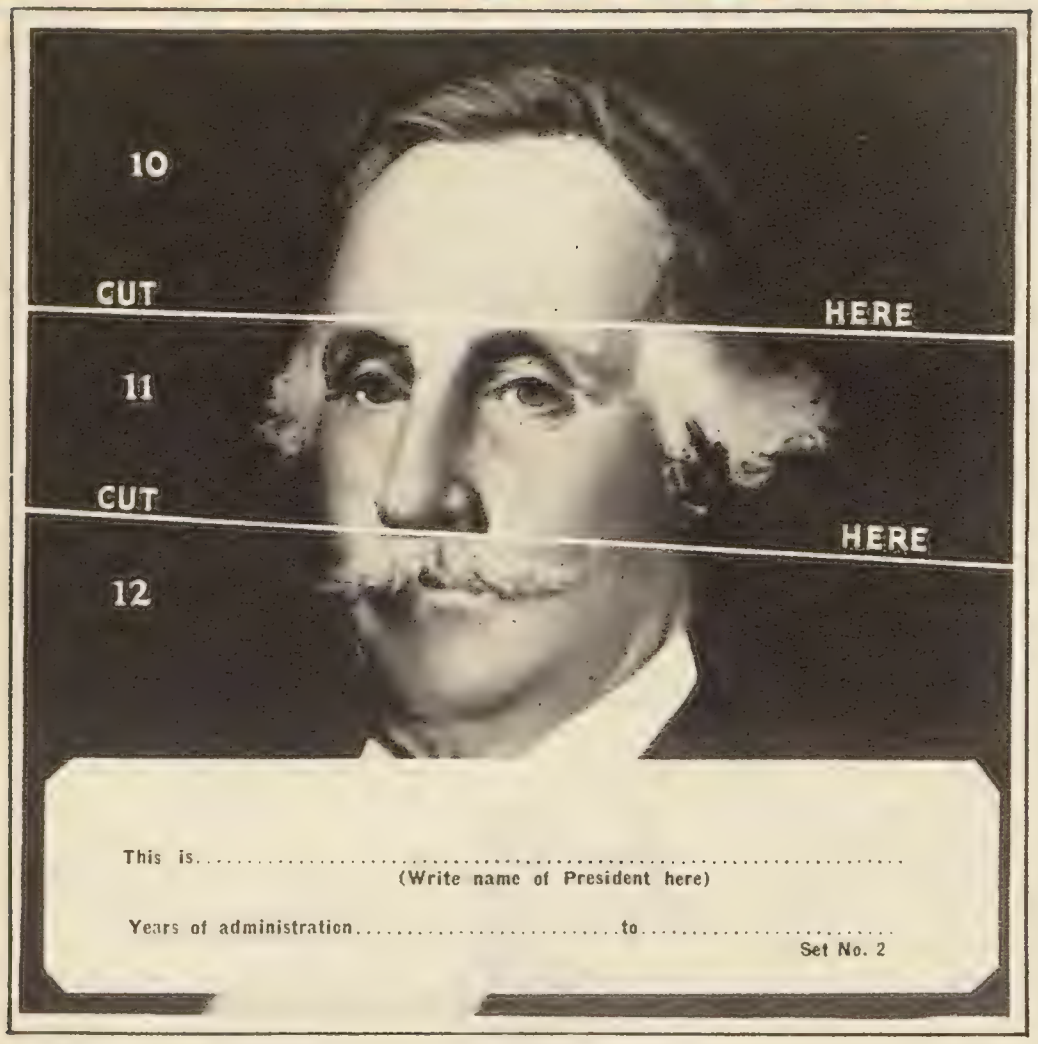
To Teachers

One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American history among the people, young and old.

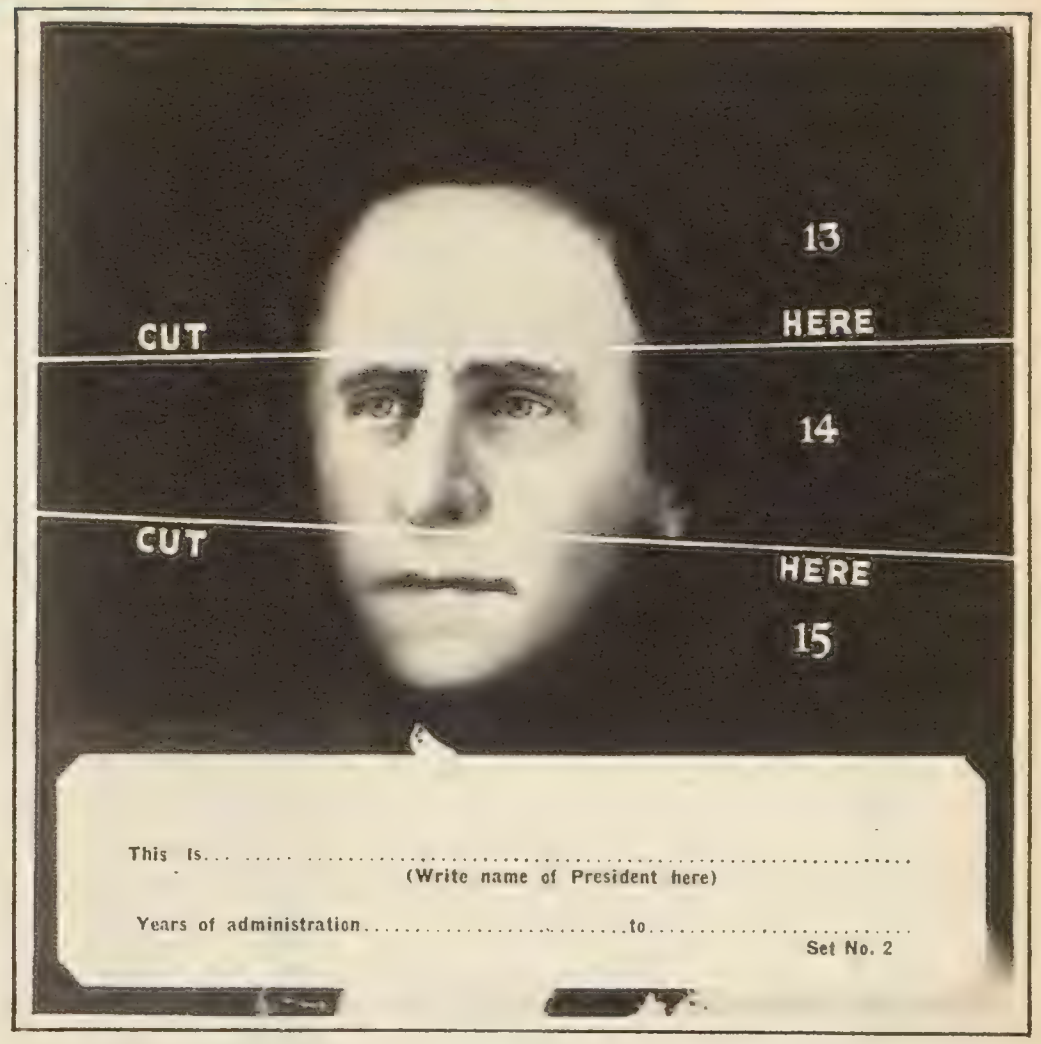
We want especially to interest the children in this educational game. We want them to consult with their parents and their teachers as to the identities of the Presidents.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500 to teachers. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

PRESIDENTS ?



The forehead is that of a President whose wife was a war nurse; the eyes and nose of one who refused a dictatorship; the mouth and chin of one whose daughter became head of a college.



The forehead is that of a President during whose administration postal savings banks were established; the eyes and nose of one whose election was decided by a commission; the mouth and chin of one who fought in Pennsylvania.

RULES

1 Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2 Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3 This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live

4 The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

5 In all, twenty-nine pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of twenty-nine. Then send them to **Presidents,** Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

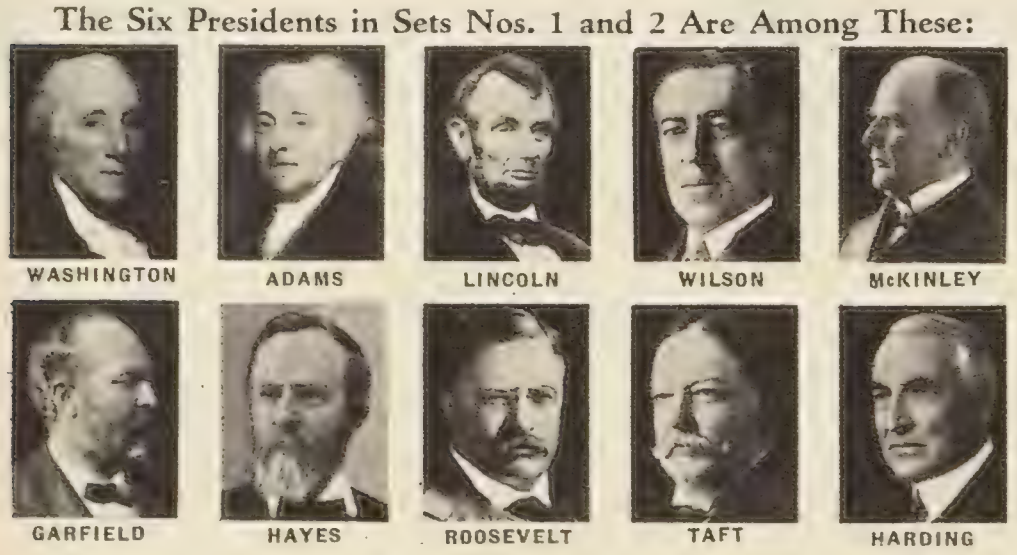
6 *Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department.* Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

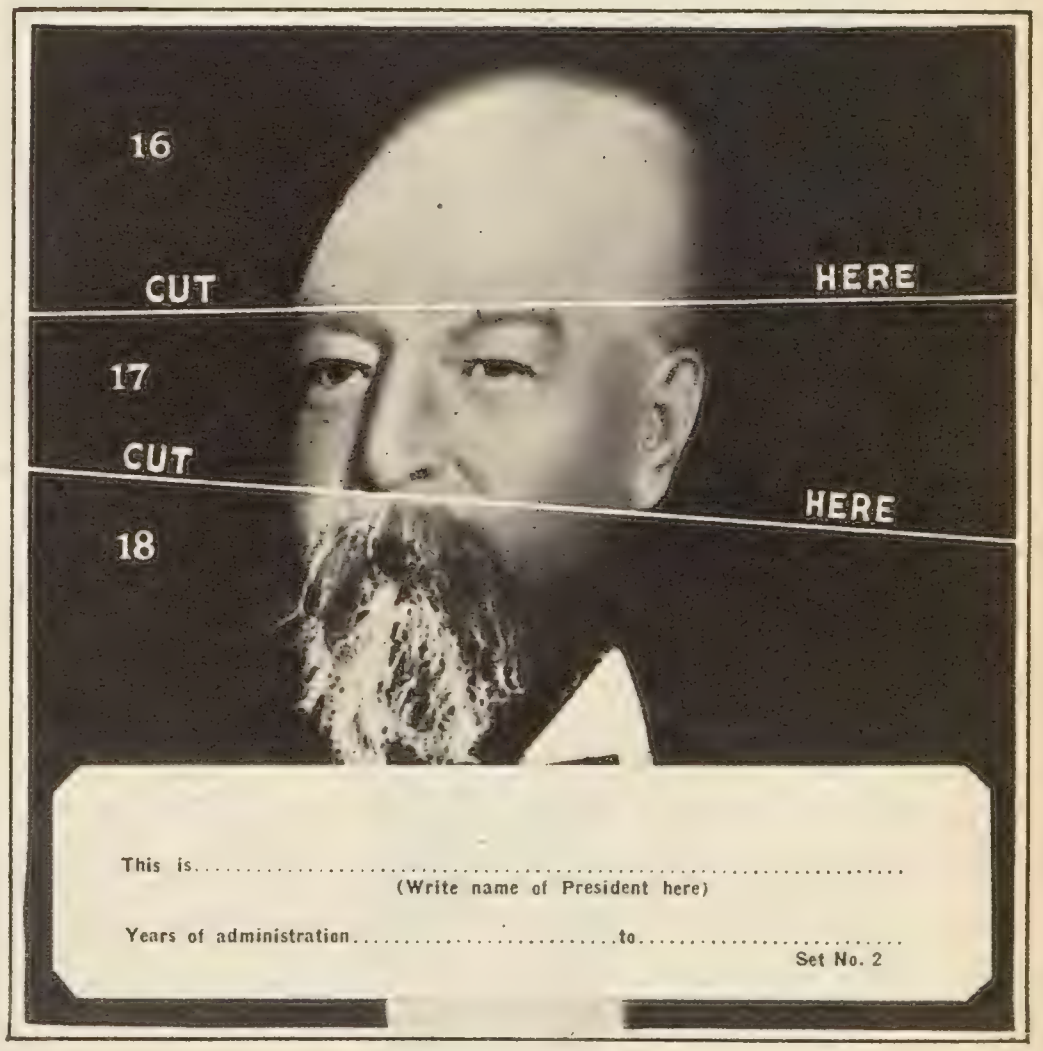
7 Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8 You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9 The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

The Six Presidents in Sets Nos. 1 and 2 Are Among These:





The forehead is that of a Colonel of Militia; the eyes and nose are those of a head of the War Department; the mouth and chin are those of a Major General.

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue of

Liberty

for the Next Eight Weeks

A SMILE, a BOW, and a CLOSE-UP

By QUINN MARTIN

WE MODERNS

Directed by John F. Dillon — First National Picture
Adapted from the Israel Zangwill Play

THE CAST:

Mary Sundale.....*Colleen Moore*
Sir Robert Sundale.....*Claude Gillingwater*
Lady Kitty Sundale.....*Clarissa Selwyn*
John Ashler.....*Jack Mulhall*
Dolly Wimple.....*Dorothy Seastrom*
Beamish.....*Tom McGuire*

THAT pleasing and personable little figure which once came dashing across the screens in a picture called Flaming Youth, and which has been personifying that particular variety of individual right regularly ever since is back again, this time as the flaming and youthful daughter of an English nobleman. Colleen Moore is seen in We Moderns doing much the same things as she has seen fit to give to her public on other—many other—occasions. I imagine she is fully as "cute" this year as last, and the Israel Zangwill adaptation of the play which had a (if you say it quickly) fairly successful experience on Broadway, allows her ample latitude for displaying her varied group of emotions appertaining to the modern girl and the modern girl's modern parents.

Colleen Moore

You will find her in We Moderns as a child who has decided for herself that since parents fail to devote adequate attention to their babies those same offspring have a perfect right, later on in life, to go to the devil if they so choose. Her own case is, as she makes known in no uncertain manner, one of the most typical of these.

To spite her daddy and her mother she falls in love with a romantic poet whom she never has seen, and goes flying across London in a wild search for the object of her dreams. After straddling, for a moment, one of the lions of Trafalgar Square, jollying the guard at the gates of Buckingham Palace, and making a hurried inspection of the House of Lords, she finds the apartment house in which the verse writer lives, hides herself beneath his bed and is discovered there by that gentleman later on in the evening just as he is removing his shoes for the night.

Jack Mulhall

Miss Moore makes more of this than you will be willing to believe upon a mere glance at so sketchy an outline. There is at least an hour and a half of pretty continuous gambolings hither and thither throughout the gray, English capital, and most of this time the star is bouncing about before the camera, indulging in her most appealing style of acrobatics. I found on the day I saw it that over the audience there swept any number of seriously intended giggles and a few boisterous bursts of unrestrained bellowing. Especially, it seemed, did the young men addicted to raccoon overcoats and fancy cigarette holders pay tribute to the mad caperings of the wide-eyed entertainer upon the screen. You will not be disappointed.

THE SPLENDID CRIME

Directed by William de Mille — Paramount Picture
Written by William de Mille

THE CAST:

Jenny.....*Bebe Daniels*
Bob Van Dyke.....*Neil Hamilton*
Beth Van Dyke.....*Anne Cornwall*
John Norton.....*Anthony Jowitt*
Dugan.....*Fred Walton*
Kelly.....*Lloyd Corrigan*
The Kid.....*Mickey McBan*
Mary.....*Josephine Crowell*
Madame Denise.....*Marcelle Corday*

"BEWITCHING BEBE" is the new and approved style of salutation for the omnipresent Miss Daniels of the Paramount lots. This notice is by way of announcing that very lady in a remodeled version of a not very fresh movie plot called, and quite aptly so, The Splendid Crime. In it, the estimable brown-eyed player is found as a feminine crook—one who is on the verge of reformation.

Neil Hamilton

It happens that the last job she is to tackle before leaving wickedness and sin behind leads her into the fashionable home of a compellingly handsome young man—one of those "scions" who seem always lurking around the corner in movieland, waiting to be discovered and captured by the bad, sweet girl. Just so does Mr. De Mille, the so-called sage of the cinema, direct his "Bewitching Bebe" and his irresistible Neil Hamilton, and just so does the plot of the story proceed.

It is several years after Bebe has turned into the straight and narrow path that she again finds her way into the Hamilton home, this time as a seamstress. The lad she had met on her first, unholy visit there is now in the throes of financial chaos. He is, indeed, on the verge of lifting from its secret drawer the small fortune of one of his own employees, a goodly amount of cash. So that Bebe, out of the goodness of her heart, beats him to the money, assumes the blame for the theft, and wins his heart and his protection throughout the court procedure which follows. Both, in the end, go straight.

In picturing again this often-employed device for the refining of underworld damsels and tempted rich boys, the elder De Mille, with all these years of experience behind him, has found it possible to gloss over matters with a good deal of charm and at the same time bring his high points along with some pace and an occasional wisp of pathos. Certainly Miss Daniels performs ably in the part of the misguided safe-crackeress, and Mr. Hamilton, the youngster whom David Wark Griffith picked up one day out of a crowd of extras which had reported for America, looks swell and acts competently.

Bebe Daniels

Somehow, the films seem always on safe ground when dealing in crooks, and when they introduce as a principal character a good-looking girl with a weakness for flashlights and nitroglycerin, half or more of the battle is won.

CUPID A LA CARTE

Directed by Robert Kerr — William Fox Picture
From the O. Henry Story

THE CAST:

Mame.....*Florence Gilbert*
Tom Hardin.....*Carroll Nye*
Jeffery Peters.....*Maine Geary*
Michael Peters.....*William Colvin*

THE first motion picture company in the history of the world to take seriously that much abused line from Hamlet about brevity being the soul of wit is the firm belonging to William Fox and called the William Fox Film Corporation. As proof of his willingness to give Shakespeare a trial, Mr. Fox has begun the screening of a series of eight O. Henry stories, each to be of two reels length and none of them running a second over thirty minutes. The first has come through, and in its presentation in the Fox private projection room in New York it strikes me as being one of the most delightful novelties of the year.

Florence Gilbert

By this there is no desire to indicate that Cupid a la Carte is a "sensational" picture, nor even an exciting one. It is simple narrative spinning, with the plot always at even pace with itself in the running picture, and with the characteristic O. Henry kick at the final scene. By its very simplicity and its strict adherence (almost to the letter) with the original story it becomes a little thing of individuality and charm, and I should prefer seeing this series of bright, comic, and human storiettes in the cinema than a like number of full-length productions by the best and most lavish of the screen makers. It is a distinct departure from the common run of the movies, and so it is to be hoped that patrons everywhere will take advantage of the opportunity to view it as soon as it is placed upon the silver sheets over the land.

Naturally, it would be an unkind move for anyone to retell in advance the method employed in bringing about the "O. Henry finish" in this story about Mame and her boarding house and all her Gentlemen friends on the railroad line, to which she so handsomely and so efficiently catered.

Carroll Nye

But it may be remarked in passing that the author's fine flair for slapping a living, breathing characterization into a story in a half dozen bare lines of type has been lent to the direction of the film version, and so Jeffery Peters, the comical railroad officer whose soul aim in life lay in eating, has been drawn truly, even to the expression which wreaths his face and the fleeting mannerisms with which his creator so painstakingly endowed him.

For my part, I am going to watch for these short plays and see them whenever it is possible.

Of course, what I mean to say is that you should watch for them, too.

Stars of the Hollywood Movie Colony

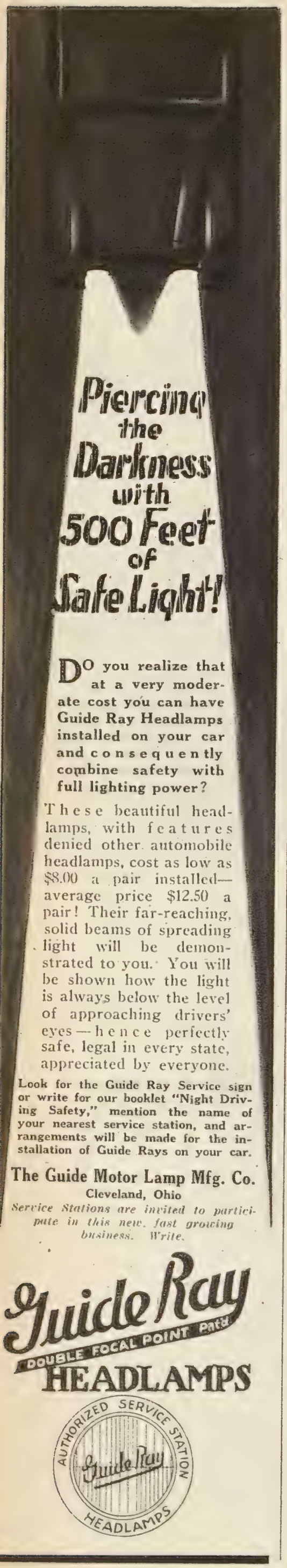
WILLIAM COLLIER, JR., with Barrie (above), considered the most brilliant police dog on the Pacific Coast. Collier received the dog from Wilbur Ralston, one-time schoolmate and a Paramount-featured player, and now a San Francisco diamond merchant. Mr. Collier is not following the Valentino style of small beard and mustache, for he has need of them to play the Persian boy in The Golden Journey.

Eugene R. Richee Photo

ERNEST TORRENCE (above), with Mrs. Torrence and their son, Ian, at their Hollywood home. Mr. Torrence is now in great demand to play villains. He has had the most spectacular rise of the villains since his performance in Tol'able David.

ROSE ROLANDO hasn't been in the movies for five years. She has been too busy dancing in the Music Box Revue and other stage presentations. When it was decided to make Aloma of the South Seas, with Gilda Gray, Miss Rolando (left), pictured here with William Powell, was persuaded to play one of the principal roles.

By RICHARD HALLIDAY



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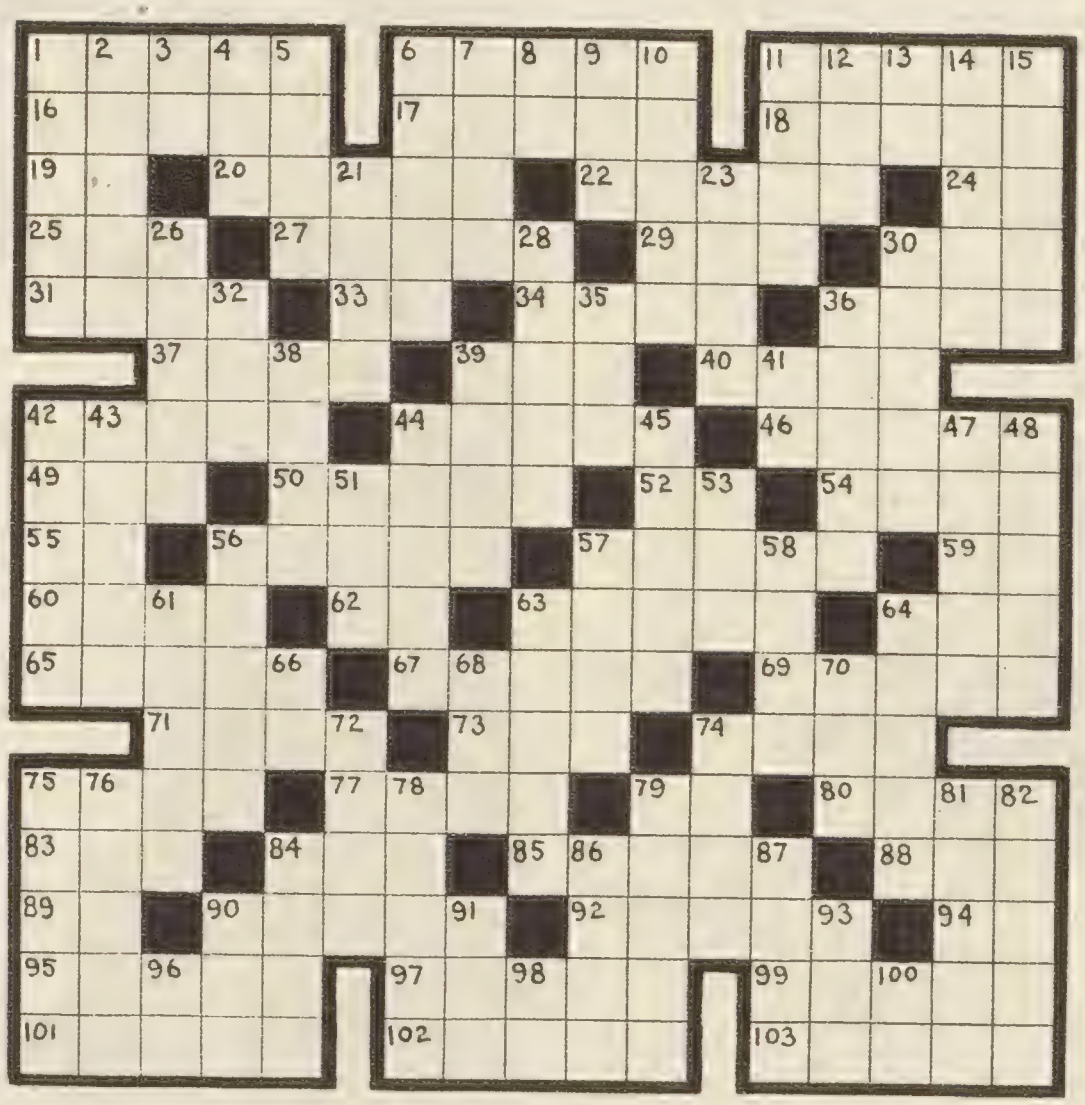
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 52

IF YOU know 100 Vertical offhand or 74 Horizontal, you're a better man than I am, hunka-tin. If you're unable to get 10 Vertical don't tear your hair and scream; just wait till next week when you'll be apprised of the answer.



HORIZONTAL

1 To abdicate
6 A pulpy fruit
11 Core
16 Each
17 The upright piece of a step from tread to tread
18 A brown earth used as a pigment
19 The "Keystone" State (abbr.)
20 Finished
22 Rows one above another
24 Syllable sounded in solmization
25 A form of verse
27 Anxious
29 A pointed instrument
30 Unite
31 Inform
33 A form of "to be"
34 Otherwise
36 Existed
37 Species of flounder (plural)
39 Governor of a dominion in Turkish districts
40 The American ostrich
42 A creed
44 Stacks
46 Obtains by effort
49 A pronoun
50 A constellation
52 Centimeter (abbr.)
54 Former English gold coin
55 Toward the top of
56 The blue sky
57 Distributes
59 To partake of reality
60 To move in a certain direction
62 Either
63 Food miraculously supplied to the Israelites
64 A knot
65 A poem of lamentation
67 Grudge
69 Crustaceans
71 To lament
73 Feminine proper name
74 To reconcile to the deprivation of anything
75 Hurried
77 On the ocean
79 A Japanese measure of area
80 A portal
83 Nominal value
84 The Spanish for "river"
85 A title of respect used in India
88 Illuminated
89 Within
90 A river in Italy
92 Mark used to indicate an insertion
94 Act
95 Forgive
97 Moving
99 Bird of the crow kind
101 The choice or select part
102 Gardener's implement
103 Conjecture

VERTICAL

1 A place of deposit for goods
2 Avoid
3 Myself
4 Wrath
5 A river in England
6 Sediment
7 A journey on the back of an animal
8 A pronoun
9 A favorite
10 Assam silkworms
11 Cast
12 Printer's measures
13 Fifth month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
14 Allude
15 Barter
21 Platform
23 Pitcher
26 A shrub
28 Staggers
30 Fatigued
32 A youth
35 Alkaline solution obtained from wood ashes
36 Bears on the person
38 Craft
39 Device for bearing the dead
41 A pronoun
42 A flume
43 To repulse
44 Supports for bridge spans
45 Portion of a drama
47 Man of great wealth
48 Wet or marshy places
51 A letter of the Greek alphabet
53 To provide with a crew
56 Moved by little and little
57 Facts or principles granted
58 Openwork fabric of fine threads
61 Fresher
63 Mythical king of the golden touch
64 Trite
66 Personal pronoun of the second person
68 Pastry
70 Tatter
72 Couple
74 A dam in a river
75 Steeple
76 List of persons summoned as jurors
78 An entire animal being (plural)
79 An allotted portion
81 Alternate rising and falling of the ocean (plural)
82 A kind of short jacket worn by women (plural)
84 Classify
86 Tart
87 Great mass of ice
90 The hard stone of a fruit
91 Serpent
93 A letter of the Greek alphabet
96 A syllable applied to a note of the scale
98 The symbol for tantalum
100 One of the brothers of Odin (Norse myth.)

Answer to Puzzle No. 51

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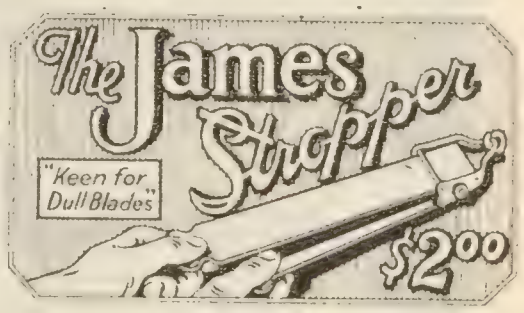
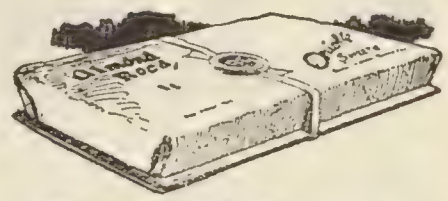




Almond Roca

—also a "hit" in the east!

If we are to judge by demand, Almond Roca is making the same "hit" in the East that it did in the West. It is an original confectionery creation. Not a hard candy; not a cream candy; not chocolate. The West "went wild" over it. The East is now peppering us with orders. It is a dollar and a half a package—and your money back if you have tasted another confection its equal.

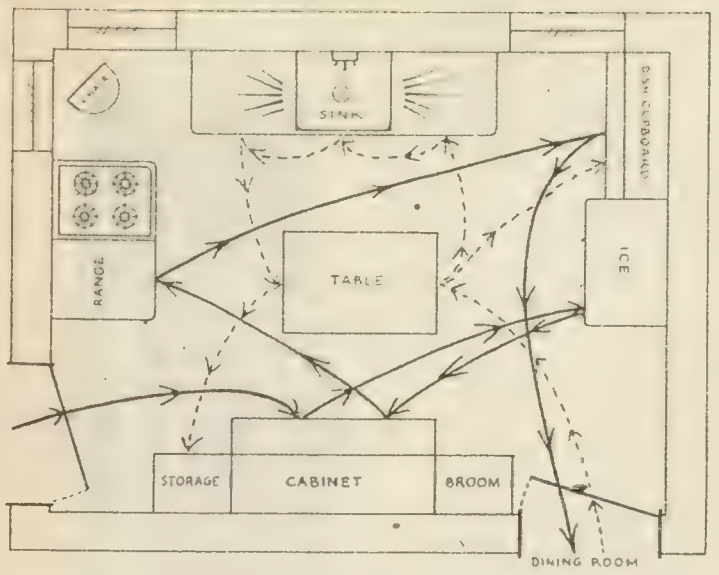
NOTE: We are developing our distribution as fast as consistency permits. So, should you not readily locate an Almond Roca dealer, address us direct, giving us the name of the dealer from whom you prefer to make future purchases. * * *
BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Almond Roca

—America's Finest Confection

Plan *to* Save Steps *in* Your Kitchen

By Ethel Somers



Kitchen A (above) is grouped hit or miss; kitchen B (at the right) is grouped after planning. Note the difference in the worker's path as the meal progresses.

TIME to start dinner! Too often that means a time for scurrying and marathoning. Too much drudgery—hand and foot work; not enough craftsmanship—head and tool work. Are you master of your work or is your work master of you? Are you taking needless, ill-directed, ineffective steps resulting in unnecessary fatigue—a hand and foot combination? If so, stop to consider the cause and its elimination.

Quite commonly you will find that the kitchen needs rearranging (routing) at some point. Be it only a table that is out of place, it can cause many needless steps. There should be a concentration of supplies and equipment at the point where these will be used. Remember that the kitchen is a workshop rather than a display room. Consequently, though the double boiler may look better in the cupboard with the saucepans, it should, nevertheless, be put at or near the sink, since, regardless of what is put in the top section, there must be the protecting layer of water in the bottom, likewise the teakettle, coffee pot, tea urn, etc. At the cabinet or work table one needs the baking equipment; at the stove the broilers, griddles, fry pans, etc. The placement of all of these items is so obvious that it is commonly entirely overlooked. Is there a proper grouping of equipment in your own kitchen?

Just as important as the concentration of supplies and equipment is the co-ordination of the various working processes. The food, in its preparation, should pass directly from one work surface to the adjacent one for further preparation and so on, to the dining table itself. To emphasize this point sketch A, illustrated herein, represents the path of the worker in preparing the given menu. Sketch B shows the same after the kitchen was intelligently routed or rearranged. The difference is that the second arrangement eliminates the extra steps. Food, in its preparation, passes from the icebox to cabinet to stove to serving table to dinner table with no retracing of steps. After the meal is completed the dishes pass back to serving table to right sink drainboard to dishpan to left drainboard to cupboard. The passing is all in direct sequence, thus saving effort, time, and energy.

Your kitchen problem may differ from the one sent in to us, but the solution will be derived from studying along the same lines.

Take notice of your steps in getting dinner; eliminate as many as possible through thoughtful analysis and rearrangement. If you have an impossible type of kitchen make what improvements you can and overcome the remaining obstacles with the kitchen cart.

Prepare your home for the days of vanishing servants and increased outside activities. You cannot shut the door on your kitchen problems. Trouble in the kitchen will filter into every room in your house through tired nerves and ragged dispositions.

MENU

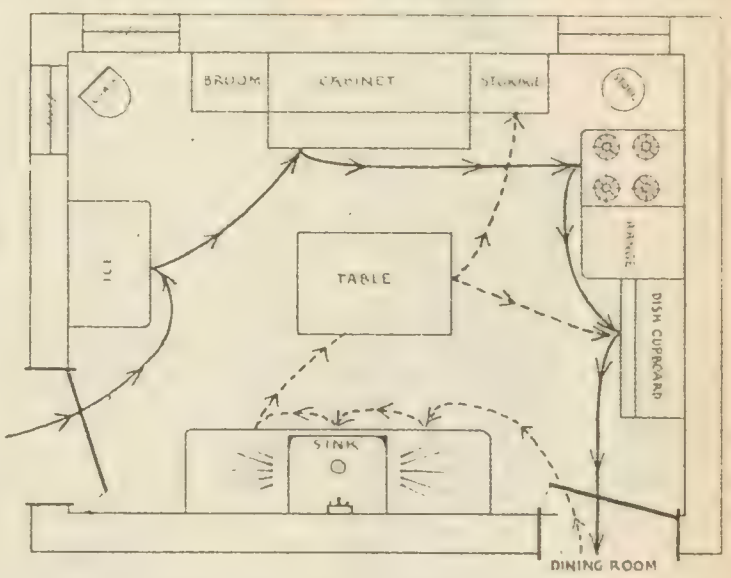
Appetizer—Grapefruit in Shell
Meat and Vegetable Stew — *Hot Biscuit*
Carrot-Cabbage Salad
Pineapple Tapioca — *Cookies*
Beverage

GRAPEFRUIT. Halve the fruit. Loosen the pulp by cutting along each membrane. Remove the core by cutting the membranes loose at the outer edge with a curved knife and pulling the core out. Season with sugar, allowing two or three tablespoons of sugar to each grapefruit and placing same in the hole left by the core.

Meat and Vegetable Stew

½ pound beef, shoulder cut
½ pound veal, shoulder cut
1½ onions, chopped
6 potatoes, halved
1½ cups rutabaga, diced
1½ cups carrots, sliced
1½ cups string beans, split
6 stalks celery, sliced
¼ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

REMOVE the gristle from the meat and cut it into two-inch cubes. Roll the pieces in flour. Brown the onion in the hot fat until savory, then add the meat and brown well on all sides over a hot flame so as to sear the meat quickly without cooking out its juice. Add one quart of hot water; simmer for one hour; add the vegetables and cook until tender (thirty-five to forty-five minutes). Add water if it is needed, but avoid adding too much; there should be about one-third as much liquor as meat and vegetables when the stew is done. Thicken the gravy by adding a paste made of one-fourth cup flour and one-half cup water beaten together. Stir while adding the paste, and



Group all fixed units in the proper sequence. Arrange utensils within the spaces where they will be used—near stove, sink, work table, serving table, etc.

after the addition has been made, until the mixture thickens, then continue to cook for ten to fifteen minutes.

Hot Biscuit

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
¾ to 1 cup milk

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Cut the fat in with two knives or work it in lightly with a fork—do not pack the dough. When the fat has been cut into balls as fine as cornmeal add the milk, stirring it in lightly with a fork and mixing as little as is possible. Use three-fourths cup of milk if the biscuit are to be rolled out and one cup if they are to be dropped. Roll the dough out or pat it out to one-half-inch thickness on a lightly floured board. Cut into biscuit and bake in a very hot oven (475° F.) ten to twelve minutes or until well browned. The amateur had best add the full cup of milk and drop the biscuit in rough shapes from a spoon onto a buttered tin, as the less the dough is handled the more tender the resulting biscuits. Bake as for rolled biscuit.

Cabbage-Carrot Salad

1 medium carrot, raw
2 cups shredded cabbage
1 cup roasted peanuts
French or cream dressing.

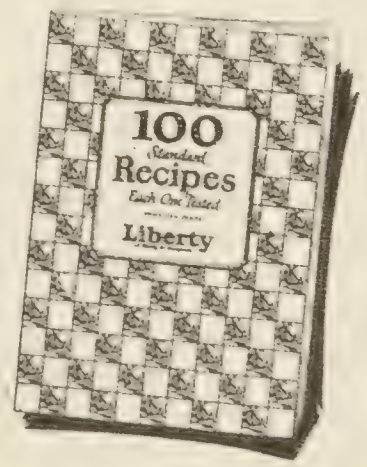
CHOP the nuts, after removing the brown skin, and vegetables by passing them through a food chopper, using the medium or coarse chopper. Add the salad dressing and serve chilled on lettuce.

Pineapple Tapioca

6 slices pineapple or 1½ cups grated
1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup tapioca, granular
1 quart liquid (pineapple juice plus water)

PLACE the pineapple in a baking dish and cover with the sugar and seasonings. Cook the tapioca fifteen minutes in the hot liquid in the top of a double boiler, stirring frequently. Pour this cooked tapioca mixture over the pineapple and bake the whole until the tapioca is clear and the pineapple tender. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Send for the Liberty Cook Book



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If you have little troubles in deciding just what to cook, and how to cook it, let this helpful collection of Miss Somers' most popular recipes solve your problem. Every recipe has been tested in the Liberty Kitchen.

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Please send me a copy of your new cook book, One Hundred Tested Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

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1-23-26

Gowns *from* Patricia Patterns Stress *the* Flare

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

HERE are five singularly stylish and unusual frocks, designed in youthful one- and two-piece modes that employ every smart version of the flare. It is an important showing of the smartest frocks of the season. They are exact copies of Paris models.

Quite the loveliest model for general wear, of shimmering rust-colored crepe satin, with beige silk crepe contrasting, is shown in design No. 2568. It is a type you may wear all afternoon, and still be appropriately dressed for an informal dinner party. It has all the new style features. Velveteen, charmeen, flat crepe, or kasha is also adaptable for this style. Cuts in sizes 14-16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¾ yards of 54-inch material with ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Very youthful—very dashing is the little frock in design No. 2580. The skirt is full and circular, with the graceful swing now so popular. It is made of futuristically patterned woolen fabric—the newest idea for sports wear. French gray chiffon velvet with flame-colored silk crepe, navy blue wool bengaline with beige silk crepe, or pencil blue velveteen is lovely for afternoon wear. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A frock of distinction for sports wear is

By PATRICIA

expressed in design No. 2632. Copen wool jersey is used for the blouse, with smart woolen plaid in copen, gray, and dark blue for the skirt and contrasting. Tweed, wood brown balbriggan, dark green velveteen, or navy blue flat crepe is smart and practical for everyday occasions. If made of one material, with contrasting collar and cuffs, it will take 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting. It cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure.

The straight lines of this frock are decidedly slenderizing. Style No. 2549 is made in princess manner, with a slightly molded bodice and flaring side sections. It is an excellent frock for daytime wear, made of twill, kasha, ombre woolen plaid, velveteen, or crepe satin. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3 yards of 54-inch material with ¼ yard of 27-inch dark and ½ yard of 18-inch white material for contrasting.

The frock pictured in design No. 2642 has proved to be a very flattering model with its long waist skillfully cut to define the figure. The boyish collar and cuffs are interesting. Just picture yourself in this stunning frock of black crepe satin with gold embroidery on the pencil blue crepe silk collar, cuffs, and applied front band. It has saucy metal buttons down the front. A youthful suggestion for sports wear is a tweed of basket-weave effect in green, orange, and tan coloring. The collar and cuffs are of tan organdie, embroidered in gold. Cuts in sizes 14-16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

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Mid-Season Clothes Conceal Straight Lines

By

Mary Brush Williams

IF MAKING a generalization on the mid-season fashions it would be that the flare is still flaring and the straight line is all the while falling a little more precipitously than ever.

In a Paris private school a class has for its motto a Latin phrase which means "with equal pace and together." Of course, every girl in that school is secretly traveling under the unvoiced motto of trying to beat every other girl at the game of life in all of its departments, from those of dress, romantic love, and social position up through the more sensational ones of wealth and fame. But that isn't said out loud.

And so it is with those two fashion outlines. You would think they were going along with equal pace and together in amicability. Yet each of them had its great dressmakers backing it, who are all discreet enough to play the game safely by saying what a lovely outline they think the one is that they do not use.

They also carry exquisite examples of the one that is not their choice. In other words, there is a contest on, and betting appears to be about even as to which will win. As for us, it is a good time to wear out the outlines which we have on hand and when buying to get for once that which becomes us most, knowing we shall still be in style.

Of course, Callot and Vionnet, two of the world's greatest designers, will always favor the straight, even if they adapt their art to other molds. Monsieur Molyneux, being English, I suspect of preferring straight lines. Nobody can tell about that diplomat Monsieur Jean Patou, but he has aplenty of both silhouettes in his collection, while Poiret, being short and fat, always did like large, swirling, circular movements. Lenief also prefers things to zigzag and slant and draw up on one side and even to flare.

Lelong is for movement, and he doesn't care how straight your skirts fall when you stand, but he doesn't like you to stand very much of the time, and he wishes them to throb and beat and pulsate to the motion of your body. Worth does a lot with flaring outlines, considering he is an Englishman, and Cheruit adapts herself to them, whether she likes to or not. Renée does marvels with the flare, and Chanel contents herself for the most part on day clothes by letting them jut out a little here and there. On the whole, it would seem as if the preponderance of the world's best talent was on the side of the straight line, and yet the flare would appear to have it.

Of the flaring silhouette in coats the second one shown here is the most successful. It won out over the raglan effect which a season ago was sponsored by Lanvin (who, by the way, loves the *bouffant* silhouette). They are taking this model all round Paris and making more of an open umbrella effect of it on the sides. This is accomplished by inserting more godets closely together in some instances, and in others by cutting the skirt in gores. Once in a while they let the ruffle go across the back, too, and they bind the bottom of this skirt with a band of fur, so that the lady wearing it looks as if she were inclosed in a hoop of fur.

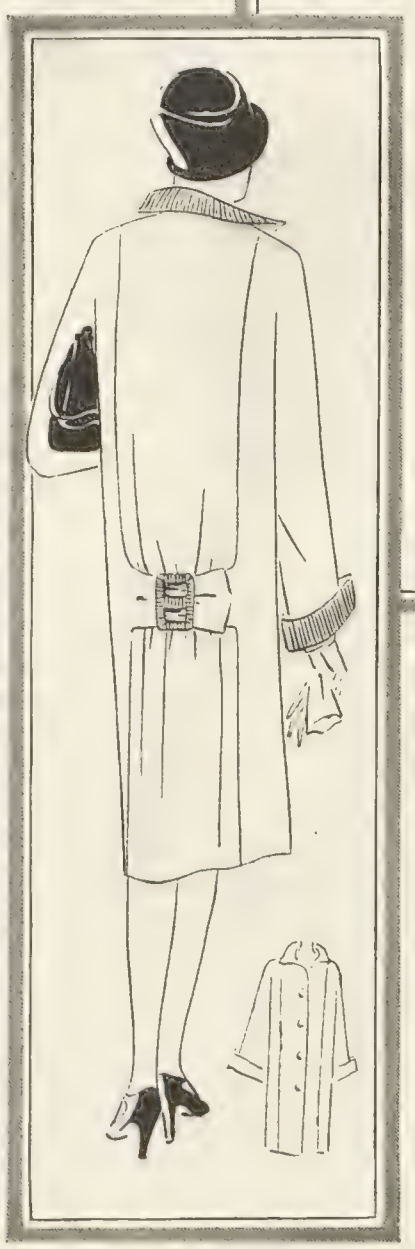
The fourth illustration represents another of the prevailing favorites. Sometimes those box plaits are stitched down to within eight inches of the bottom of the skirt, thus making a practically straight effect. Even the French wear it that way, and one of the best dressed of the Parisiennes can be seen daily in this coat thus treated, thereby indicating that the straight silhouette has endeared itself to a race not supposed to be exactly suited to it by nature.

You will observe that these two models have preserved enough independence of movement not to fall for the back fullness motif.

And yet here is one that did yield to the season's demands, and I think it is almost the prettiest as well as the most individual. How eminently suited it is to tall, long-waisted figures, and how appropriate it would be for the rigors of a Southern social season as well as for a Northern spring. It is of navy blue rep and has wine-colored corded silk for its collar and cuffs.

The use which Monsieur Patou has made of the yoke is the notable feature in the third model. Time was when the yoke was deemed appropriate only for nightgowns and Mother Hubbards, but now it appears in the most formal society. This yoke has tabs that tie in a side boutonniere effect. The chances are you haven't heard of a yoke that ties before—unless it was this one. Monsieur Patou was so pleased with his own idea that he used it first on a dress of hunter's green velour de laine, and now on one of a slazey, all-set-for-the-Riviera material.

The dress is pretty when made in printed silk, with yoke and small trimmings in plain silk.



COAT of vegetable satin (at left, above), very appropriate for Palm Beach and spring and even summer. It is of bronze green and trimmed in natural-colored wolf fur. The flare is acquired by godets, or by gores. By Lucien Lelong. Jean Patou designed the dress at the right, of dark blue crepe de Chine, made with box plaits at each side of the front and the back, and a yoke with ends that tie in tabs.

COAT showing the straight outline as well as the movement for centering the interest in the back. It is of navy blue rep.

MODEL showing a coat with a straight outline. The material is beige-colored rep trimmed in bands of brown crepe de Chine.

SCENTING

The Secret of Selecting Perfumes to Suit a Woman's Personality. Rare Lessons from Famous Beauties of Yesterday and Today

Nathaniel Frank Photo

Mae Murray, to whom the perfumes of distinctly feminine lure are most suitable.

DOES your perfume truthfully express your personality? Is it a faithful indication of your character and taste?

If not, it is high time for you to mend your perfumed ways and to learn that there's a blend for every personality and a way to find it.

For the woman of wealth who wishes her perfumes fitted to her as perfectly as her clothes there are the experts—masters of their calling.

To these gifted specialists in esthetic perceptions—centered largely in Paris but sometimes to be found in other cities—milady presents herself. There follow great ceremonials, many preliminaries, scrutiny, diagnosis, consultation, questioning. Then — fateful moment — selection. Milady emerges—scented, complacent, less opulent.

But there are other masters of perfumes within the reach of every woman. Intuition, tradition, history—all are at her call. And it should be on the whisperings of these masters that selections are made.

Too often, alas! the perfume chosen by a girl shrieks to the skies her indifference to things beautiful. If she chases Romance with musk, even the moon glides behind a cloud. But let her perfume be light as April showers or a silvery laugh or the haunting swish of a silken skirt, and Romance will come tripping.

A wholesome, athletic type frequently chooses rose for her perfume. A luxury-loving feminine creature who trails tea gowns on her rose-cushioned chaise longue will choose a subtle, blended aroma.

The flapper will snatch whatever perfume is most popular at the moment, the more eagerly if it has an attractive name, such as Christmas Night or Easter Morn.

The vamp uses a heavy, spicy scent because, she has been told, it arouses the love instinct. She fancies that, wrapped in a seductive wave of sensuous fragrance, she will prove irresistible.

Consider the stars of filmland. They have distinct personalities and inevitably suggest certain perfumes.

With eyes tight shut, imagine yourself in the boudoir of Pola Negri, the 1925 Cleopatra. Can you picture a couch heaped with vivid cushions, odd in shape and fantastic in design? Would it be surprising if the spicy odor of carnation trembled in the air? Yet, if you slipped into the dainty room of the fragile, flowerlike Lillian Gish, you would be shocked to find her using any perfume other than delicate lily of the valley or white rose.

Colleen Moore, the boyish type, suggests the scent of sweet peas.

Colleen Moore is a boyish type. If she passed by your window, striding along the road in a trim walking costume, the clear, wholesome scent of sweet peas would say, "How do you do! Isn't it a glorious day?"

Would you hazard a guess as to what perfume suits Mae Murray? She is so irresistibly feminine that she ought to affect perfumes with distinctly feminine lure—tuberose, languorous, elusive, youthful; or violet, another fragrance seeming to enhance the feminine charm.

Then there is Gloria Swanson. And Mary Pickford. Worlds apart. Gloria, a lawless, outspoken cosmopolitan; Mary, a naive, unsophisticated child with long, golden curls and innocent blue eyes. Gloria might use one of those subtle bitter-sweet creations of late Parisian design; Mary would loathe it. Mary would sniff smilingly at hyacinth or violet. Gloria would shrug a perfect shoulder and consider it insipid.

Norma Talmadge, the society woman type, should have a variety of perfumes to suit every occasion.

White Photo

Ethel Barrymore's stateliness calls for the dignity of lavender.

THE stately Ethel Barrymore suggests lavender. Lavender has such dignity and Shakespearean charm. But Corinne Griffith needs something more romantic. Fragrance suggesting a star-studded sky and moonlight, with shaded lights and soft music—nicotine, perhaps, or narcissus.

Norma Talmadge should have a perfume to suit every occasion, for she is quite the society woman. Or, perhaps better still, a perfume blended for her by one of the masters who have studied types and perfumes and how to make a perfume express individuality. And even the name of the perfume should be suggestive of Norma's own self.

How do these perfumes get their names? Who dreams them? Does the chemist who creates a delicious new perfume, unlike any other yet evolved—does he name it, as a parent would name his first child? After its grandfather, perhaps. Attar of rose was the base

a MYSTERY

By
MAURINE ROBB

Lillian Gish should use delicate lily of the valley or white rose.

Kenneth Alexander Photo
Corinne Griffith needs something romantic.

Mary Pickford, the unsophisticated, would sniff smilingly at hyacinth or violet.

Edward Thayer Monroe Photo
Gloria Swanson might well use those subtle bittersweet creations from Paris.

of the mixture; he calls it, perhaps, La Rose France. Or, being an artist, a dreamer, does he sit with a vial of his precious perfume before him, breathing deep of its fragrance, romancing the while, "Ah, it is the best of all the flowers; it is "Le Parfum Ideal!" Or, letting his thoughts be carried back on the wings of his perfume, exclaim, "Ah, how Du Barry would have loved this!" And Du Barry clings.

But you cannot be *chic* with only one perfume. Perfume should express not only character but mood, feeling. There should be a perfume for every occasion—a prim perfume for the office, a tailored perfume that goes a-walking, a flirting perfume that must a-dancing go, a lullaby perfume.

No one would dream of prancing into the opera in a riding habit, nor of playing a mashie shot in a string of pearls! A dress for every occasion and a perfume for every dress! Why not? Ultra modern? Not a bit of it.

The most beautiful women of the world have reveled in a lavish use of perfumes. Naomi, out of the wisdom of her years, commanded Ruth to anoint herself before seeking the favor of Boaz. Esther was required to purify herself for six months with myrrh and for another six months with "sweet odours" in preparation for her audience with King Ahasuerus.

Sandalwood scented the *billet-doux* borne by swift runners from the designing Queen of Sheba to the haughty Solomon. Nor did her fragrant missive prove unfruitful. Out of the store of his abundant wisdom the King spake thus, "Perfume rejoices the heart," and it is written that "King Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his bounty."

Nor were the maidens of the old Roman Empire less prodigal in their application of perfumes and cosmetics.

Whenever Poppæa, the winsome wife of the fiddling emperor, went on a world cruise not a few jars and bottles but thirty she-asses were the source of her constant supply of fresh complexion cream. Turkish women, behind the swaying curtains of the harem, crimsoned their lips with white vinegar and satiny rose petals, concocted refreshing ointments for their bodies and perfumes for their hair, that they might prove more alluring to their lords.

Cleopatra, the darling of the Nile, the queen of Antony's heart, dared not trust to her beauty alone. Long before masculine eyes had bathed in the healing radiance of her unveiled beauties waves of strange, languorous perfumes, wafted from the sails of the barge wherein she lay, stole the senses of her suitors. The draperies of her room and couch were heavy with more and intoxicating scents.

WHEN Rome fell perfume fell. Together with civilization she went into exile. Attar of rose and precious scents from Arabia still held sway in the cloistered harems of the East, but they did not perfume the pages of history until the reign of the Louis in France.

The age of the Louis was an age of vanity. Powder, rouge, and perfumes were the weapons of courtesan and queen alike. Even the men powdered their hair, scenting it with the fragrance affected by the ladies of their hearts and tying it with ribbons of their colors.

Perfume gave the fashionable touch to every elaborate costume. Milady bathed her body in the juices of strawberries and raspberries. Carrots, beet root, and bergamot were the main ingredients of the far-famed *poudre d'amour*, invented by a court favorite of Louis XIV. and invariably kept in a sandalwood box. This passion for perfume became so rampant that the court of Louis XV. was known as the "scented court," where etiquette demanded a different perfume every day. This decree is said to have cost Pompadour a million francs a year.

Nowadays, however, it is not necessary to spend a million francs a year. A perfume may sell for twenty-five dollars an ounce, but that is no reason for believing that it is the best perfume on the market.

Paris, for instance, is today partial to the delicacy of a delicate lilac mixture which New York does not admire. Perhaps because since the war, when strange, spicy perfumes became the rage, it is blended perfumes with an elusive fragrance which the girls like.

What is the use of favoring a delicate flower scent if the girl next to you has a strong, pungent perfume which will at once call to the senses of your partner? And a small dollar

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SCENTING A MYSTERY
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

bottle of any good perfume with a well-known maker's name will outlast twice its equivalent in cheap varieties, because blended in it may be violet essence at three thousand dollars a pound, jasmine at one thousand two hundred dollars, ambergris at forty dollars an ounce.

Remember, it takes a mere pin point of the pure essence to perfume a large bottle. It is like leaven! So there you are! If Cleopatra and Esther used perfumes many and varied, why not the Helens and Marys of today? The modern taste, however, is for mixed perfumes such as Du Barry and Pompadour would have loved. Blended fragrances are much easier to obtain now because the art of perfumery has developed greatly since the early part of the eighteenth century.

What is perfume, after all? The fragrance of flowers, you answer. So it is, but it is more than that. Flowers form the base of pure perfumes, and nature still wears her crown as the perfumer supreme. The world is her garden. At Cannes she planted roses, acacia, and jasmine; at Nymes, thyme and rosemary; at Nice, violets.

BECAUSE of this prodigality in scattering seeds all over southern France there are perfume factories all along the Riviera. But she did not stop there. Thinking of all the dear old ladies in their lace caps, nature slipped across the channel to plant lavender in Mitchim. There never was a grandmother who did not love lavender and have bags of it among her clean sheets and pillowcases! Then back went nature to Europe, to plant more roses in Bulgaria and Turkey, more violets in Italy, so that there would always be fresh flowers somewhere to use for the world's supply of perfumes.

Cartloads of freshly plucked flower petals are trundled up to the doors of the perfume factories every dewy morning. Think of a large factory, with its floors piled high with great heaps of rose petals, pinks and red and white! Think of the floors heaped with violets, the dainty purple-blue heads all in one fragrant pile, the stems and leaves in other heaps! For the fragrances are distinct, and yet the two must be blended before the true fragrance of the violet is given off as perfume.

Imagine large trays of glass, three or four feet square and two inches thick, with an inch layer of cool deodorized fat on which have been poured pounds of the dewy flower petals. When the first layer of these has had all its fragrance absorbed into the fat, the limp petals are discarded and fresh petals thrown on until the fat is filled with flower essence. The fat, into which the flower fragrance has

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There are two colors in Brownatone from which any shade may be obtained—one from Blonde to Medium Brown; the other Dark Brown to Black. Sold at drug and toilet counters everywhere, 50 cents and $1.50. Use Brownatone and you will say, as does Mrs. R. H. Staeubli, 836 North Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles, Cal., *"It is the best hair tint I ever used."*

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

been drawn, is known as a pomade. It is in this form that much of the perfume from France is shipped away to the various centers throughout the world where perfumes are made.

Where would any perfume be without alcohol? The pomade is nothing but a lump of fat with a strong smell until it has been given a bath in alcohol! After a week's gentle moving around rhythmically in its alcoholic solution the fragrance forsakes the fat and clings to the alcohol. It is then an essence.

But flowers and alcohol are not enough. If there were not a few animals thrown in perfumes would not be so sweet and varied as they are today. The whale plays a large part in the making of perfumes. It secretes a peculiar, evil-smelling substance called ambergris. The musk-deer and the musk-ox also obligingly secrete a substance so strong that special precautions have to be taken by those extracting the gland containing it. Musk is probably the most powerful and penetrating odor in nature, strong enough to cause hemorrhage in the hunters. But take the littlest bit of musk or the evil-smelling ambergris, add it to alcohol, and it is transformed.

BUT still it isn't perfume, even with the flowers and with the assistance of the whale and the musk-ox. The strong smell of musk must be softened, the delicate fragrance of violet must be brought out. So the perfumer mixes and sniffs, and experiments, and sniffs again. Once in a lifetime, if he is an artist in his trade, he will strike on a blend unlike any other which has been created.

The modern Cleopatra makes careful preparations for conquest. She bathes in scented water, lavishly powders and perfumes her neck and arms, touches the cork to each graceful finger tip, anticipating the moment when her lover will press her hand to his lips. For full measure she will drop a scented wisp of handkerchief, allowing him to find and carry it off as a token of her favor. She knows that, like the knights of old, he will muse upon her charms rapturously whenever its perfume brings intoxicating memories of her presence.

A swain may be hopelessly in love with Kate, but let him whiff the perfume Mary used and his heart will play truant, if only for a moment. He may be an old, old man, comfortably married and successfully grandfathered, and a chance whisper of violet will send his thoughts back fifty years to that naughty creature who nearly wrecked his gay young life! He will see again her full red lips, he will feel again their warmth, and his white-haired wife will wonder if he's suddenly grown deaf.

THE END

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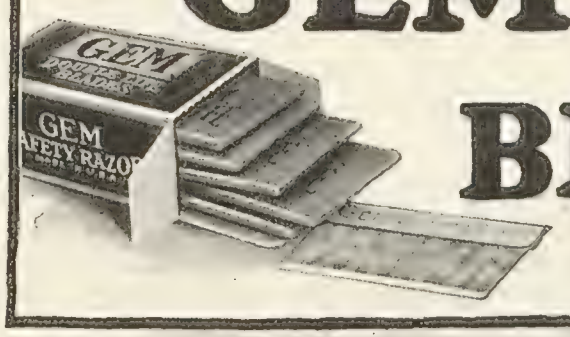

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Our Most POPULAR CRIME

A Bird's-eye View of the Great Wet Wave, Based Upon Impartial Reports from Ninety Cities and Towns, Where Half the People of the United States Reside

By JACK O'DONNELL

Picture by H. WINFIELD SCOTT

THIRD ARTICLE

Murder has become a

REPORTS from the ninety correspondents Liberty recently asked to describe the practical operation of the Eighteenth Amendment indicate that only one State in the Union—Kansas—has triumphed in the battle with booze and bootleggers.

These reports, coming from ninety centers of population, are strikingly similar in their conclusions. They are practically unanimous in stating that bootlegging is prevalent; that disrespect for the Volstead Law has caused disrespect for other laws; that murder has become a common incident in the adventurous game of rum-running; that the younger generation is drinking more than ever; that drunkenness is increasing; that prohibition is steadily losing ground.

While Kansas appears to have the upper hand of the bootleggers, it cannot be said that anything approximating bone dryness exists in the Jayhawker State. Liberty's Wichita correspondent reports that police records show that during the first eleven months of 1925 there were one thousand five hundred and thirty-one arrests for violations of the liquor laws. This marks an increase of four hundred and seventy-two over the twelve months of 1924. In 1911, the last wet year in Wichita, only one hundred and eighty-five persons were arrested for violation of the liquor laws.

It appears from the following letter that liquor is being obtained.

"At a country club the other night there was a bridge party, dancing, and supper. Everybody drank cocktails.

"The bridge was not the success it might have been. The fourth drink won attention away from cards and after that Scotch and dancing. Who would sit in at bridge when they could dance?

"In an hour Bill Wakefield had left the party and his wife in a rage. If his wife would drink she could drink alone. Bill was slightly drunk, but he was indignant, too. Bill's wife was a trifle tipsy and very, very indignant. If her husband wanted to be like that he could be, but she was going to have a good time. She took another drink and took a walk with Sam Rollins.

"There was a terrific fuss outside. Bill Wakefield, thinking better of his desertion of his wife and slightly braced up by the air, had returned and had found Sam walking Bess up and down with his arm around her shoulders.

"Bill let fly with his right fist and knocked both Sam and Bess down. Sam got up and, there in the drive, over the prostrate Bess, they fought like wild men.

"Sam's brother, Edwin, was for going to his rescue and would have, had not Bill's cousin, Bert, stopped him. That made two fights. Edwin and Bert were hard at it on the clubhouse porch.

"One of the girls lost her presence of mind and telephoned the police. They arrived—ten of them. But no arrests were made. Sam, Edwin, Bert, and Bill are among the most influential citizens of the town and their wives just as prominent."

You might think, reading this, that these celebrators were of low estate, but not a bit of it. Here were gathered the best of the town's young people. And the newspapers had nothing to say about it. What about it? A riot? Not at all.

IOWA

Iowa, which three years ago was considered one of the driest states in the Union, has lost ground steadily in the last three years.

Liberty's correspondent has the following to say about conditions in Sioux City, a city of seventy-six thousand population:

"The present enforcement situation is terrible. Before prohibition Sioux City had thirty-five saloons, and they were rigidly regulated. Now bootlegging is prevalent, offenders are not vigorously prosecuted, and the courts are cluttered with liquor cases.

"The dry laws have brought about a noticeable decrease in general respect for law. Crimes of violence are on the increase. Juvenile delinquency is increasing, too. The younger generation—boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen—indulge in much more drinking than in pre-prohibition days.

"There are more than four hundred and thirty liquor law violation cases pending in the State courts, with a quota of four judges required to handle routine matters as well. Many cases are dropped after indictments are returned."

Davenport is in the decidedly wet column, according to Liberty's correspondent, who reports in part as follows:

"The enforcement situation now has become lax and bootleggers are plying their trade at will. Arrests are made frequently, but fines are light in city and county courts.

"The present prohibition laws have brought about a noticeable increase in general disrespect for law. Juvenile delinquency is the most noticeable and the police matron is kept

common incident in the adventurous game of rum-running.

busy taking care of young girls picked up in resorts and dance halls under the influence of liquor. The younger generation appears to be drinking more than when the city was 'wet.' Boys and girls from fourteen to twenty are frequent violators of the prohibition law and many have been placed on probation by the Juvenile Court. Hip flasks are to be found in all dance halls and disturbances are frequent, many times involving fifteen-year-old girls.

"Conditions in the rural sections of the State are little better than in the city. Saloons of the old type are still to be found in the small towns and liquor can be purchased in the majority of these places. Arrests are few in the rural communities."

IDAHO

Idaho is another State which prohibitionists believed would line up solidly behind the Eighteenth Amendment. That it has not lived up to expectations is indicated in this report from a correspondent at Boise:

"My observation is that those who want liquor and have the price to pay for it can get it here. This State was dry before national prohibition went into effect, and, I think, was rather drier then than now. The courts are hopelessly cluttered up with liquor cases. The younger generation appears to be drinking more than it used to."

Another correspondent in Idaho described an experience which overtook a young girl with whose parents he happened to be acquainted.

"Lulu was nineteen," he wrote, "and had a desire to do something radical. I suppose it was the nervousness of youth. At a football game on the preceding Saturday she had met Dick Something-or-other. Carl, who had taken her to the game, hadn't wished to introduce her to this fellow; but she had insisted, and the upshot of the matter had been that they had made an appointment to meet in front of the library on Friday night.

"Dick came squealing to the curb in eighteen feet of roadster. Where'd she want to go? Anywhere, just so nobody delivered lectures on the dangers of evil company. How about Draggum Inn? Fine.

"In thirty-five minutes Lulu and her bad man entered a room on the second floor of Draggum Inn. There were four others present, two girls and two boys. Five bottles of Scotch decorated the table. Except Lulu, all of the party put down two highballs to celebrate the arrival of Dick and his pretty rag (Lulu). Lulu was not up to such rapid-fire gulping.

"Fifteen minutes later our Lulu was sitting on the window sill, her body inside the room and her legs waving in the air.

"'Come back, you little fool,' snapped one of the two girls. 'It's a hell of a drop to the ground. You'll break a leg.'

"'I'll come back when you open that door—unlock it,' said Lulu, very calmly for a girl about to leap twenty feet.

"'You'll come in now,' said Dick. He came toward the window. He grabbed at her arm. Lulu leaped.

"She landed in a sitting position on the gravel drive. A big motor car heavily freighted with men and women was just leaving. The driver of the car swerved just in time to save her.

"'An angel, an angel,' roared one of the men in the car, 'right from headquarters, b'gosh. A bright, bright angel. In with her.'

"The half-dazed Lulu was unceremoniously yanked into the car.

"From bad to worse. The passengers were enthusiastically drunk. That included the driver, for all his lucky swerving to avoid running over her. Down the road—in the opposite direction from Fair Villa, where our Lulu lived—the big automobile roared at a speed which meant only one thing—certain grief.

"Lulu, wedged in between a singing girl and a groggy man, tried to think of escape. Leaping from the window was bad enough, but the window was stationary. This car was doing sixty-five.

"Her thoughts came to a sudden end. There was a crunch, a smash, a few screams. Then moans. Lulu's life was charmed that night. She was thrown clear. She was conscious and she knew she wasn't badly hurt. But she couldn't rise. Her knee. At her feet lay one of the men. He was still and bleeding. Near by lay one of the girls. She was quiet. The car was ten yards away, wheels up. There were two or three persons under it.

"At the hospital where the police took her a doctor said:

"'All right except a wrenched knee. She's been drinking.'

"It was very fortunate that a nice young man—a friend of the family's—happened to learn of her presence in the hospital. He was a young interne, and along toward morning, when nobody except a sympathetic nurse was present to observe what he did, he carried her out of the place, put her in his own car, and drove her home."

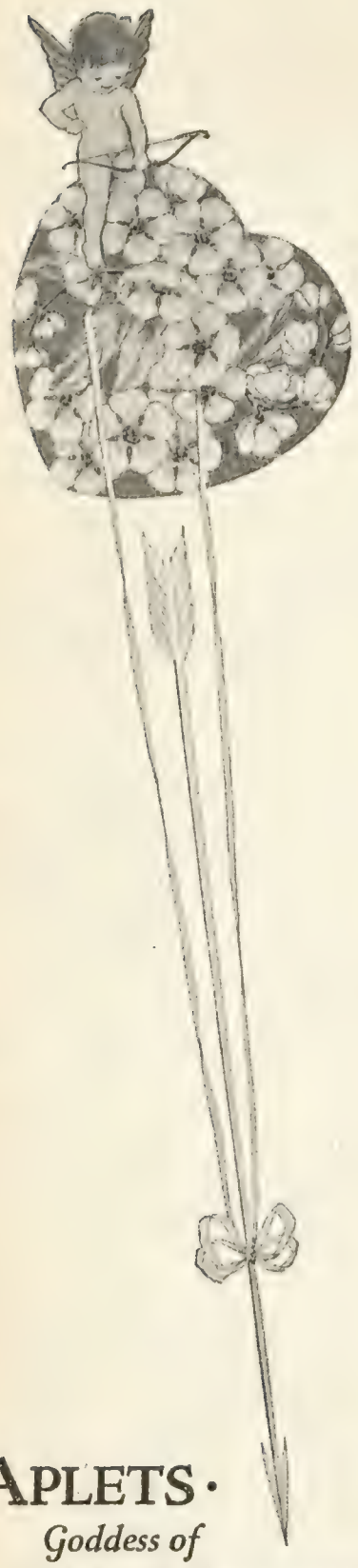
THE DAKOTAS

Now, let us see how prohibition is working in the Dakotas. Says Liberty's correspondent at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where the Ku Klux Klan got behind the prohibition officials in an attempt to make the town bone dry:

"The man or woman financially able to do so can purchase liquor in this city without much trouble. Bootlegging is prevalent despite the enterprise of enforcement officers and the fact that heavy fines are imposed when convictions are obtained.

"It cannot be denied that the attitude of the people toward the prohibition laws has lessened respect for laws in general. There has been an increase in juvenile delinquency due to the fact that more young people of both

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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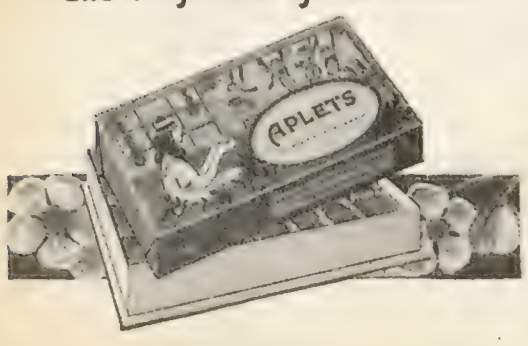

[OUR MOST POPULAR CRIME
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

sexes now think it smart to drink hard liquor.

"All available information indicates that in proportion to numbers there is as much drinking in the rural sections of the State as in the cities. Much of the booze peddled in the cities comes from the farms where farmers operate stills in comparative safety."

Liberty's correspondent at Aberdeen, South Dakota, reports that "liquor of all kinds is plentiful throughout this section of the State. Moonshine, whisky, and alcohol are easily obtained, while wines are rather scarce. Moonshine is dirt cheap, some of it selling as low as one dollar a quart."

North Dakota, bordering on Canada, has little difficulty getting all the liquor its thirsty citizens require. Cities that have the added advantage of being on the Minnesota border get their supplies from two directions and are a little wetter than the cities and towns of the interior. Grand Forks, situated on one of the main highways between Winnipeg, Canada, and the Twin Cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis—and right on the North Dakota-Minnesota line, experiences no difficulty in quenching its thirst.

VIRGINIA

Liberty's correspondent at Danville, Virginia, states that "there are a great many wealthy persons here who are inherently 'dry' and who would not buy spirits even if they had a chance to buy them legally. Most of the persons in this community financially able, and who want liquor, probably purchase it from bootleggers.

"Bootlegging is prevalent in this section of the State, but offenders are vigorously prosecuted. The younger generation appears to be drinking more and not in a shamefaced manner. This drinking usually takes place at parties.

"There is a public irritation over prohibition and a good deal of unrest. Nobody wants the open saloon, but the humiliation from arrest for trivial offenses produces anger, and the penalties are held by some to be excessive."

WEST VIRGINIA

West Virginia, according to Liberty's correspondent, is undergoing a change of heart after having tried State prohibition for ten years and national prohibition for six. Says his report:

"With both State and national prohibition in force today there is ever increasing violation both in Wheeling and throughout the State. Contempt for the prohibition laws has begotten contempt for most other laws.

"The Federal and State courts are clogged with liquor violation cases. Scores of 'high-up' bootleggers have been convicted and sent to Atlanta. But still the flood of poison liquor and high-powered beer continues."

KENTUCKY

Kentucky, formerly the center of the distilling industry, took prohibition seriously at the outset, even going so far as to set aside a day when the schools of the State celebrated Prohibition Day with appropriate exercises. But Liberty's correspondent at Louisville finds that the pendulum of popular sentiment is swinging back the other way.

"Prohibition now means little to thousands upon thousands of citizens except that it has naturally produced an inferior grade of liquor," his report declares. "Bootleggers are to be found everywhere, in the cities and in the rural districts. The moonshine traffic has come into its own.

"Louisville's courts, local and Federal, are cluttered with liquor cases. The bootleggers are, in a few cases, given maximum penalties, but as a rule they get off with a light sentence or fine. Fully seventy-five per cent of the arrests made by police are for alleged violations of the liquor laws."

GEORGIA

Atlanta and all of the eastern section of Georgia are as wet as the ocean which laps its shore, according to Liberty's correspondent in that district. He reports that "bribery, perjury, and murder have been the most noticeable results of prohibition in this section of the State. Booze of all varieties flows like water and is as easily obtained as almost any other commodity. A telephone call brings a bootlegger in a car well stocked with whiskies and gins. Boys and girls of high school age are drinking just like their elders. Juvenile delinquency has increased noticeably. The courts are clogged with liquor cases, but, despite heavy penalties inflicted by Federal courts, the crop of bootleggers appears to increase daily."

ALABAMA

"Awful" is the word used by one of Liberty's correspondents at Mobile to describe the liquor situation in Alabama.

"I've attended many big social affairs in the last six months and on every occasion there was plenty to drink and the young folks were getting away with their share.

"Liquor will be obtainable here as long as ships go to sea and corn and rye grow in the fields.

"The majority of the people of Mobile do not favor prohibition. Consequently they do not respect the law when it comes to making, buying, or selling liquor."

ARKANSAS

"There is no necessity for a man, a woman, or even a child with a thirst to go without liquor in Arkansas," reports Liberty's representative at Little Rock.

"Whisky of the moonshine variety is being sold in most of the cities at high prices. It is also being made and sold in the rural communities. Malt produced by the large breweries is sold openly in local stores and is widely used in home brewing. A grand jury recently decided that the prohibition law did not prohibit the sale of the syrup, because, in the form in which it is handled by the retailer, it is not intoxicating."

OKLAHOMA

Reports from the Southwest indicate that the bootlegger has no trouble finding plenty of customers wherever he plies his trade. Liberty's correspondent at Tulsa, Oklahoma, says:

"The purchasers of liquor appear to be fairly well distributed among all elements of population. The so-called society bootleggers are fairly prosperous, but the alley bootleggers are fairly well under the control of the Federal and State officers. The favorite way of dispensing liquors for the general run of the population is through poolrooms and so-called drug stores, but there is a well-established organization of rum runners plying between the cities and the Gulf ports."

CALIFORNIA

"Los Angeles today is a city of considerable moisture," says Liberty's correspondent in Southern California. "Los Angeles is the center of a Federal internal revenue district where the number of permits for 'two hundred gallons of fruit juice' taken out in each of the last several years has ranged from twelve thousand to sixteen thousand. If nature takes its course with this fruit juice, simple arithmetic tells one that, on the basis of sixteen thousand such permits issued for the year 1924-'25, for instance, the Los Angeles district produced three million two hundred thousand gallons of grape wine.

"According to those who ought to know, there are fifteen thousand professional bootleggers in Los Angeles."

San Francisco, often referred to as "the city that knows how," knows how to slake its thirst. "Whisky flows through the Golden Gate from the north and from the south, not to mention from the west," reports Liberty's correspondent at the Exposition City. "There is an abundant supply of wine and plenty of moonshine. Bootleggers are thicker than flies around a molasses barrel."

This concludes Liberty's summary of the reports it received from its correspondents in ninety cities and towns. The facts have been stated impartially. Liberty has no conclusions to draw. They are left to the reader.

THE END

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R. C. IDDINGS
President

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Mr. M. C. Viles of Wisconsin has been associated with us for several years. He says: "My sales in two years have run over $25,000. One order alone amounted to $1700. I never had any selling experience previous to joining the Fyr-Fyter organization."

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Mr. L. D. Payne of Iowa writes: "I have earned $4,507 in 217 days. I made $159 in my first three days—have had any number of $50 and $60 days." Mr. Payne, like hundreds of Fyr-Fyter representatives, is making big money.

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Mr. Frank De Pries of Ohio has been associated with our company over six years. He has sold over 14,000 Extinguishers and has made as much as $7,000 in one year. He says: "With the new Junior Model I expect to double my previous record."

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Mr. W. E. Findley of Texas, who made $366 his first month, writes: "I broke my record of 41 this week—sold 44 up to this morning. Sold 155 machines in 27 days. Recently I have averaged over $160 a week clear, except living expenses."

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Stanley Ketchel *The* MICHIGAN ASSASSIN

STANLEY KETCHEL, whose real name was Klecal, found himself at the age of seventeen serving drinks to the patrons of a tough and lawless dance hall in Butte, Montana. The son of a weakling father but of a rugged and vigorous mother, his boyhood in Grand Rapids was a mixture of dullness and violence. Leaving home to seek his fortune in the West, he fell in with some tramps who thrilled him with stories of the wide-open copper camps of Montana. There he determined to hunt for the adventure and excitement he craved. How his career began just as it was to end—in a fight over a woman—is told in this week's installment.

PART TWO

STANLEY entered upon his duties as a waiter with enthusiasm. Here was something new and unrestrained—this wide-open gambling den and dance hall. Everything appealed to him. He even found pleasure in carrying aloft a tray weighted with bottles and glasses and sandwiches, wiping off the tables and depositing his burden. His wages were nominal—three dollars a shift—but his tips more than trebled that amount.

Each night was the same, yet different. And each evening he reveled more completely in this wild and lawless atmosphere. Presently he knew most of the girls by their first names, and he became "Stan" to bartender, sucker, gambler, and all.

One damsel, this side of twenty in years, but far older in wisdom, fascinated him. Known as Goldie (ominous name in his history) she and her "friend" were glittering with diamonds and silken gowns.

She smiled tolerantly and comprehendingly at the enthusiasm of the new waiter, and Stan was ever alert to perceive her beckoning nod when her companion ought to loosen up again. Stan served her ginger ale in whisky glasses and slipped the boob whisky in ginger ale tumblers.

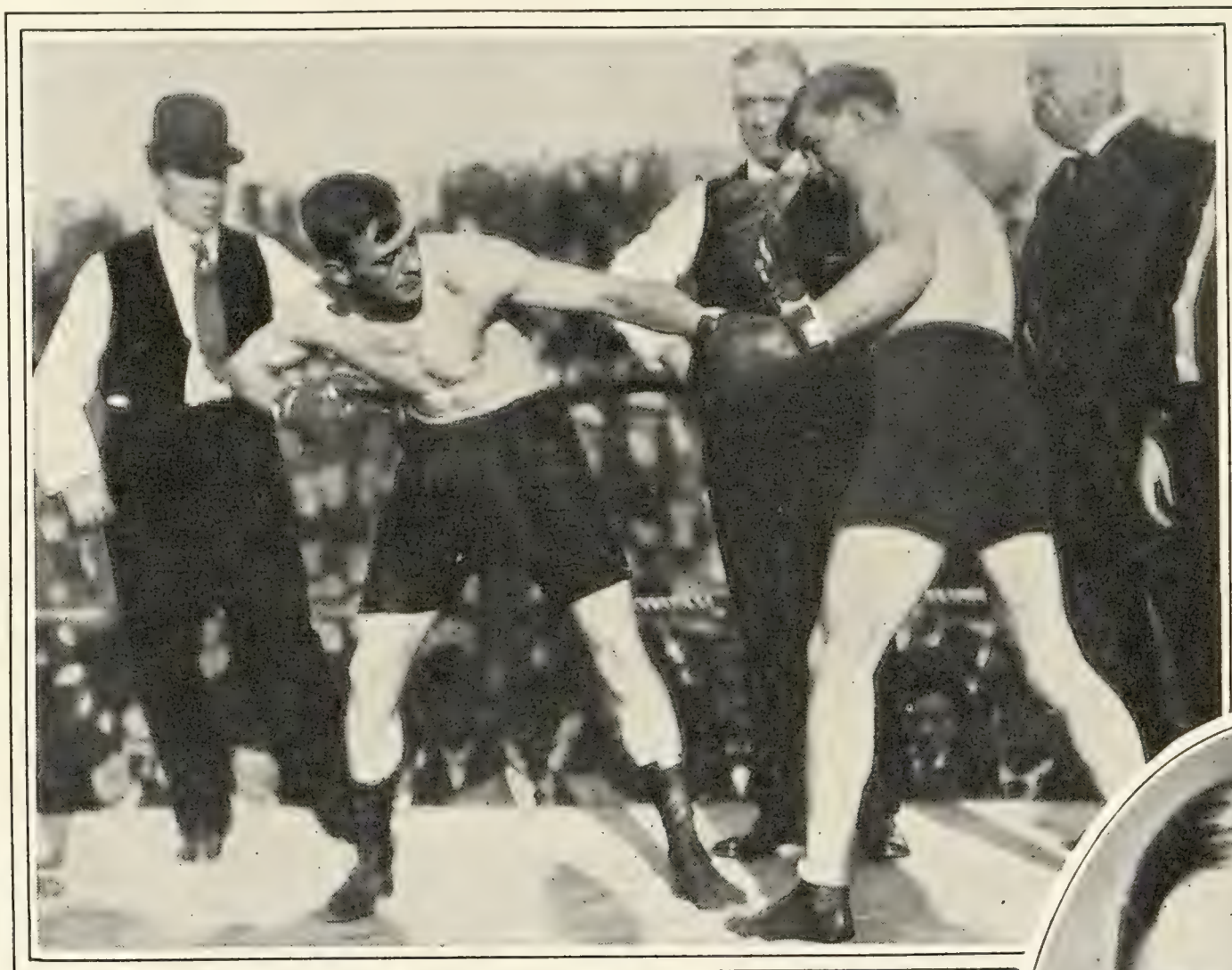
That Goldie's "friend" was none other than Bouncer Joe impressed Klecal not at all. And of course the inevitable clash came—during an altercation one night between the girl and a trio of husky miners she was entertaining. A quarrel over another round of drinks, an obscene reference to her livelihood, and Goldie, secure in her status as the dance hall favorite, deliberately slapped the nearest face.

Stan and the bouncer reached the table in a bound. Joe, who had missed nothing of the affair between the young waiter and his own favorite, shoved her to one side and clutched the man she had struck by his lapels.

"Sit down, you," he growled at the girl. "And you," he addressed the miner, "pay your check and git the hell outta here."

Klecal threw his left forearm across the bouncer's chest.

"Don't horn in," he said quietly. "When I need you at my tables to handle these bums I'll call you."



The Ring Photo

One of Ketchel's greatest fights—his battle with Billy Papke in Los Angeles on September 8, 1908. Ketchel (at the left) was knocked out in twelve rounds.

Joe turned with a snarl.

"Say, you——" he began.

The three miners were doffing their coats as the girl leaped to her feet. Others at the nearest tables pushed their chairs back.

"Leave him alone, Joe," Goldie cried as the bouncer raised his fists before Klecal.

Hazel eyes aglint, Stan stepped back, jerked off his apron, and waited, keeping an eye on the miners, who now joined forces with the bouncer against the youth standing alone in a large circle, his shirtsleeves tight against his great biceps, his wide shoulders bent eagerly forward.

Joe got his first. He feinted with his hands and launched a heavy boot at the waiter's groin. Stan caught the foot, gave it a twist that cracked the ankle bones, yanked the bouncer toward him and while he was thus off balance shot his right fist straight to the bridge of the nose. With the cartilage torn from the nasal bone and with both eyes closed, Joe went down and out as the first miner went into action.

Stan stepped back and in with the shift he was to make world famous, doubled the man with a left to the stomach and uppercut him so savagely that he went to sleep atop the bouncer, several teeth popping onto the polished floor.

The mob was howling with glee, packed in so closely that the other waiters and Frank, the floor man, could not plow through. Goldie stood aside, gazing with half shut eyes at the magnificent sight of the laughing young waiter standing above two of his foes and waiting for the attack the other two made simultaneously.

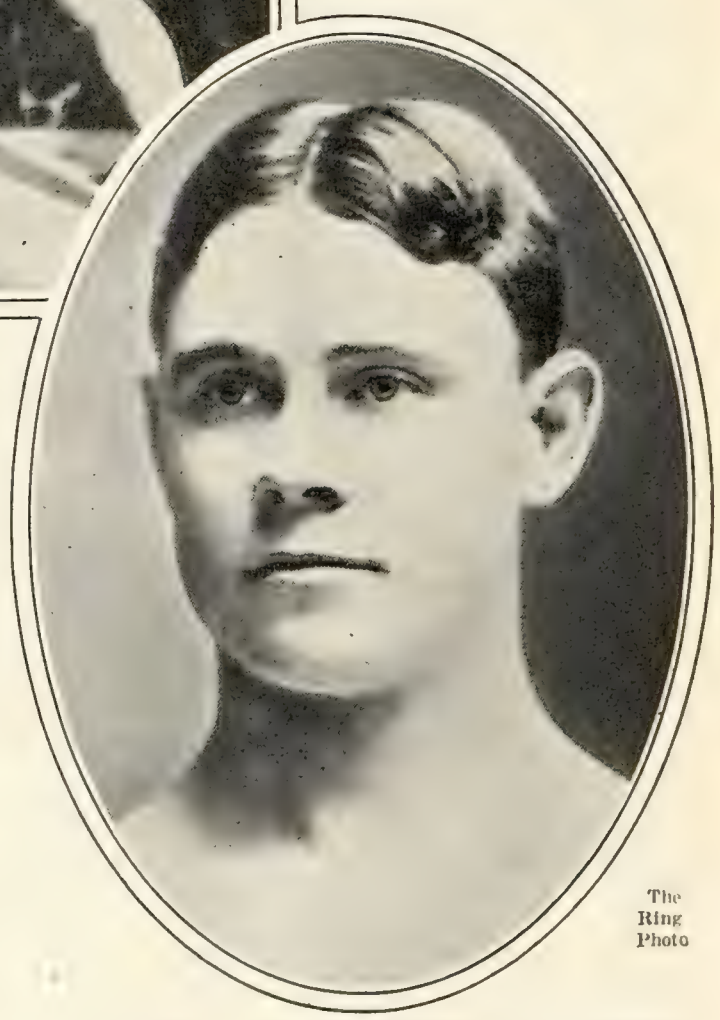
There was no long, desperate struggle. Just four paralyzing blows, and Klecal stood alone, four groaning men writhing on the floor.

FRANK tore his way through the yelping spectators.

"How 'bout it; am I fired?" the waiter demanded.

"Fired? Hell, no! You can have this guy's job if you want it, my boy," the floor man said, pointing with his foot at the bouncer, who was sitting up and gripping his fractured ankle.

"On your way," Frank said to the injured man.



The Ring Photo

Joe Thomas, from whom Ketchel won the welterweight championship at San Francisco in 1907.

Joe got up, glared at his conqueror, and hobbled away, looking back at Goldie.

"Come on the hell outta here," he commanded. "We're through with this dump."

Goldie looked at Stan. Then she turned to the other.

"Ta, ta," she said. "I stay. I'm the bouncer's girl, you know!"

Starting with a Dance Hall Bouncer, He Battles His Way to a Championship, Knocking Out Thirty-three Men in Four Wild Years

By SID SUTHERLAND

Klecal's mighty chest swelled. Then he went for a mop to clean up the shambles.

A young man, nineteen years old, touched Klecal's arm.

"I'll buy a drink," he said. "I want to talk to you. My name's Maurice Thompson. I'm a prize fighter, and I can whip any lightweight in the world. I need a good sparring partner. I'm training for Sid La Fontise. If you'll come over to Reilly's every afternoon for a couple of hours I can teach you a few things you oughta know. What do you weigh?"

"I weigh about a hundred and forty. I'd sure be glad to train with you. Do you really think I'd get anywhere fightin'?" said Klecal.

"Holy cripes! Get anywhere? Say, kid, I ain't worried about you now—but I'm growing, and I s'pose we'll have to meet later on. I'll likely hand you a fine trimmin' if we do. But after I lick you it'll be a hell of a long time before anybody else does. Well, step over tomorrow about three and we'll work out.

"And say, that Polack moniker's no good. If you go in for fightin' you gotta pick out another handle. Let's see: Stanlaws Klecal. You'd better make that Stanley Ketchel. That sounds all right."

Dana Photo

Ketchel's idea of relaxation from the fight game—ducking a sparring partner in a horse trough at Joe Millet's training establishment in Colma, California.

From the Albert Davis Collection

Stanley Ketchel as he looked at the time of his second fight with Joe Thomas.

THEY smiled, shook hands, and went their ways. That night Stanley Ketchel, as he is now to be known, sat down and wrote a brief letter to Ed Dickerson, sporting editor of the Grand Rapids *Herald* and one of the finest influences that ever came into Ketchel's turbulent career.

"Well, Ed," he wrote, "I'm going to be a fighter and I'm going to win the welterweight title, and then I'm going to cop the middleweight title, and then I'm going to be the heavyweight champion of the world. This sounds conceety, but you make a tab of it and see if it don't come true."

On Thanksgiving night, in Butte, Montana, Stanley fought his first main event, dropping one Kid Tracey thirty seconds after the gong rang for the first round. Then, despite Maurice's protest, he made the match with Mose La Fontise. So angry did Mose become at the tyro's remarks that this really great welterweight lost his head and demanded the fight go to a finish. This suited Stanley and they met on Christmas Eve before a throng that packed the dance hall to the rafters.

They still talk about that battle out there—how the novice Ketchel, in his second main contest, was knocked down ten times by the clever, hard-hitting French-Canadian, but fought desperately on until he literally beat La Fontise insensible in the twenty-fourth round.

This victory definitely fixed Stanley Ketchel's destiny and, quitting the bouncer's job, he began, early in 1904, the devastating career that to this day is unparalleled in prize-ring lore. He knocked out five of the best men they could bring in and, beginning with Kid Tracey, the compilers of pugilism's record books began to work overtime the letter "K" that signified a knockout at the hands of the welterweight marvel.

MAURICE, meanwhile, had continued his string of triumphs throughout the Northwest, and they finally fetched him back to face his former pupil. The old friends smiled as they shook hands and ignored the referee.

"Sorry, Maurice," said Stanley. "But, of course, you've grown till you weigh a hundred and forty-five, the same as I do; so I guess we had to meet. Listen, kid, do you want me to go easy—it's only six rounds?"

"Stanley, you're a wonder; but I told you and Goldie you had a trimmin' comin', and I'm gonna slip it to you tonight. Do your stuff, and I'll do mine—and no hard feelings, eh?"

"Right. No hard feelings, Maurice."

Maurice made good. Stanley met his first defeat. A homicidal fighter, he still lacked the finer shades that experience alone can give the genuinely great pugilist. Maurice handed him a cruel working over that summer's night, and Ketchel grinned with bloody lips as he nodded approval of the referee's verdict that his friend had won.

They shook hands in the dressing room.

"No hard feelings is right," Ketchel said. "I certainly learned a lot tonight. But I don't think you can repeat. What d'you say to ten rounds about Labor Day? I want to kick over a few more of these bums, and then I'll be ready for you."

"Sure; ten rounds Labor Day'll suit me. But don't call these birds you're droppin' bums. They ain't bums; and you're workin' up a fine name all through the West. Freddie Bogan, the slickest manager around Seattle, asked me

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
For Sick, Feverish, Bilious Children

Mother! When Child is Constipated

Give "California Fig Syrup"

Children love the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick, or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without cramping or overacting.

Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

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If your answer is "I can" we'll take you, provided you are honest, earnest and willing to work. If you have no previous experience, we'll train you thoroughly so that your success will be assured from the very start. If you're ambitious to go into business for yourself here is your opportunity. Sign the coupon and mail to Dept. 717.

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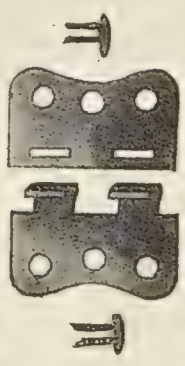
LAKEWOOD BELT FASTENERS



MAKE or repair your own flat belts for Autos, Trucks, Tractors, Electric Washers and small Shop Machinery with Lakewood Quick attachable Fasteners. Two sizes—⅝ in. and 1 in.; used alone and in combinations handle eight widths flat belting. Simply square up ends, rivet half of fastener to each end, slot together and go. Belt can be removed from pulleys instantly, but can't open in driving. Complete Fastener with rivets, 15c per set; 2 for 25c; 6 for 60c; or 12 sets in neat slide box for $1.00. Specify size wanted. Sent postpaid same day order received. Fine proposition for Garage, Repairmen, and Dealers.

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Don't miss this thrilling 2 part romance

Downward to Paradise

by the noted writer

FRANK R. ADAMS

The first part appears in next week's

5c **Liberty**
A Weekly for Everybody

AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

[STANLEY KETCHEL Continued from Page Sixty-three]

about you the other day out there.

"But listen, kid: I'll win from you Labor Day, and then I'll never fight you again. I want to be the only guy that ever beat you twice and got away with it."

Three or four more K's, including one after Sid La Fontise's name, were added to Stanley's record, to the pleasure and profit of Butte's speculative citizenry; and on Labor Day Maurice made good again! For ten rounds he gave his fellow Wolverine as thorough a beating as Ketchel ever got in his life. And once more Ketchel smiled through lips his pal had cut to shreds as the referee lifted Thompson's glove.

"That's plenty, Stanley," Maurice said as they dressed. "I can't do it again. And I stick to what I told you the night Goldie introduced us: 'It'll be a long time before anybody else ever whips you.'"

Once more, Maurice made good. The years were to be long and hard and bitter before the great Ketchel again tasted defeat. And when he did, he proved his unmatched qualities by rising higher after defeat than he had ever been in victory.

FRED BOGAN had sat in a ringside seat that Labor Day when Ketchel fought Thompson. That night he and Ketchel came to terms, and the Seattle man became the first manager who was to help pilot the Michigan Assassin on his epic way.

With these two defeats, one draw—with Middleweight Rudolph Hintz—and eleven knockouts to his credit, Stanley, then nineteen and one-half years old, began the year 1905 with as difficult a program as any young fighter ever faced. Montana demanded, and was given, the toughest possible opposition for the soaring welterweight. Bogan arranged fifteen contests during the twelve months, and Stanley scored fourteen knockouts and one twenty-round draw. How the Assassin would have laughed at the present laws in those States which forbid a minor boxing more than six rounds!

By 1906 the whole West was talking about the new sensation up in the Montana rings. Several sports writers, from Chicago to San Francisco, journeyed to Butte to observe the youthful marvel. They were rewarded that year by watching Ketchel fight seven times and knock out exactly seven men—thirty-two K's in thirty-six contests!

"Well, Freddie," said Stanley early in 1907, "it's time to be on our way. They can't pay the purses up here to bring in the top-notchers, so we'll go where the top-notchers are. I'm twenty and a half years old, and I want to win

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

After-Dinner Magic!

They had asked the popular speaker how a man of his age stood a steady diet of rich, heavy banquets, night after night. "It's magic!" he declared, "and every man present ought to employ it. One little tablet I hold in this hand is a match for any ten-course dinner."

Ailments like dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach—are *not* caused by what you eat. Give your digestive system a little scientific *help*. And eat what you like! Yes, even doughnuts; baked beans; dishes cooked with onions. Stuart's dyspepsia tablets give the stomach *alkaline*.

Full Box FREE!

Every druggist has Stuart's tablets, 25c and 60c. Or, a full box *free* if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 30, Marshall, Mich. Get a metal box of Stuart's for the pocket—and keep it filled! *A new stomach for twenty-five cents.*

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

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Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new, milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for babies and small children.

At night, when awakened by the warning, croupy cough, rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds.

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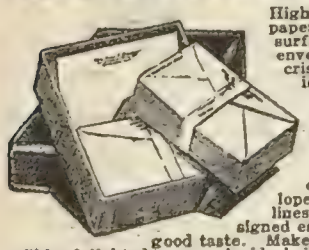

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on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred. Just send $1.00 (west of Denver and outside U. S., $1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or **print** clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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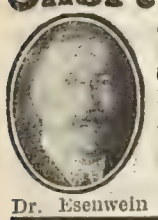

One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

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Be sure to read

The Shadow

By BEN HECHT

in next week's

5c Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

a title before I vote. Get Joe Thomas for me down in Frisco or somewhere. Mike [Twin] Sullivan and Honey Mellody and Jimmy Gardner are claimin' the welterweight championship, but they couldn't make a hundred and forty-two if they cut a leg off, and Thomas has got the best claim. Then we'll go after the middleweight title. They'll probably outweigh me fifteen pounds in that division, but I can spot those babies twice that and take 'em. Get busy."

Julia and Thomas Klecal, parents of Stanley Ketchel, as they look today. The photograph was taken on the steps of "Ketchel's Pavilion."

Stanley Ketchel certainly startled the fight fans of America when he descended into California in the spring of 1907.

Goldie was left behind. Their parting was brusque on his part and tearful on hers.

"Why can't I go to Frisco with you?" Goldie demanded.

Stanley studied her as they sat at a table in the old dance hall. The years pass with spiked boots across the forms and features of the poor toys. Peroxide and rouge and mascara were feeble allies in Goldie's fight with fate.

"Make it a title fight on July Fourth between Champion Joe Thomas and Stanley Ketchel, the sweetest puncher since old Bob Fitzsimmons," was the refrain voiced by every fight follower and sporting editor on the Coast, led by the grandest old prize ring writer in America's history, Uncle Bill Naughton of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

The fight was staged in Marysville on Independence Day, and the referee saved Thomas' title by calling it a draw at the end of twenty memorable rounds. Thomas was a mighty man, and they haven't forgotten that contest out there.

But if you wish to see a Native Son choke up and become inarticulate, substituting frantic gestures for an inadequate vocabulary, ask him to tell you about the fight at San Francisco on Labor Day, 1907, when Thomas and Ketchel played a return engagement.

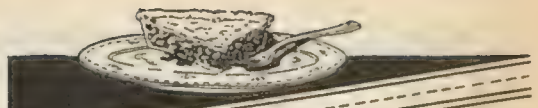
Thirty-two rounds it went. Thirty-two rounds of fighting, incredibly savage and merciless and lightning fast. Twenty times Ketchel was stretched on the canvas, and thirty times the great Thomas was knocked flat. Calloused fan and layman alike sat in stunned silence while the battle went on in the ring.

Thirty-two rounds of Homeric combat, and in that last stanza of slaughter Ketchel rallied his powers, bounded across the ring, bent almost double, slashed with his left, purposely missing the stomach in order to impart more deadly leverage to the winging right, and completed the celebrated Ketchel shift by bringing that balled right glove around with such terrific force that when it landed on Thomas' chin it burst wide open. It burst Joe Thomas' jaw wide open, too, and the gallant Massachusetts champion went to sleep.

That night, from the Turkish bath where he and Thomas had gone to mend their shattered faces and battered torsos, Stanley sent this wire to Sporting Editor Dickerson in Grand Rapids:

> Won welterweight championship, as I wrote you I would. Next is the middleweight title. They'll outweigh me fifteen pounds, but when I whip Jack and Mike [Twin] Sullivan, Billy Papke, Hugo Kelly and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien they'll have to concede me the right to take Bob Fitzsimmons' place. Then I'll win the heavyweight championship. Going home for a visit now. See you next week.

In the third installment, to appear in next week's issue, Mr. Sutherland tells of Ketchel's winning the middleweight championship and other victories, his losing the title, and finally how he set out to regain his lost laurels.



Dear Wife, How about a hot None Such Mince Pie tonight?

Sign here

Say, Men!

Haven't you been just longing to put your teeth in a piece of *Real Mince Pie* "like mother used to make?"

Oh Boy!

Well, just sign your name on the dotted line and put the memorandum where your wife will be sure to see it.

It's a sure bet that you'll be pleased, especially if that mince pie is made with

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

$1250 in Prizes!

If your wife's a good cook ask her to make fruit cookies, cake or pudding using None Such Mince Meat, and enter her recipe in our big $1250 Recipe Contest. She has as good a chance as any woman to be a big prize winner.

1st prize	$500.00
2nd "	250.00
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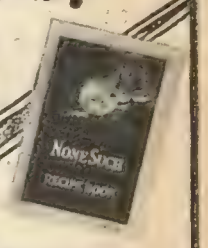
5th "	25.00
Next 5 prizes each	10.00
" 5 " "	5.00
" 250 prizes each a Pyrex Pie Plate worth $1.00.	

Free Fun!

Send for None Such Mind Reader Recipe Book. Puzzle your friends with Mind Reader features. Have friend wife try the recipes. You'll be the gainer.



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L. J. Clement made that in a small New Hampshire town. Butters made $975.00 in one month. McPhail $1,140.00 in four months. Others are making even more. Never before have salesmen, agents, spare time workers had such an opportunity for big earnings.

THIS amazing new Weldon Fire Gun is so effective, so easy to operate, such an improvement over anything ever offered to the public before, that it sells on sight. Many new features. Shoots chemical 25 feet without pumping. Low in price. Every farm, home, factory, garage, store a prospect. One demonstration often sells a dozen—your profit $50 or more. I teach you how to demonstrate—give you a free selling outfit, and a course in practical salesmanship that will insure your success. Big money in full or spare time. Mail coupon immediately for free sample outfit and cash bonus offers.

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Please send me at once full details of your sales plan and your Free Territory and Free Sample Outfit Offers.

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You can get this RADIO FREE

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Don't delay. Send coupon at once and let us show you how you can get a bicycle, a radio, sporting goods or any musical instrument free; also show you how you can earn money every week, in spare time, selling Liberty right in your own neighborhood. No experience, no money needed. We supply everything. Thousands of boys just like yourself have joined the great Liberty Boy Salesmen's organization. Write at once.

—Send this coupon—

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247 Park Avenue, New York City, New York.

Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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Liberty's Nut-Cracker Contest

WE publish this week the winning Nut-Crackers from the December 19 issue of Liberty. The persons whose Nut-Crackers appear below have been awarded the four $100 cash prizes given this week. Four more prizes will be awarded next week. Watch for your name among them!

THE WINNERS!

$100 Coupon No. 1

A woman who'd *put* on much weight,
In the early fall *went* for a skate,
As *she* sped she said, "Hubby,
I'll reduce—I'm *too* tubby."
"*That's right,*" *he replied,* "*you're just great.*'"

MAURICE BROWN,
6748 Cornell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

$100 Coupon No. 2

The loud speaker seemed *out* of gear,
There wasn't a thing Pop *could* hear,
Then young Junior chimmed *in*
With an ear to ear grin:
"*You're not a Marconi, I fear.*"

KATHERINE L. THOMS,
40 Whiting Ave., Torrington, Conn.

* * *

$100 Coupon No. 3

A June bride once *made* a fudge cake,
Which she put in the oven to *bake,*
Then *she* went off downtown
To try on a new *gown*—
What "*burnt off'rings*" *to style women make!*

MISS KATHLEEN MAXWELL,
U. S. Veterans' Hospital 84, Algiers, La.

* * *

$100 Coupon No. 4

A youth who was *much* overdressed,
His love *for* a girl once confessed,
He'd *be* faithful, he sighed.
Then the damsel replied,
"*When I wed you'll be there—as a guest.*"

HARRY EISENHUT,
87 Stratton St., Yonkers, N. Y.

Four more winners next week!

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Error in Transmission

Mrs. Jones called little Jimmy to the fence and handed him a nice-looking piece of pie, saying: "Take this to your mother and if she likes it I will send her the recipe."

Jimmy took it to his mother and said, "Mrs. Jones said to tell you that if you liked this pie she would send you the 'rest of the piece.'"—J. G., Cleburne, Tex.

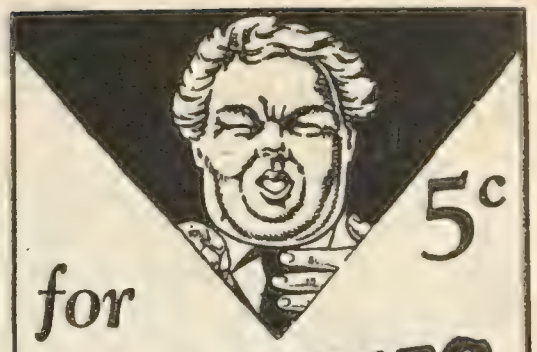
* * *

The Same Old Trouble

In his best clothes, every hair in place, and washed until he shone, Jimmie awaited his mother's guests.

In pride, his mother remarked, "Jimmie, when you are dressed up and look so fine I am so proud of you that I don't know what to do."

"I don't know what to do, either," answered Jimmie.—E. B. S., Springfield, Mass.



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4 HOUR FEET
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The Most Comfortable Shoe In The World For Men Women and Children
Send for book, "What You Should Know About Your Feet." Ground Gripper Shoe Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

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Big-Meaty-Satisfying 5¢
AT ALL CANDY STORES AND COUNTERS
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The greatest retail shoe store organization in the world, selling wonderful shoes at $5 and $6 to 25 million people through stores, want Partner-Representatives to sell to the other 75 millions direct.
Fast Sales, Known Values and National Reputation make this an outstanding opportunity for a limited number of *men who can make good* to share in our success. Wonderful opportunity, big pay and fullest cooperation. Effective selling portfolio and sample case. Write at once for Partner-Representative proposition.
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Melodies and Memories

The Story of a Golden Voice and a Glorious Past

FINAL INSTALLMENT

By MELBA

AND now for England again.

I knew, of course, that London would be changed. I recalled with a sudden shock my last birthday party which I had given in May, 1914, when the Marquis de Soveral, Count Mensdorff, Mrs. Hwda Williams, Lady de Grey, and so many others had been present. There had been in all some twenty men, of whom sixteen were eligible for military service, and as I ran through their names in my head I discovered that of the sixteen, ten had been killed. And how well I remember Lady Juliet Duff and her husband dancing together with an expression of such happiness on their faces. He was one of the first to go.

But London! It was not until I had been for several days in London that I realized the yawning gulf which separated this new, haphazard metropolis, so gray and so strange, from the London which I had known.

"Don't you find London dirty?" said the Queen to me on the first occasion when I had the honor of seeing her majesty at Buckingham Palace after the war. And I was forced to admit that I did.

I remember going back to my club in Dover Street and asking myself: "Is there anything I can do to help London to regain something of its old charm? Is there any way in which I can try to make people forget?" And it was really this feeling that was uppermost in my mind when later on I accepted the honor of opening Covent Garden, after the war.

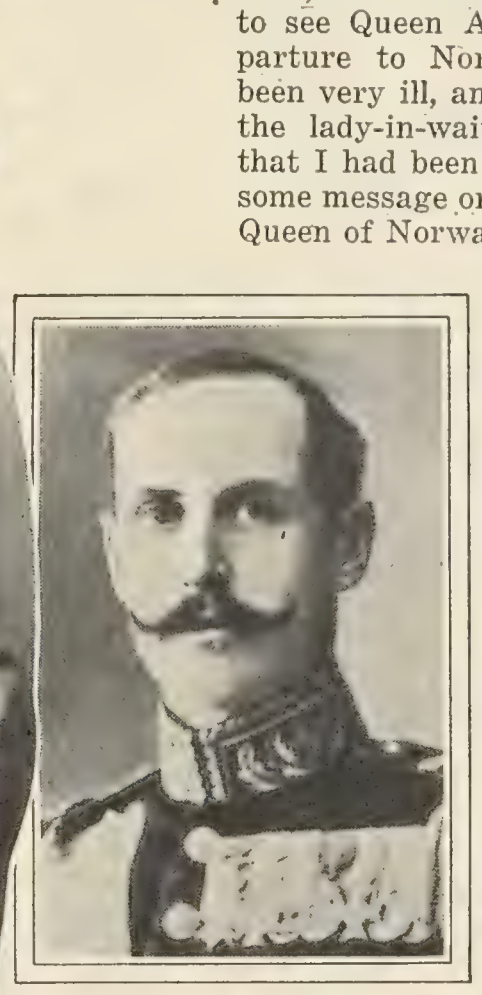
That first night at Covent Garden will always stand out as one of the supreme memories of my life. To drive to the old stage door, to walk up stairs and down the long corridor to a dressing room at the end of the passage; to sit down before the same mirror; to make up again; to put on once more the simple dress of *Mimi*—all as though nothing had happened, as though I had only been away for a holiday—and yet, to feel round me in every shadow cast by the lights, in every bustling noise outside the door, in the very air that I breathed—ghosts.

I am standing outside the door of the attic in which the students of Boheme have been making revel. From inside I can hear *Rudolpho* sing his phrase *non sono in vena,* followed by the sudden sweeping change of key in the orchestra. And that I am mechanically finding myself singing *Scusi!* And I open the door, to step once more on that stage which has been for me the scene of so much that is wonderful in life.

Rudolpho runs forward and gives me his arm, and I sink into the chair, the candle dropping from my hand, a few phrases coming from long habit to my lips.

U. & U. Photo

Queen Maud of Norway, daughter of the late Queen Alexandra of England.



King Haakon of Norway, whose democratic manners charmed Melba.

Spealght Photo

Madame Melba, in one of her latest photographs.

But it is more which has gripped me now. For I find myself looking into the great space of the auditorium and feeling once again that I am singing to an audience of ghosts. Lady de Grey, Beresfords, all gone; and yet I felt them there.

I seemed in my imagination to see their faces again, looking out from the shadows in their boxes, and it was for them rather than for this great audience that I sang.

It was that night at Covent Garden which made me realize the full extent to which London had changed. It is true that I could remember no occasion on which I received, in the professional sense of the word, a greater ovation. No occasion, indeed, on which I have ever been more satisfied, as far as one ever is satisfied, with my performance.

I had a very touching example of the simplicity of the royal family when, in the July of 1921, I was summoned to Marlborough House to see Queen Alexandra, just before my departure to Norway. Queen Alexandra had been very ill, and I imagined, when I received the lady-in-waiting, Miss Charlotte Knollys, that I had been asked only in order to deliver some message or take some little present to the Queen of Norway, who was Queen Alexandra's daughter.

However, her majesty insisted on seeing me. The doors were flung open, and I perceived, in the shaded light of the anteroom, the frail, beloved figure of the dowager Queen supporting herself on two sticks.

"So you are going to see Maud," she said. "You must give her my best love."

AS I curtsied, I tried to remember who Maud was, and it was only after Queen Alexandra had intrusted me with a great many messages to "Maud" that I realized she was speaking of the Queen of Norway.

"And now," said Queen Alexandra, "my daughter-in-law is in the next room and wishes so much to see you. She will have messages for Maud, too."

Royal relations have never been my strong point, and at the mention of the word daughter-in-law I again racked my brains to think who it could be. The difficulty was soon solved for me, for as I walked into the room I saw the Queen of England, with Princess Mary, and Prince Henry, who was introduced to me as "our sporting son," and I laughed at myself for being so foolish as to forget.

We had a delightful talk and every member of the royal family seemed delighted that I was going to see "Maud."

Suddenly her majesty turned to me and said:

"Of course, you'll be seeing George, too."

Now, I thought to myself, I *am* finished. I felt certain that her majesty did not mean King George, and for the life of me I couldn't think who the other George was. I thought of all the Georges I had ever known and they seemed to stretch indefinitely. I was about to murmur something quite inconsequent, when Prince Henry pulled me out of my predicament by saying, "My middy brother, you know."

I shall never forget that little party, not because it was royalty, but because it seemed to me to be typical of an ideal English family life.

When I eventually arrived at Norway I found that my hosts, the Baron and Baroness

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They stop digestive distress—but not the digestive process!

DIGESTIVE distress is most often the result of excessive acidity of the stomach. And to relieve heartburn, flatulence and gas it is necessary to overcome this excessive acidity.

But your stomach must be *slightly* acid or it cannot digest your food.

Alkalines such as bicarbonate of soda will combat acidity—yes. But all too often, they retard digestion. For, unless you take exactly the right amount, they leave the stomach with an alkaline residue. And your stomach should be slightly acid.

Gastrogen Tablets are free from this objection

The minute you swallow one or two Gastrogen Tablets they go to work to neutralize the abnormal acidity. But that done, they stop. You can eat a pound of them—they can't make your stomach alkaline. The surplus simply passes out of your system without further change. It is then a simple matter for nature to restore the slight balance of acidity so necessary for good digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe, effective and convenient. They are pleasant-tasting. And as an agent for sweetening the breath they can hardly be excelled.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

GASTROGEN *Tablets*

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Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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[MELBA'S MEMOIRS Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

de Wedel, were the possessors of a very beautiful country house. It was situated some miles out of Christiania, among the hills and pine forests, which seemed to have been specially created not only for singers with lungs but singers with eyes as well. I may also add, singers with appetites, for I shall never forget the plates of raspberries and gooseberries they used to send up to my room for breakfast.

But when I arrived I was so tired after the journey that I had no inclination to look at scenery, and I was therefore a little taken back when I learned that the King and the Queen and Prince Olaf were dining there that night.

How I got through that dinner I shall never realize, for in spite of the charm of the King and Queen and the effervescent spirits of Prince Olaf, my head was heavy with sleep, and my eyelids had an almost irresistible tendency to droop. However, all went well, and dinner was over at half past ten. But after I had sung, we started to dance.

I danced in a dream, and made conversation, growing sleepier and sleepier every minute, until finally I could bear it no longer. Greatly daring, therefore, I went up to the Queen and said, "Your majesty, I do hope you'll forgive me if I'm doing wrong, but I am terribly tired after my long journey. Would you be so good as to excuse me?"

The Queen was all contrition.

"Oh, *dear!*" she said. "Of course, I had no idea you were tired. Please, please go," and then she added: "I go to so many dances here, and I love staying."

I CAN quite believe what her majesty told me, for dining and dancing seems to last longer in Norway than in any other country I have ever visited, not excepting Russia. Many is the dance I have attended; we were considered to leave "early," although it was not till six o'clock in the morning that we drove home through the brilliant sunshine. A nice "Judy" I must have looked.

One of the most charming concerts I can remember was given at Christiania during my visit, and while I was singing a message was handed up to me from Prince George, who had arrived on his ship just in time to come along. It read very simply:

> DEAR MADAME MELBA: Do, please, sing one verse of Home, Sweet Home. I've just come from there. - GEORGE.

Needless to say, I did what I was asked.

I realized after this concert that simplicity was not confined to the English royal family. I was summoned to the royal box, and after the King had decorated me, he told me an amusing little story which seemed to illustrate the feelings of any young man who was called unexpectedly (as he was himself) to be King.

"I used to be in the navy myself, you know," he said, "in my humble days. Well, there was a fellow there, a first-class sailor, whom I spotted at once as a first-class admiral. In fact, I used to say to him, 'I'll have to be calling you sir.'

"Then," he continued, "I became King. I forgot all about him for a bit in the excitement of the occasion, but the very first person I saw after my coronation was this man. He had the laugh on me. He came right up to me and said, 'I have the honor of calling *you* sir,' he said, and he's an admiral sure enough."

FRANKLY, the predominant emotion that comes to me, when I recall India, is a feeling akin to fear. I think of the teeming masses of natives dominated by so pathetically few of our own race, I think of the dark customs, the inscrutable eyes, the uncanny luxuriance of it all—and I shiver a little.

Perhaps my very first experience in India may be accountable for a little of this feeling. I had received a telegram from Lord Reading, the viceroy, asking me to stay at Bombay. I found that all my means of transit had been arranged so that I should travel with every comfort.

But no amount of comfort or of civilization in India can ever be for me more than a veneer over the unfathomable depths beneath. At Delhi the train stopped, and I thought I would stretch my legs and go for a walk with the A. D. C.

Dusk was falling quickly, and we had not gone far before I heard a strange chanting, rising and falling like a dirge. I looked round quickly, and there, coming out of the shadows, was the naked corpse of a native, borne aloft on a bier.

"Don't look," said the A. D. C. quickly. There was no need to tell me that. I had seen enough. And I wish, to this day, that I had stayed in the train.

Another experience which I had a little later was even worse. I was walking along a street when suddenly from the skies a strange object fell with a thud only a few yards away from me. I realized, with a thrill of horror, that it was a human arm. I was standing just under a high tower on which they bury—or, rather, fail to bury—their dead. The bodies are left in the open air, for the vultures to devour, and from there this hideous thing had fallen.

After this gloomy introduction let me take you with me to a scene of a very different sort—one of those rich settings which India alone can provide.

I shall never forget my first day at Simla. We enter a room of immense size—as large, as it seemed to me, as a fair sized church.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO JOKE TO BE BALD!

Before using Hairerbs

If your hair is beginning to recede over the temples—if an embarrassing bald patch is starting to show—if you suffer from dandruff, HAIRERBS will help you.

I was bald and I cured myself—as the accompanying photographs prove. My discovery, HAIRERBS, has actually helped thousands of people to save their hair and regain their youthful appearance.

If you are under 45 years of age and your loss of hair has not been caused by scars or burns, I have something valuable to offer you. Write today for **free booklet**, photographs and full information on HAIRERBS.

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HAIRERBS *DOES* GROW HAIR!

Something *NEW* *for* BOBBED HAIR

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

Although the lights were bright, in this immensity they seem almost dim, and in the shadows rows of native servants are lined up, all in red and gold, their black heads bent low, and their faces covered with their hands, for they may not look at their master. And then, like one man, the line sways up again, the faces are uncovered, and silently they move off on their duties.

Certainly, if you like pomp, you have it to the full in India.

India is a place of perpetual surprises and I had one of them, soon after I left Simla, for the viceroy had kindly arranged that I should go to Delhi and visit a maharajah there — "to get some local color," as he put it.

I shall never forget the moment that I met him, coming down the steps of his palace to greet me. But it was not the maharajah who captured my attention. A large tiger cub glided at his heels, and fixed on me an expression far too playful to be pleasant.

Forgetting all else, I said, in a somewhat husky voice, "Don't you keep it on a chain?"

He smiled at me and answered: "Certainly not. He's as tame as you are."

I WAS a little reassured by the perfect English in which this was spoken. (I found out afterwards that the maharajah had been educated at Eton and Cambridge.) It seemed to place the tiger on a more normal basis. But I would not accompany the maharajah on a tour of inspection until the tiger cub was safely locked up.

However much you may Anglicize an Indian, he remains an Indian.

Even though much of the furniture in the maharajah's palace was English, it seemed, by its very surroundings, to have acquired an Oriental character. We lunched together, a quite simple English lunch, but the maharajah would not eat with us. He merely talked. And afterwards, when we went over to his other palace, there was a wonderful lake, dark, mysterious, inviting one to plunge into its depths, until one realized with a thrill of disquiet that it was full of crocodiles.

I am afraid that the most vivid impression I carried away from that visit was not the maharajah's fleet of eighty motor cars, nor his many elephants, nor his quantities of peacocks. It was the sight of his bed, which appeared to me to be as large as an average bedroom. My host had only one wife, but a dozen persons could have slept in that bed without becoming aware of one another's existence.

Nobody wants to read about illness, and I am not going to bore you with mine. During the greater part of my life I have been blessed (touch wood) with the most wonderful health, being the possessor of an iron constitution, which I inherited from my daddy. I remember not long ago an American doctor who was examining me said, "Of course, there is no reason why you should ever die at all, Melba. There is absolutely nothing the matter with you. I have looked, and I have searched my darndest, but you are just one hundred per cent sound."

But now came a time when for days I lay under the shadow of death. I need not go into details about operations or treatments, because, as I said above, nothing is so boring as the description of other people's ailments. But it is necessary to mention the fact that in 1922 I was very ill, simply because it throws a light on these last pages of my life.

Never having been ill before, I suppose that I must have been a very bad patient, because after an operation which lasted two and a half hours, the first thing I said on coming round was, "Shall I be able to sing at Covent Garden in three weeks?"

I think my nurses and advisors were so surprised by the question that they did not know

United News Photo

Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, whose effervescent spirits were the life of parties which Melba attended and which usually lasted until six o'clock in the morning.

what reply to make, but they certainly gave me the impression that I should not only not be able to sing, but that I should probably not be able to walk.

However, I did sing in six weeks, and, unless the critics were particularly kind, I sang pretty well. I realize now that it was a silly thing to do, but I did not realize it then. I sat down at my writing desk, and busied myself all day long with plans and organization for a fare well opera season in Australia.

"You must not do it," all my friends said to me. "You are not strong enough yet. You must wait and see, say, two years, before you attempt any such vast undertaking." I looked these counselors straight in the face, and I said, "I am going to do it. I have promised, and I shall keep my promise." And keep my promise I did.

I set out from England in September of 1923, and I realized, as soon as I was on the Atlantic, that I needed a rest. For weeks before my operation I had been traveling around Italy, ransacking the Continent, for the greatest artists I could find, and even trying in a moment of abandoned enthusiasm to see if I could not take half of the orchestra of La Scala over to Australia, so that my countrymen could see what good music could be.

Australia, I discovered, had also changed, labor was in power; but labor during the war and immediately after it was not so aggressive as I now discovered it to be. A few hotheads who desired to cause trouble, and who were acting not so much for their country as for their party, discovered that I had made arrangements to bring out some Italian singers, a few Italian instrumentalists, and an Italian stage director and ballet mistress. They suddenly seized upon this, and tried to make it into a public scandal.

"Look at Melba," they cried, "who calls herself a patriot, and yet goes out of the way to flood Australia with 'dagoes' just in order to put money into her own pocket. We'll wreck the theater if they appear. We'll strike. We won't let them land. We'll boycott her. We'll ostracize her."

It was useless to argue with them. It was useless to point out, for example, that one could not, even if one would, produce an entire season of opera in Italian and in French, entirely from local talent to be obtained from the new conservatories of Melbourne and Sidney. It was equally useless to point out to them that, if anybody should be the loser by the project, that person would be myself and those who were associated with me.

You cannot transport a bevy of sopranos, tenors, basses, and instrumentalists from Italy to Australia without paying for it. However, I said nothing. I let them have their say, and finally, through sheer exhaustion, they talked themselves out.

THE voice is a subject of such infinite detail that it would require a separate volume all to itself. I want, later on, to try to give young singers, far more fully than I have yet given, a permanent record of all that my years of song have taught me. I am the more encouraged to do so because all those who have had the opportunity of studying the method, which I began, as a student with Madame Marchesi, and have been perfecting ever since, have proved a solitary exception, that there is no method that can touch it for bringing out the full beauty of the human voice, and preserving it for the longest possible period.

You cannot take liberties with your voice. You must always regard it as your most precious possession, a possession, moreover, of infinite delicacy, which the slightest false treatment may injure. Whenever I am singing in the evening — and throughout my entire career I have always kept to the same routine —I rise early, breakfast lightly, then warm my voice by a few scales and exercises.

The only meal of the day of any importance should be lunch, and even that must be light, with no sort of wine, no salt, and only the most easily digested dishes. After lunch I go out for a short walk and then I rest. At five o'clock I am up again, and I go through the pretense of eating an apple, sometimes an omelet, and drinking a little water. And that is all I have until after the opera. Even then I avoid suppers.

A heavy meal, just before going to bed, when the mind is still excited by the glamour of a long performance, is a fatal mistake. It merely disturbs the whole system and leads to bad dreams. Eat a raw apple and a slice of brown bread, and you will wake up in the morning feeling as fit as a fiddle.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MELBA'S MEMOIRS Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

I always like to arrive at the theater two hours before the performance. I hate slipshod methods of making up. If an artist is to present a really artistic appearance on the stage; if her face is to look natural and not a mess of paint; if her wigs are to be properly adjusted; if her hands are to be powdered, her dresses to be accurate and in order, she will find that an hour and a half is none too much for all these manifold tasks. Moreover, she should allow herself time to go through her role, word for word and note for note. There is no other way in which she can make absolutely certain that she remembers it.

And when it is over she will find that half an hour's rest is more or less of an essential.

Throughout every performance of this season, and whether I was ill or well, I kept to my routine. It was a hard struggle, because I was gradually getting weaker and weaker as a result of overstrain and worry. But how they repaid me!

They stayed up outside the theater in the drizzling rain and the bitter cold all night, not even to buy tickets, but to have the privilege of buying a coupon which would enable them, if they were lucky, to buy tickets.

There was one flower girl who spent (as she told me) thirty-six pounds on tickets to hear me sing, for the single season. There was a wounded soldier, who, as I believe, was practically penniless at the time, who sent me sixteen exquisite little bouquets, each tied with a different colored ribbon, and each representing one of the first nights in the various operas I have either created or given, in the course of my career. Little things like that make such a difference.

As for my last night — how can I describe it? I have memories of bracing myself for a supreme effort after a long and painful illness, memories of feeling, with every note I sang, the sense of a glory passing—not of my own glory but that of the great days with which I have been associated, memories of a curtain of roses, towering itself between me and the vast audience, as though to give sweetness to my passing. My last night of opera in Australia! Shall I say that it was the greatest in my life?

The Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese ambassador to Great Britain before the establishment of the Portuguese Republic.

GOOD-BY is of all words the hardest to say, when it is really good-by, and not *au revoir*. And for a singer I think it is even more difficult. than for the ordinary run of mortals. It is not merely a question of anything so inevitable as losing one's voice. It is not merely a feeling of pique or bitterness at the thought that others are crowding along to occupy the stage which one once held alone. It is rather a feeling, as one says the word, that one is parting with thousands of friends—friends perhaps whom one never met, of whose existence one will always be ignorant, but who are friends none the less.

Somebody said to me the other day:

"How different is the England to which you are saying good-by to the England you first knew. So many illusions lost; so many glories gone, such a sad, bewildered country; so bereft of the romantic things we used to know!"

I nodded and said, "Yes, in some ways you are right. England and the rest of the world are different. But there are some things about England which are very much the same."

My friend was surprised.

"You are *sad* to say they are the same," he said. "What do you mean?"

I smiled.

"Look at the provinces," I said. "Do you realize that the provinces are asking for exactly the same things in music as they demanded forty years ago? Do you realize that when I go to Manchester, to Liverpool, or to any of the big centers, which possess, according to popular tradition, such excellent taste, I am compelled time and time again to sing the same old songs, and that whenever I endeavor to put something new on the program I am regarded as positively eccentric?"

Why is it that we are so behindhand in our musical imagination? Why is it that, of all the countries of the world, we go on with the same old things in the same old way, distrusting anything that is fresh, unwilling ever to make experiments?

WHEN I go to America, when I sing in Paris or in Italy, I am overwhelmed with requests to sing works by hitherto unknown composers. None of these requests ever come to me in England. We are conservative to the point of madness.

This is not the time, in my last chapter, for bitterness; but, although I could have named a great many figures in English musical life who seem to me to be responsible for the dry rot that is setting in, I prefer to leave them out, in the anonymity which they deserve. But their faces I see before me as I write: the faces of old men, in academy after academy—grizzled, hard faces, set against innovation.

I have dined next to such old men, and I have listened to them in utter astonishment as they went into ecstasies over some worn-out thing by Mendelssohn and growled and fidgeted when anybody attempted to play some of the simpler melodies of Debussy.

I have heard a man who is reputed to be one of the greatest composers we have ever produced admit his complete ignorance of the works even of such great geniuses as Chausson and Strauss. In the same breath I have heard these men declare that, in their opinion, we should allow no music to be played but British music; that we should close our doors to all foreign influence and live, apparently, on Rule, Britannia, for the rest of our lives.

I have no patience with such an attitude. Art is not national; it is international. Music is not written in red, white, and blue; it is written with the heart's blood of the composer, whether he is English or German, black or white.

Germany does not shut her doors to British music; when there is any work of merit written in this island, she is the first to appreciate it in its true value.

There, I have said enough about that subject. I do not wish these closing words to introduce any other controversial topic. I feel, at the end of this autobiography, like one who is saying good-by to many friends, who recalls at the last moment so many things he might have said, so many words that he has left unspoken, so many stories that will remain untold forever. I cannot crowd them all into a few last paragraphs. I can only, in imagination, wave my hand and smile, trusting that now you may know me a little better than before.

I close my eyes, and it seems to me that life has been very wonderful, and is wonderful still. I see the bustling London streets, down which I drove as a tremulous, excited girl from Covent Garden, stretching before me dim and forbidding. I see the glitter of Paris.

I SEE America, comparatively raw and crude, growing, always growing, like a giant in its sleep—I see a sea of faces, so many of which I love, so many of which are gone. . . . The face of my father bending over me as a child; the stern, beloved face of Madame Marchesi from the shadows of her little room in Paris; the face of my tiny son, as I nursed him, with the hot rain dripping on the roof of my Queensland home; the face of Bemberg, laughing in mischief, always wreathed in smiles; the face of a little woman I shall never know, who approached me one day in the snow outside the opera house in Chicago and asked me for a red rose, and when I had given it to her, she said to me words which I shall never forget, "Bless you, my beautiful heart." And the face of Jean de Reszke. . . .

Jean! I feel in some way that my last words shall be about you. Not because of all you have meant to me as an artist, but because your death was one of the few perfect things in life of which I have ever heard. Let me tell it—my last story.

I was at Monte Carlo when Jean died, and I confess, with the utmost grief, I was one of the few, a very few people, who were there to follow him to his grave. It seemed to me tragic that a spirit which had at one time held the whole world enthralled should be going almost unmourned to its final resting place. And then I heard the manner of his death, and I was glad.

For twenty years Jean had not sung. The golden voice had been silent, and as he sank lower and lower his voice died away almost to a whisper.

And then, in his delirium, a miracle happened. His breathing came easier and easier; his youth seemed as it were, to come back to him, like a flowing tide; he sat up in bed crying, "At last I've got back my voice!" And he sang.

For three days in that house of death Jean sang, and the whole house rang and echoed with his golden notes pouring out with all their former loveliness. He was dying every minute, and yet the song still poured on, role after role in which he had been so superb.

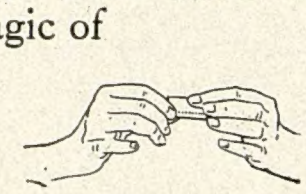
It was uncanny, incredible; so uncanny that I believe some of those who had been in the house fled from it in terror. But to me it was neither uncanny nor incredible; it was just beautiful.

It is how I should like, when my time comes, to die myself. For it makes me wonder if the gift which one had always regarded as transient, like the passing of summer or the fading of the rose, may not, after all, have an eternal being.

THE END

Good News For Shavers!

Don't blame nature for growing hair where you don't want it. The dread and labor of the morning shave have disappeared. Hereafter, shaving will be a real joy. Your razor will cut keen and clean—never a pull. All because of the magic of



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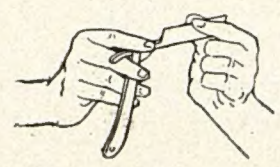

Do this—after shaving, wipe your razor as usual. Then before putting away, draw edge of blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One.

Oh, what a difference the next time you shave!

Here's the reason: The microscope reveals the razor edge composed of minute teeth. Even the most careful wiping leaves some moisture and lather between these teeth. This causes invisible rust which destroys the teeth, dulls the cutting edge, makes the razor pull, scrape and scratch.

The 3-in-One you apply displaces the moisture; prevents the rust—and your razor cuts the hairs instead of breaking them off or pulling them out by the roots.

A little 3-in-One on the razor before shaving causes it to glide smoothly over the face. A few drops rubbed into the strop removes the gloss and makes it take hold of the razor better, producing a keener edge.

3-in-One is to be had at all good hardware, drug, grocery, auto accessory and general stores, in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles. The Handy Can is the most convenient package; the ½-pint bottle is the most economical.

FREE—Special Razor Saver Circular and Sample of 3-in-One. A postal request, or the coupon at the right, will bring both.

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J-79

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YOU rest, perhaps, eight hours out of twenty-four. And during that time, nature restores your vitality by clearing the poisons of fatigue from your body.

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Decidedly not! Sleep is necessary, but so is exercise—work—stimulation.

And yet, people wonder why the gums are so subject to disease. Far from the heart, fed only by tiny blood vessels, they get only a faint impulse from the blood stream. Under a diet too soft—too creamy—they are cheated of the natural stimulation which coarse, fibrous food once gave them.

What's to be done in caring for the gums?

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Brush your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. It will help to combat gum troubles, because it will induce a lively, health-giving circulation of blood and impart a healing effect to tender, and even to bleeding gums.

Ask your dentist. He'll tell you the value of this treatment. Make your children follow it, too! It's important to their health.

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Five years ago we presented Ipana to the dentists of America. Our professional men demonstrated it all over America. They urged massage—a light massage with Ipana and the brush.

Dentists tried it—on themselves and in their practice. Ipana was a success. Its active agent is ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic, known by the dentists and used by them to allay bleeding and to heal infected tissue.

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Ipana, unlike so many things that are good for you, is delicious to the taste. It cleans the teeth well, without abrasives, without whitening chemicals. And, because of its ziratol content, it restores weakened gum tissue to a normal tonicity.

Try it for one month! As a dentifrice plain and simple, you'll like it. And if, by chance, you are bothered with soft, tender or bleeding gums, you'll find out what a beneficial effect it will have on that understimulated, subnormal tissue.

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But a large tube, which you can easily get at your nearest drug store, will last for more than one hundred brushings. Buy one today—your teeth will be whiter, your gums will be firmer—and, all the time you are using it, you will have a new sense of oral cleanliness.

Modern food—the soft, creamy things we eat every day of our lives—is the cause of the troubles we have with our gums.

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City.....State.....

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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